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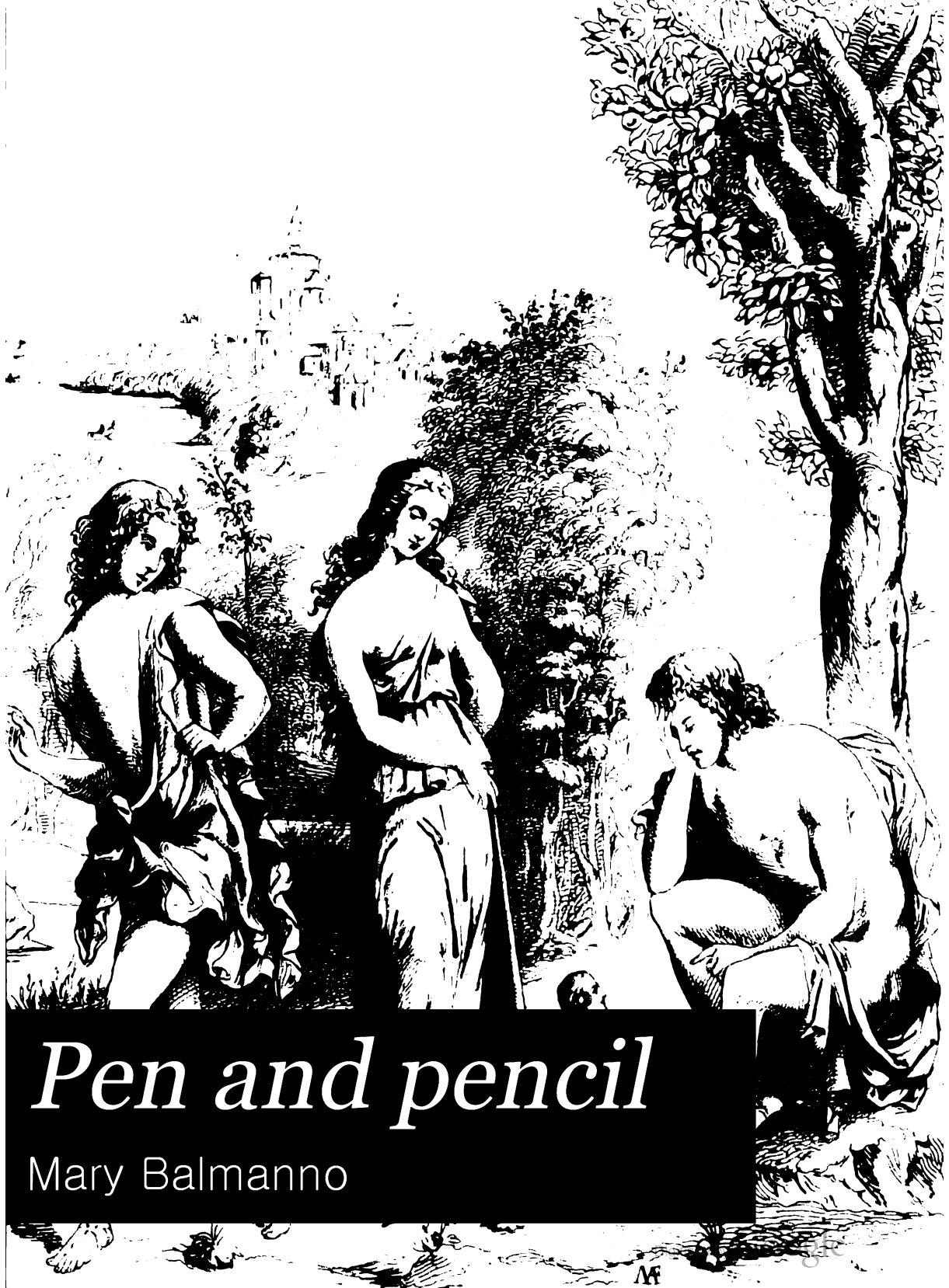
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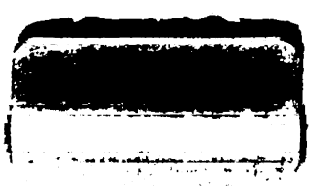
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BY

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PREFACE.

CUSTOM and courtesy alike demand a Preface. The Authoress of PEN AND PENCIL therefore avails herself of it to say, that she would fain have made the work more worthy of those who have done her the honor to patronise it, as well as of others who may become its readers. Notwithstanding a consciousness of temerity in having, in this age of originality and invention, put forth a volume consisting chiefly of historical facts and personal reminiscences, she yet ventures to hope that some degree of favor may be accorded to it on the plea of variety, which even the best and wisest acknowledge has its charms. As the work contains so many notices of Artists and objects of Art, she trusts that the outline representations of Grecian Sculptures will not be considered inappropriate in an American publication, as the time has gone by when the sight of the beautiful master-pieces of antiquity which they serve to recal, could be regarded with other feelings than those of admiration. Were it not so, then education, taste, refinement, both moral and intellectual, might justly be considered at a lower ebb in the United States than among the rest of the civilized world, for it is one of the privileges of Art to form a test by the manner in which it is understood and cultivated of the intelligence and refinement of a people.

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ERRATA.

In line 6 of illustrations, for Zuchero, read Zucchero.

Page 24, line 2 of 12th stanza, for came, read come.

" 36, line 7 of 6th stanza, for naught, read nought.

" 42, line 6, for Haworth, read Naworth.

" 44, line 20, dele asterisk at matter, and place it at addition.

" 50, last line but one, for Titto, read Fitton.

" 60, line 28, for know, read avow.

" 96, last line, for Floras, read Flora.

" 100, last line but one, for trod, read trode.

" 106, last line, for of, read a.

" 201, line 8, for lower, read louder.

" 202, line 12, for with, read and.

" 268, line 20, for though, read through.

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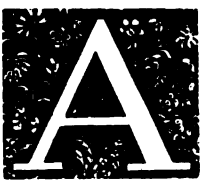
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PEN AND PENCIL.

A DREAM OF HOME.



H Mother! sacred! dear! in dreams of thee,
I sate, again a child beside thy knee;
Nestling amid thy robe delightedly.
And all was silent in the sunny room
Save bees that hummed o'er honeysuckle bloom.

I gazed upon thy face, so mild—so fair—
I heard thy holy voice arise in prayer;
Oh Mother! Mother! thou thyself wert there!
Thou, by the placid brow, the thoughtful eye,
The clasping hand, the voice of melody.

I clung around thy neck, the tears fell fast—
Like rain in summer, yet, the sorrow passed—
And smiles more beautiful than e'en the last
Played on thy lip, dear Mother! such it wore
To bless our happy home in days of yore.

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Then, wild and grand arose my native hills:
I heard the rush of torrents, and the trills
Of birds that hymn the sun; the charm that fills
Old Haddon's vales, and haunts its river side
What time the fays pluck king-cups by its tide.



Methought 'twas hawthorn time—the blooming May—
For o'er far plains bright figures seemed to stray
Gathering the buds, and calling me away.
I waked—but ah! to weep, no eye of thine,
Sweet Mother! shed its gentle light on mine.



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MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

NO historical personage has ever possessed for mankind a more powerful charm, or inspired a more widely diffused or enduring interest, than Mary Stuart, the lovely and unfortunate Queen of Scots. Freshly remembered now, as when the tidings of her fate sent an indignant thrill through every heart in Europe, the mind receives again and

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again with new pleasure the oft-told tale of her unspeakable beauty, exquisite grace, and manifold accomplishments, gleans whatever is to be learned of her from history or portrait, and, embellishing the whole by imagination, cherishes the remembrance as a combination of all that is delightful in woman. There is no incident, however trifling, which, connected with her, does not become valuable; her prisons have become shrines: their mouldering walls and traditionary trees objects of undying interest; even their weeds and wild-flowers precious relics, as having been gathered in spots associated with her name, and from it deriving a charm which time rather increases than lessens, since every fresh circumstance which comes to light regarding her eventful life, serves but more clearly to establish her innocence, and to bring out her character in bright and strong relief against that of her stern and uncompromising rival, Queen Elizabeth, whose greatness as a sovereign renders not the less revolting that littleness of mind, and unfaltering cruelty of heart, which were her chief characteristics as a woman. The history of these two Queens is so closely interwoven, that the mention of the one necessarily involves that of the other, and brings before us, though in perpetual antagonism, these celebrated representatives of the lines of Tudor and of Stuart.

A few notices of themselves, and of others whose names in connexion with theirs have become famous, may, it is presumed, not be without interest to those who delight in glimpses of feudal times and ancient manners, the whole being extracted from authentic sources, waifs and strays, at once suggestive and illustrative of England's most chivalrous and romantic era.

In the library of the Earl of Salisbury at Hatfield House, Hertfordshire, amongst the Cecil MSS., is preserved an original letter from Mary Queen of Scots to Queen Elizabeth. This letter is one of the most curious and interesting documents in existence: written as it is, by one of the most celebrated Queens the world ever produced, to another Queen equally famous, who, at the time it was written, held the sword suspended, as it were, by a single hair, over the head of the writer: taking also into consideration, the import-

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ance of the subjects on which it treats, the high rank of the personages concerned, and above all, *the manner* in which the various circumstances, scenes, and characters are displayed as in a comedy, and as if merely for the amusement of Elizabeth herself.

This letter, written by the Queen of Scots to Queen Elizabeth, at the particular request of the latter, appears to have been written by Mary in one of those moments of impetuosity which were so often fatal to her interests: when weary of her long protracted imprisonment, and hopeless of ever regaining her liberty, she determined to fulfil a promise, which, made long before, she had hitherto felt reluctant to perform, and to make Elizabeth acquainted with the facts which had come to her knowledge through the indiscretion of the Countess of Shrewsbury—facts, which as they so little redounded to the credit of Queen Elizabeth, would, Mary well knew, be likely to excite in her the utmost rage and fury, thus serving as weapons of reprisal, for the innumerable and intolerable insults and wrongs that had for a long series of years accumulated upon her own defenceless head.

She was the more impelled to this from the Countess having about that time—the latter end of the year 1584—revived anew some gross slanders which she had previously circulated, regarding the Earl her husband and his unfortunate prisoner. These imputations, which proceeded solely from the envy and jealousy which the Countess had conceived in consequence of the rare beauty and accomplishments of the royal captive, so exasperated the Earl, that although one of the most subjugated of husbands, he was for once completely roused, insisting, as an act of justice both to himself and the Queen of Scots, that the matter should be thoroughly investigated before the Privy Council.

The accusers, consisting of the Countess and her two sons by Sir William Cavendish her former husband, were accordingly summoned before it, and after a most rigid examination, were under the necessity of acknowledging upon *oath* that the whole affair was "malicious, false and scandalous, wrongfully urged against the said Queen and Earl, and without the slightest foundation." That the Queen of

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Scots was most anxious to bring to light the machinations of her infamous traducers, the following instructions to her ambassadors will testify. In 1584, writing to the Master of Gray, she says, "Farther, that in consideration of the scandalous reports which are current as between me and the said Earl, I cannot be removed from him without having my name handed about amongst the more malicious, who will certainly make use of it, and the less informed who will fancy that some evil and improper conversation has taken place between us, and for which we have been separated; so that at the utmost, they cannot deny me that before being removed from the custody of the said Earl, I shall be completely cleared and sufficiently exonerated from the said reports, as I have constantly and very importunately required this whole year, and this day week by an express dispatch to the said Queen by the French Ambassador, naming the Countess of Shrewsbury and her two sons Charles and William Cavendish as the inventors and disseminators of this report, upon whom you will demand justice."

In a letter from her dolorous prison of Chartley, 31st May, 1586, she thus writes to her ambassador Chateauneuf, concerning a message she had received from the Countess. "And, therefore, I am of opinion, that if they urge farther upon you this reconciliation, you will reply that such great and serious causes of enmity have passed between the said Countess and me, you would not undertake to speak to me of reconciliation without a very solid and very express assurance of proof of the repentance of the said Countess; whereupon you will desire her to enter into particulars, and will endeavor to learn from her as far as you can, promising to her only to give me information of all, by the first conveyance which you can recover, and from yourself exert yourself as far as you can, to effect this reconciliation. But before-hand, I do not wish to conceal from you my resolution that her extreme ingratitude, and the terms in which she has acted against me, do not permit me, with my honor (which I hold dearer than all the greatness in this world), to have ever any thing to do with so wicked a woman."—*Contemporary copy, State Paper Office, London, M. Q. Scots*, Vol. xvii.

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On the same subject, Mary thus writes to the Archbishop of Glasgow :—

"CHARTLEY, May 18, 1586.

"You will perceive also by this negotiation for my liberty, which has been done to protract my going out of the hands of the Earl of Shrewsbury, awaiting the proof which he might have against his wicked wife; whom at length Nau made to contradict in the presence of the said Queen and her council, all the reports which she had falsely propagated against my honour, and who is now-a-days reduced to this pass to court me, confess her fault and ingratitude, and beg pardon for it. He likewise obtained a prohibition of Buchanan's history."—Labanoff, (*Contemporary decipher, State Paper Office, London, M. Q. Scots*, Vol. xvii.)

From the tenor of these communications it may readily be imagined that parties holding towards each other the relative positions of these royal and noble personages, were not careful to exercise much Christian forbearance when an opportunity offered for exposing any weakness or enormity, which in the eye of the world might lessen their opponents in its estimation; and the Queen of Scots, situated as she was, must have possessed almost more magnanimity than human nature is capable of to avoid aiming a blow, however futile, whenever a weak place was discoverable in the armor of foes, who in their conduct to her had no scruples, but remorselessly violated every observance of decency and dignity: nor, whilst remembering her sex and the personal affronts she was compelled to endure, can she be severely censured if, with even somewhat of a malicious zest, she undertook to hold up the mirror of Truth before the eyes of the vain and haughty Elizabeth, with a keen appreciation, doubtless, of the emotions likely to be experienced by one so little accustomed to behold herself through so unflattering a medium.

The celebrated Letter alluded to, which, in the original, is written in old French, is here presented to the reader, with a literal translation. A part of it may be found in Lingard; but it has never before been given entire in English.

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LETTER

FROM MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.



UIVANT ce que je Vous ay promis et auvez despuis desire, je Vous declare ores, qu' aveques regretz, que telles choses soyent ammenees en question, mays tres sincerement et sans auqune passion, dont j'apelle mon Dieu a tesmoing, que la Comptesse *de Schreusbury* madit de Vous ce qui suit au plus pres de ces Termes. A la plus part de quoy je proteste avoir respondu, reprenant la ditte dame de croire ou parler si lisientieusement de Vous, comme chose que je ne croyois point, ni croy a present congnoissant le Naturel de la Comptesse et de quel esprit elle estoit alors poulssee contre Vous. Premierement, qu'un, auquel elle disoit que Vous aviez faict promesse de mariage devant une Dame de vostre chambre, avoit cousche infinies foys auvesques Vous avec toute la licence et privaulte qui se peut user entre Mari et famme; Mays qu' indubitablement Vous nestiez pas comme les aultres fammes, et pour ce respect cestoit follie a touz ceulx que affectoient vostre Mariage avec Monsieur le Duc d'*Anjou*, d'aultant qu'il ne ce pourroit accomplir; et que Vous ne vouldriez jamays perdu la liberte de Vous fayre fayre l'amour, et auvoir vostre plesir tousjours auveques nouveaulx amoureulx, regretant ce, disoit-elle, que l'ous ne vous contentiez de Maister *Haton*, et un aultre de ce Royaulme; mais que pour l'honneur du pays il luy faschoit le plus, que vous aviez non seullement engasge Vostre honneur auveques un estrangier Nommè *Sinier*, l' a lant trouver de nuit en la chambre d'une

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dame, que la dicte Comtesse blasmoit fort a ceste occasion la, ou Vous le baisiez, et usiez auvec luy de diverses privaultes deshonnestes; mays aussi luy revelliez les segretz du Royaulme, trahisant vos propres conseillers avvesques luy: Que Vous vous estiez desportee de la mesme dissolution avec le Duc son Maystre, qui vous avoit este trouver une nuit à la porte de vostre chambre, ou vous laviez rancontre auvec vostre seulle chemise et manteau de nuit, et que par apres vous laviez laisse entrer, et qu'il demeura avveques Vous pres de troys heures. Quant au dict *Haton*, que vous le couriez a force faysant si publiquement paroitre l'amour que luy portiez que luy mesmes estoit contreint de s'en retirer, et que Vous donnastes un soufflet a *Kiligreu* pour ne vous avoir ramene le dict *Haton*, que Vous avviez envoiay rappeller par luy, s'estant desparti en chollere d'auveques vous pour quelques injures que luy auviez dittes pour certeins boutons d'or qu'l auvoit sur son habit. Qu'elle auvoit travaille de fayre espouser au dit *Haton* la feu Comtesse de *Lenox* sa fille, mays que de creinte de Vous, il ne osoit entendre; que mesme le Comte *d'Oxfort* nosoit ce rappointer auveques sa famme de peur de perdre la faveur qu'il esperoit recepvoir par vous fayre l'amour: Que vous estiez prodigue envers toutes telles gens et ceulx qui ce mesloient de telles mesnees, comme a un de Vostre Chambre *Gorge*, auquel Vous avviez donne troys centz ponds de rante pour vous avvoir apporte les nouvelles du retour de Haton: Qu'a toutz aultres Vous estiez fort ingrate chische, et qu'il ni avoit que troys ou quatre en vostre Royaulme a qui Vous ayez jamays faict bien: Me conseillant, en riant extresmement, mettre mon filz sur les rancs pour vous fayre l'amours, comme chose qui me serviroit grandement et metroit Monsieur le Duc hors de quartier; qui me seroit tres prejudisiable si il i continuoit; et lui repliquant, que cela seroit pris pour une vraye moquerie elle me respondit que Vous estiez si vayne et en si bonne opinion de vostre beaute, comme si vous estiez quelque deesse du ciel; qu'elle prandroit sur la teste de le vous fayre croire facillement et entretiendroit mon filz en ceste humeur: Que Vous preniez si grand plesir en flateries hors de toute rayson, que l'on vous disoit, comme de dire, qu'on ne vous osoit par foys reguarder a plain, d'aultant que Vostre

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face luysoit comme le Soleill: Qu'elle et toutes les aultres Dames de la Court estoints contreintes d'en user, et qu'en son dernier voyage vers Vous, Elle et la feu Comtesse de *Lenox* parlant a Vous n'osoient s'entreregarder l'une et l'autre de peur de s'eclater de rire des cassades quelle vous donnoint, me priant a son retour de tancer sa fille quelle n'avoyt jamays sceu persuader de fayre le mesme; et quant a sa fille *Talbot*, elle s'assuroit qu'elle ne fauldroit jamays de vous rire au nez; la dicte dame Talbot lors quelle vous alla fayre la reverance et donne le serment comme l'une de voz servantes, a son retour imediatement, me le comtant comme une chose fayte en moquerie, me pria de l'accepter pareill, mays plus ressent et entier vers moy, du quel je feiz long tems refus; mays a la fin a force de larmes je la laissay faire, disant quelle ne vouldroit pour chose du monde estre en vostre service pres de vostre personne, d'autant quelle auroit peur que quand seriez en cholere ne luy fissies comme a sa cousine *Skedmur*, a qui vous auviez rompu un doibt, faciant a croire a ceulx de la court, que cestoit un chandelier qui estoit tombe dessubz; et qu'a une aultre vos servant a talle auviez donne un grand coup de cousteau sur la mayn; Et en un mot, pour ces derniers pointz et communs petitz raportz, Croyez que vous estiez jouee et contrefaicte par elles comme en commedie entre mes fammes mesmes; ce qu' apercevant, je vous jure que je deffendis a mes fammes ne ce plus mesler. Davantasge, la dicte Comtesse ma autrefoys advertie que Vous voulliez appointer *Rolson* pour me fayre l'amour et essayer de me deshonorer, soyt en effect ou par mauvais bruit, de quoy il avoyt instructions de vostre bousche propre: Que Ruxby veint ici, il i a environ viii ans, pour atempter a ma vie, ayant parle a vous mesmes, qui luy auviez dit quil fit ce a que *Walsingham* luy commenderoit et dirigeroit. Quant la dicte Comtesse poursuivoit le mariage de son filz *Charles* auveques une des niepeces du Milord *Paget*, et que daultre part Vous voulliez lavoir par pure et absolue aucthorite pour un des *Knoles*, pour ce quil estoit vostre parent; elle crioit fort contre vous, et disoit que cestoit une vraye tirannie, voulant a vostre fantasie enlever toutes les heritieres du pays, et que vous aviez indignement use le dit *Paget* par parolles injurieuses, mays qu'enfin

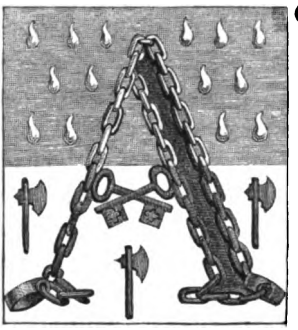
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la Noblesse de ce Royaume ne le vous soufrisoit pas mesmement, si vous adressiez a telz aultres quelle connoissoit bien. Il y a environ quatre ou sing ans que Vous estant malade et moy ausi au mesme temps, elle me dit que vostre Mal provenoit de la closture d'une fistulle que vous aviez dans une jambe ; et que sans doubte venant a perdre voz moys, Vous mourriez bien tost, s'en resjouissant sur une vayne imagination quelle a eue de long temps par les predictions d'un uomme *Jon Lenton*, et d'un vieulx liuvre qui prediroit vostre mort par violence et la succession d'une aultre Royne, quelle interpretoit estre moy, regretant seullement que par le dit liuvre il estoit predit que la Royne qui vous deubroit succeder ne regneroit que trois ans, et mouroit comme vous par violance, ce qui estoit represente mesme en peinture dans le dit liuvre, auquel il y avoyt un dernier feuillet, le contenu duquel elle ne ma jamais voulu dire. Elle scait elle mesme que jay tousjours pris cela pour une pure follie, mays elle fesoit bien son compte destre la premiere aupres de moy, et mesmement que mon filz epouseroit ma niepce *Arbela*. Pour la fin je vous jure encores un coup sur ma foy et honneur que ce que desubz est tres veritable ; et que de ce qui conserne vostre honneur, il ne mest jamays tombe en l'entendement de vous fayre tort par le reveller ; et qu'il ne ce scaura jamays par moy, le tenant pour tres faulx. Si je puis avoir cest heur de parler a vous, je vous diray plus particulierement les noms, tems, lieux et aultres sirconstances pour vous fayre congnoistre la verite et de cessi et d'aultres choses que je reserve, quant je seray tout a fayct asseuree de vostre amitie, laquelle comme je desire plus que jamays, aussi si je la puis ceste foys obtenir, vous neustes jamays parente, amy, ny mesmes subject, plus fidelle et affectionnee que je vous seray. Pour Dieu asseurez Vous de celle qui vous veult et peult Servir. De mon lit forcant mon bras et mes douleurs pour vous satisfayre et obeir.

MARIE R.

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TRANSLATION.



ACCORDING to what I have promised you, and have since wished, I now declare to you, although with regret, that such things should have been called in question, but very sincerely, and without any passion, of which I call God to witness, that the Countess of Shrewsbury told me of you what follows, or in very nearly these terms. To the most part of which I protest to have answered, reproving the said Lady for believing or speaking so licentiously of you, as a thing that I could not believe, nor do I believe now, knowing the disposition of the Countess, and by what spirit she was then actuated against you. Firstly, that one, to whom she said that you had made a promise of marriage, before a lady of your chamber, had an infinite number of times received from you all the familiarities and endearments used between husband and wife, but that undoubtedly you were not like other women, and on that account it was folly in those who wished to bring about your marriage with the Duke of Anjou, inasmuch as it could not be consummated; and that you never would deprive yourself of the liberty of having love made to you, and of continually taking your pleasure with new lovers; regretting, she said, that you were not content with Master Hatton and another of this kingdom, but that what troubled her most, for the honor of the country, was, that you had not only forfeited your honor with a foreigner named Simier, who was found in the chamber at night by a lady; the said countess being very angry on this occasion, wherein you kissed him, and

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used towards him divers unseemly endearments, but also exposed to him the secrets of state, betraying your privy councillors to him. That you conducted yourself with the same dissoluteness to the Duke, his master, who had been found one night at the door of your chamber, where you had met him in only your night apparel, and that afterwards, you permitted him to enter, and that he remained with you nearly three hours. That for the afore-mentioned Hatton your passion was so violent, and you made so public a display of the love you bore him, that he was obliged to absent himself; and that you gave Killigrew a box on the ear for not having brought back to you the said Hatton, whom you had sent Killigrew to recal; he having gone away in anger with you, for some insulting words you had spoken about certain gold buttons, that he had upon his coat. That she had endeavored to bring about a marriage between the said Hatton, and the late Countess of Lennox her daughter, but that for fear of you, he dared not listen to it. That even the Earl of Oxford dared not seem on good terms with his wife, for fear of losing the favor he hoped to receive by making love to you: that you were extravagant towards all such men, their tools, and accomplices; as to one Gorge of your chamber to whom you had given £300 per annum for bringing you the news of Hatton's return. That to all others, you were a very ungrateful niggard, and there were only three or four in your kingdom to whom you had ever done any good. Counselling me, laughing excessively as she did so, to put my son in the ranks as one of your lovers, as a thing that would serve me greatly, and quite drive the Duke out of the field, who would be very prejudicial to me if he remained in it, and on my replying to her, that would be taken for an actual mockery, she answered, that you were so vain, and had so good an opinion of your beauty, that you deemed yourself some celestial goddess; that she would answer for it with her head, to make you easily believe it, and to entertain my son in this humor; that you took so much pleasure in flatteries the most outrageous, that could be said to you as, for instance, that one dared not at times look you full in the face, because it shone like the sun. That she and all the other ladies of the court were obliged to make

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use of such, and that in her last journey with you, she and the late Countess of Lenox when speaking to you, dared not look at each other, for fear of bursting into peals of laughter at the nonsense she addressed to you, entreating me, on her return, to check her daughter, whom she had never been able to persuade from doing the same; and as to her daughter Talbot, she felt assured that she would never be able to avoid laughing outright in your face. The said lady Talbot, when she went to make her obeisance to you, and give oath as one of your servants, immediately on her return related it to me as a thing done in jest, praying me to accept the like, but more deeply felt and sincere, to which, I for a good while made refusal, but finally, being overcome by her tears I permitted it. She saying that she would not for anything in the world be in your service, near your person, for she would be afraid that when you were angry you would do to her as you had done to her cousin Skedmur, one of whose fingers you had broken, making believe to those about the court that a chandelier had fallen upon it: that to another of your servants you had given a great blow with a knife, upon the hand, and in a word, upon these last points and common little reports, believe me, you were made game of, and mimicked in the manner of a comedy, even amongst my women, which, perceiving, I swear to you, I forbade my women to meddle with such matters any more. Moreover, the said countess at another time informed me you wished to appoint Rolson to make love to me and to try to dishonor me, either actually, or by evil report, for which he had instructions from your own mouth: that Ruxby came here, about eight years ago, to attempt my life, having first spoken to you about it, who had said, he must do whatever Walsingham approved and directed. When the said countess was trying to bring about the marriage of her son Charles, with one of the nieces of my Lord Paget, and you, on the other hand, would have her by pure and absolute authority for one of the Knolles', because he was your kinsman, she inveighed bitterly against you, and said it was a real tyranny, wishing according to your own caprice to dispose of all the heiresses of the country: that you used the said Paget shamefully by opprobrious

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words; but that at last, the nobility of this kingdom would not suffer you to do the same, if you spoke thus to some she well knew. It is about four or five years since you being ill, and I also, at the same time, she told me that your illness was caused by the closing of a fistula, and that * * doubtless you would die very soon; rejoicing herself upon a vain imagination that she has long entertained by the prophecies of one Jon Lenton, and also from an old book which foretold your death by violence, and the succession of another queen, whom she interpreted to be myself; regretting only, that by the said book it was foretold that the queen who should succeed you would reign only three years, and die, like yourself by violence—all which was represented in a picture in the said book, the last leaf of whose contents she never would tell me. She herself knew that I always looked upon this as mere folly, but she always endeavored to ingratiate herself with me—and even that my son should marry my niece Arbela. Now to conclude, I swear to you upon my faith and honor that the above is very true, and being what much concerns your honor, it has never been my intention to do you evil by revealing it, and it shall never be made known by me, holding it, as I do, for very false. If I could have this hour to speak with you, I would tell you more particularly the names, times, places, and other circumstances to prove to you more accurately the truth of these, and also of other things, which I reserve until I shall be entirely assured of your friendship, which I desire more than ever, and if I can once obtain this, you never had kinswoman, friend, or even subject, more faithful and affectionate than I shall be.

May God grant you what you wish, that can serve you. From my bed, forcing my arm and my pains in order to satisfy and obey you.

MARIE R.

The authenticity of this singular document has never been questioned, though doubts have been expressed as to whether it was ever permitted to meet the eye of the royal personage to whom it was addressed; but surely, doubts of this kind are strangely mis-

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placed when applied to Queen Elizabeth, in whom all the ferocity, pride, and cruelty of the Tudors were concentrated; and than whom, no sovereign, male or female, was ever more tenacious of interference in her affairs, either public, or private. That a communication addressed to herself, and written, as is declared at the very outset, in consequence of a long-deferred promise; should have been withheld upon any plea whatever, argues a degree of temerity, hardly credible. That a letter of such a character would be jealously guarded, is sufficiently obvious, nor is it probable that during the life of Queen Elizabeth, it was ever seen by any eye but her own, or her most secret and confidential advisers; but there is little doubt that she not only received it, but that the death of the Queen of Scots was ultimately attributable less to political motives,—great and weighty as they undoubtedly were,—than to those of personal hatred and revenge, to both of which, a letter like the preceding must have largely contributed.

To a sovereign like Elizabeth, so imperious of will, so violent in her demonstrations of anger, in all things so true a daughter of Henry VIII., the bare mention of weaknesses flagrant as those described so piquantly, and submitted to notice with such naïve and soothing amiability, must have created a state of mind little short of madness: pride, vanity, outraged self-love, those most powerful of all the pleaders for revenge which the female bosom entertains; all these, together with others more specious, but never until then, brought forward as sufficient, may be supposed to have sprung forth at once, eager to destroy. To receive such a list of her own sins against propriety and morality from one whom she had so deeply injured, and whom she openly affected to despise for similar frailties, must have been a cup of gall and wormwood, whose bitterness no after taste of sweetness could wholly take away; and whose influence would tend but to rivet more closely the captive's chain, even if it did not effectually stifle any lingering spark of pity which might haply have remained, even in a breast so cruel and obdurate as that of Queen Elizabeth, who amidst all her magnificent titles, most vaunted that of "England's Maiden Queen." The stroke

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of Death, inflicted according to the favorite fashion of the Tudors, by the "sharp medicine of the axe," though in itself involving a catastrophe full of horror, must, to the subject of it have been infinitely more merciful, than the barbarities and refinements of cruelty, the secret attempts against her life and honor, and the ceaseless repetition of harassing vexations, in which, for eighteen years, Elizabeth had so fully carried out her determination "that the Scots Queen head should never rest." Yet withal, it was a dreadful deed; not one of those, which when done fall into the ranks of the past and are forgotten; but one, which like a foul and mis-shapen rock, stands out more hideous and unnatural from the encrustations of Time.

That both Mary and Elizabeth were endowed with strong passions and fiery tempers, the history of each sufficiently attests; but while in Queen Elizabeth, they displayed themselves in a manner alike domineering, selfish, and insatiable, in Mary of Scotland, they shone with a generous and romantic fervor, which by inducing her to invest others with perfections that as regarded themselves, existed only in her own imagination, caused her character to be sullied by assimilation with their unworthiness, and as too frequently happened, darkened even to obloquy, by their misdeeds. But if Mary was too confiding in prosperity, she possessed in a wonderful degree the power to dignify adversity. Its evil hour found her ever prepared for either fortune; and at no time more entitled to homage as a queen, than when stripped of the adventitious aids and embellishments of royalty. Throughout the long and weary years of her imprisonment, her conduct is continually exciting involuntary admiration and respect even from her bitterest enemies: both Leicester and Burghley, no less than the high-minded and devoted Norfolk, paying their tribute of praise, less to the allurements of that beauty, which exercised such resistless, and generally fatal influence, on those who yielded to its fascination, than to those qualities which in either sex elevate and ennoble human nature. That feelings of indignation against her oppressors should prevail over more prudential considerations, might be naturally imagined in one so constituted, and to this, must be attributed the circumstance of her having at length decided to send

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to her great and powerful enemy, the "Letter" which has called forth the foregoing remarks. Yet, as she was then situated, beset with spies, surrounded on all sides by difficulties and dangers that grew more perplexing and ominous at every step, such an act seems but natural and excusable, as the only means of retort left within her power upon the haughty and cruel enemies who had wrought her so much woe. The Countess of Shrewsbury, equally with the Queen herself, being her most deadly enemy. Having even, as Mary herself declares in a letter to Walsingham, "attempted her life." The confidence which in an unguarded moment the Countess had thought proper to repose in her royal captive, at once became a formidable weapon against herself, since it could hardly be doubted that Elizabeth would not visit with her heaviest displeasure, one, who holding important offices about her person, chief female favorite, and as such cognizant of all her secrets, had so egregiously betrayed her trust as to confide them to the person from whom, of all others, it would seem desirable they should be withheld. This, however had been done, and for a moment Mary must have triumphed; but it could have been but as one of those fitful lightnings, which give a momentary flash to the wrecked mariner, and leave him drifting hopelessly, and in darkness as before. In sending such a missive, she risked every thing, and lost all. Impulse, ever a doubtful and dangerous leader to princes, being especially so to Mary, the greatest misfortunes of whose life may be attributed to having yielded to its guidance; involving her in a thousand perils, which a greater amount of self-control, would have enabled her to avoid.

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The following detached notices of various striking portions of the chequered life of Mary of Scotland, with the poems by which they are accompanied, claim but the merit of not having deviated from the *Truth* of History. Should the tradition of "the Lady of Munro" be deemed an exception, it may safely be averred, that not a Highlandman of the shires of Ross or Inverness, but would singly take the field against any *four* Southrons, who should be hardy enough to impugn it.

NÔTRE DAME, 24th April, 1558.

Cradled in silken luxury, the youthful days of the beautiful young Queen of Scotland were passed amidst scenes of love and pleasure, that sped on with the splendor and swiftness of an Arabian Fairy Tale, brilliantly closed by her marriage with the Dauphin, or, as he was called after that event, the Roy Dauphin, Francis, eldest son of Henri II. of France. In an account of this grand ceremonial by an "eye witness," a most pleasing, or as the writer calls it, most "debonnaire" trait is recorded of the gallant Henri, who, perceiving that by reason of the bridal procession having to pass over a temporary scaffolding, the people crowded beneath it were utterly debarred from seeing the spectacle, instantly, with a loud and cheerful voice, so ordered the procession on its return, that by a skilful detour, all were enabled to behold it. The gratification was doubly enhanced by the gay and condescending manner of their monarch, whom they hailed with acclamations, and shouts of enthusiasm.

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I.

LOUD ring the bells of Nôtre Dame,
The organ peals; the oriflamme
Waves o'er a royal bride:
O'er Mary Stuart, Scotland's queen,
Just wedded to the young Dauphin,
In royal pomp and pride.

II.

Encircled by a jewelled crown,
Her sunny curls of golden brown,
Float o'er her checks' rich glow:
Mingling their shadows with the light
Of gems, that lie like raindrops bright,
Upon her breast of snow.

III.

Enthroned in state—her bridegroom nigh,
No evil omen daunts her eye,
No warning voice she hears—
But while loud acclamations ring,
Salutes her lord as Scotland's king,
With homage from its peers.

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IV.

Barons and Earls of high renown,
Whose names reflect on Scotland's crown
The grandeur of their own.
Beton and Rothes, Cassillis bold;
Seton, high cast in honor's mould,
And Erskine, Lord of Dun.

V.

While through the bannered aisles advance
The charms and chivalry of France,
Lords, knights, and ladies gay:
Plumes, mantles, robes, and sparkling gems,
Helms, crosiers, standards, diadems,
Beneath the arches grey.

VI.

Henri, the King! nigh whom remain
Guise, Montmorenci, Bar, Lorraine,
Prince, cardinal, and peer:
Throughout fair France no castled height
But sends to-day its lady bright,
Its noblest cavalier.

VII.

And foremost midst its loveliest dames
With glowing cheek, no blush e'er shames,
Object of many a vow:
Diane de Poitiers! proudly grand,
With jewelled glove upon her hand,
And crescent on her brow.

VIII.

Queen-like, with lofty head unbowed,
Catherine de Medicis, the proud,
Shoots her dark glance afar.

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Where graceful Marguerite's white plumes wave
Near Condé and Coligni brave,
By Henri of Navarre.

IX.

The trumpets sound—the cannons roar—
The heralds shout—the banners soar,
While largesse, brightly tossed,
Falls round the car where sits the Queen
Beside the haughty Catherine
Amidst the moving host.

X.

The noblest ladies of the land
Around her ride; in knightly hand
Each palfrey's silver chain:
Through flower-strewn streets, where brightly fly
Velvets and silks from lattice high,
With cries of "Vive la Reine!"

XI.

With stately mien, and knightly grace,
The young Dauphin to gentle pace
His bounding steed controls:
While Alençon and Anjou ride
Beside their mother's car of pride,
As slowly on it rolls.

XII.

Attired for Tourney, Tilt, or Joust,
Came armèd knights whose helmets boast
Their ladies' colors gay:
On barbed steeds to music's sound,
Curvetting o'er the flower-strewn ground,
A long and bright array.

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XIII.

A mingled stream that bears along
A nation's pride, with shout and song,
  The triumph to enhance
Of Her, who thus in Life's fresh morn,
Seems but to joy and gladness born,
  The chosen bride of France.

XIV.

Onward the tide of splendor rolls—
Midst harp and song the joy-bell tolls,
  The wine-filled fountains flow;
Till day-light wanes, and night's dim pall
With all its stars, folds bower and hall,
  And silence reigns below.

This august and splendid ceremonial, conducted with almost incredible magnificence on the 24th of April, 1558, was on the 5th of December, 1560, succeeded by the death of Francis II. in the Castle of Orleans; he being at that time only sixteen years, ten months, and fifteen days old, Mary, attaining her eighteenth year a few days afterwards, while in her *Deuil*, or mourning chamber; where, according to regal etiquette, it was her duty to remain forty days; excluded from the light of the sun, habited in white, as mourning; and rigorously occupied in the prayers and ceremonies enjoined by the Romish Church to a Queen Dowager on such occasion: here she remained in seclusion the prescribed period, served only by female attendants; and with lamps continually burning in the gloomy apartments, which were all hung with black, as was also the great hall, where the body of Francis was laid in state, previous to its interment at St. Denis.

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THE BURIAL OF FRANCIS II. AT ST. DENIS.

I.

STERNLY through the aisles resounding—
High above the organ's swell,
From the arches deep rebounding,
Sounds a monarch's funeral knell.
Others, with it slowly tolling,
As the coal black steeds make way,
With their heavy burthen rolling
To St. Denis' old abbaye.

II.

Torch and cresset, wildly blazing,
Stream like meteors on the night,
O'er th' assembled thousands gazing
Casting floods of lurid light.
While the martial music wailing,
Dies in distance far away,
Or with solemn swell prevailing,
Moaning fills the old abbaye.

III.

There, a thousand lights are burning,
Bright on altar, cell, and shrine;
Glimmering plumes and folds of mourning,
Scutcheon, quoin, and column twine.
While the dark-robed monks are singing
Miséréré, deep and slow;
And the white-robed boys are swinging
Censers round them as they go.

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IV.

King-like on the bier is lying
A pale statue, robed and crowned,
Sacred ensigns o'er it flying,
Peers and princes kneeling round.
Mitred priests, rich vestments wearing;
Monks and nuns, a long array;
Crucifix and chalice bearing,
Chaunting death-notes on their way.

V.

Plaintively their voices blending
Soft in penitential strain;
That with silvery sound ascending,
Pierces heaven with human pain.
Thrilling with a keener anguish,
The pale Queen, who drooping led,
Seems like rain-charged flower to languish
In the pathway of the dead.

VI.

Shroud-like veiled with bitter weeping,
At the altar low she kneels;
O'er the dead her vigil keeping,
While the trumpet loudly peals.
And as offerings, nobly guarded,
Sceptres, crowns, and coats of mail;
Stately coursers, plumed and barded,
Traverse transept, nave, and aisle.

VII.

All the signs of pomp and splendor
That once graced a powerful king,
Here with holy rites to render,
Humbly, with his corse they bring.

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Helm, and banner, that once streaming
In the light of battle shone,
Midst funereal emblems gleaming,
O'er the cold sepulchral stone.

VIII.

Onward still—in stream unbroken
Costly gifts, and offerings pour:
In his grave, last solemn token,—
Their dead king his vassals lower:
Earth to Earth! a voice is knelling—
Slowly melt the crowds away,
While the requiem loudly swelling,
Fills St. Denis' old abbaye.

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THE love of Mary Stuart for Francis the Second, the playmate of her childhood, the lover and bridegroom of her youth, appears to have been deep and sincere—the grief for his loss, equally so; a storm of passion and regret, heightened, naturally, by the circumstance of finding herself reduced at once from the enviable position of an adored and beautiful young Queen of France, the cynosure of all eyes, to that of a mere cipher; obliged, instantly to resign all the dear delights, hitherto enjoyed as exclusively her own, and to become, as it were, a pensioner of the state. A mortifying transition; requiring much self-control in one so young; and finding its only consolation, in the endeavor to model her court of Scotland in such a manner as to afford some solace for the wreck of all her hopes in France.

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Youthful and inexperienced, accustomed only to the gaiety and joys of that delightful and buoyant nation; the chivalrous spirit of its chief nobles; and the urbane and polished tone of its society; which, even at that early period was, as compared with the rest of Europe, singularly refined and intellectual; it is easy to conceive how dreary an exchange to one so nurtured, would be the semi-barbarous realm of Scotland; its puritanical people, and turbulent nobility.

The ushering omens which marked the experiment, were all mournful and disastrous; strikingly calculated to make a corresponding impression on a temperament like hers: nor can it be thought wonderful that she should have felt a superstitious terror, when, at the very moment her own galley was leaving the port of Calais, she saw a goodly ship, just then entering the harbor, suddenly sink before her eyes, and every soul on board perish. Landing at Leith on the 21st August, 1561, and compelled to remain there during a whole day, in consequence of stormy weather and incomplete arrangements for her reception, the spirits of Mary sank; the turbulent ocean from whose fury she had with difficulty escaped; the austere sublimity of the scenery by which she was surrounded; and it may be, some undefinable dread, on thus entering as it were, upon the threshold of a new existence, all combined to render her anxious and foreboding. But the reception she received from her Scottish subjects, when fairly amongst them was so enthusiastic, that it soon effaced the repellant impression she had at first conceived from the chilling view of her native land, the desolate aspect of its mist-covered mountains, and the humble appearance of the train appointed to escort her to the palace of her forefathers. Once within its walls, she forgot every thing that had previously excited her displeasure; and with all the natural spirits, and easily recovered gaiety of youth, entered eagerly into the pleasures and festivities, which inaugurated her arrival in Scotland.

The fire of loyalty burns brightly in the North; and no sooner had the daughter of its ancient kings taken up her residence in the capital, than, like a spark on the heather, its flames spread over the whole kingdom. The nation, as one man, came proudly forth to

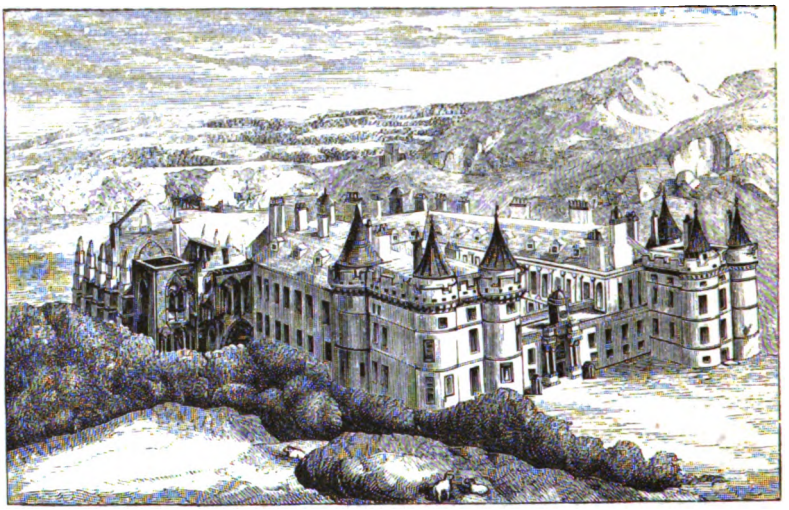
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welcome her, and Mary had the gratification of knowing that she was again a Queen: her presence giving dignity and importance not only to the capital, but to the whole Scottish nation; new life seemed to animate the people; and a spirit of chivalrous loyalty was diffused throughout the kingdom, which found its most brilliant concentration in the halls of Holyrood; where throughout a series of entertainments conducted in a style of luxury and elegance hitherto unknown in Scotland, Mary Stuart, in the bloom and beauty of her nineteenth year, received the delighted and admiring homage of her Scottish subjects.

The position of Mary at this period was one of unequalled dignity and interest; young, beautiful, and accomplished, yet in need of aid and sympathy, she at this time carried with her the whole heart of Scotland. The vanity of the nation had been deeply gratified on beholding in their long-absent queen, the loveliest woman in Europe; whilst the knowledge of her misfortunes, the sorrowful shadow resting on her beautiful features, caused by her last bereavement, touchingly indicated by the peculiar form of her mourning garments, powerfully enlisted popular sympathy in her favor, and gave her a claim on the affections of her people which that of mere royalty, alone, could never have established. When nature speaks, all men listen, and her voice now found an echo in every bosom, awakening it to reverence and pity for the fair young queen, so royally descended, so tenderly nurtured, yet cast upon her native shore almost desolate, a widow—and an orphan.

Throughout the length and breadth of the land—in the nobleman's castle, and at the cotter's fireside—her name was in every mouth, and the royal title, long unheard in Scotland, again a watchword of love and loyalty.

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HOLYROOD.

I.

IN majesty and beauty bright,
While torch and cresset give their light
On corbel, coigne, and frieze,
Queen Mary sits with all her train
Amidst her kinsmen of Lorraine,
De Medici, and Guise.

II.

The peers and princes of the land,
With those of France on either hand,
In warlike splendor glow;
High dames in colors rich and bright,
Whose antique gems of dazzling light
On their proud foreheads show;

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III.

And the most lovely "Maries" four,
Those far famed flowers of Scotia's shore,
Brave, beautiful, and true;
The dark eyed Fleming—Seton fair—
Gay Livingston with golden hair,
And Beton's eye of blue.

IV.

In purple robe—half veiled, half crowned—
Her swan-like neck, with jewels bound,
Upon the Dais seen—
Queen Mary graceful leans the while
Upon the Countess of Argyle,
In loveliness serene.

V.

But lo! a change, Lord Darnley's knee
Hath bent to Scotland's majesty,
Who, gazing on his face,
His manly form, and bearing proud,
Forgets herself—the place—the crowd,
In marvel at its grace.

VI.

Then follow Murray, Morton, Mar,
Gay Gordon, Bothwell, Chastellar—
She sees but one alone—
And in that moment charged with Fate
Selects proud Darnley for her mate,
The partner of her throne.

VII.

Silent—she smiles—her thoughts are sweet,
Illusions wild before her fleet,
All clothed in love's soft bloom:
All forms in one bright vortex lost
Where'er she looks her glance seems crossed
By Darnley's waving plume.

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VIII.

Then coldly, calm as violets show,
In peaceful lustre on the snow,
  She meets her courtiers' gaze,
And with the charm of all her race
Leans list'ning forth with witching grace,
  While Rizzio sings and plays.

IX.

Sudden she starts as from a sword—
As gleams the eye of Bothwell's lord,
  With its dark glance of fire.
That seems in all her thoughts to pry,
And, with a fierce audacity,
  Tells how it dare aspire.

X.

That lightning flash, scarce seen ere gone,
Appears no more—the crowd sweeps on,
  The pageant disappears:
And Scotland's queen in chamber lone
Muses on the beloved one,
  With all love's doubts and fears.

In a choice old volume, entitled "L'Innocence de Marie Stuart," printed in France, 1572, the infatuation of Mary for this worthless young nobleman is attributed, not to his fine figure, beautiful features, manly graces, and skill in horsemanship, but to "a charmed pair of Brasseletz" sent to Queen Mary while in Scotland, by the mother of Darnley, she, as well as her son, being then in England. The writer, speaking of these magic "Brasseletz," says: "Nobody will find this strange, seeing that the Isle of Albion has always had an evil repute for sorceries." In reading the blood-stained annals of Scotland at this period, nothing strikes the mind with more horror than the startling alternations—from scenes of delight and festivity where all is beauty and gladness, to the darkest perpetrations of crime. The episode of the mad enthusiast Chastellar is one of this

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class. The passionate admiration felt by Mary for the divine art of which he was so enchanting a proficient, should have pleaded for the folly of the musician, as far as life was concerned, since her bitterest enemies knew that the crime of Chastellar consisted only in the inordinate vanity of supposing his beautiful sovereign felt for him a sentiment stronger than admiration.

CHASTELLAR.

I.



FROM Scotland's heart is rising
A joyful wild acclaim,
The northern heavens are musical
With Mary Stuart's name:
It floats above the dark old trees
Around the turrets strong
Of Holyrood, whose towers vibrate
With revelry and song.

II.

The gallants gay of many a land
Move through its ancient hall,
With Scotland's dames, and noblest names
Arrayed for festival:
Hear ye the note that sweetly rings
From corridor afar?
Onward! press on! there sits the Queen
And dark-eyed Châtellar.

III.

A rose hath fallen from her hand
While listening to his lay,
She sees it not—she heeds it not,
Her heart is far away—
Nor dreams while thinking of the hills
And châlets of Navarre,
Her rose lies on the throbbing heart
Of maddened Châtellar.

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IV.

But hate and envy watchfully
Have marked the daring deed,
Have called its rashness infamy,
And bade the slander speed:
Well pleased to wound her gentle heart,
That now so softly thrills
To hear the songs she loved in youth
Among the Bearnois hills.

V.

"Again," she cries, "that simple air
Upon my heart it lies,
Like rose-hues on the snowy alp,
Beneath Navarre's blue skies."
She hears a voice—"How happy he
Who thus our queen beguiles,"
And with a keen and haughty pain
Sees scornful looks and smiles.

VI.

Her white hand waves, the harp grows mute,
The minstrel slow retires,
Fire in his eye, and in his heart
A host of wild desires,
Of hopes that blindly lead to crime,
Wild worship of a star,
Whose beam to thee brings naught but death,
Ill-fated Châtellar.

The reign of Mary Stuart in Scotland comprised but seven years. In that little space, what life, excepting her own, has ever exhibited a drama so splendid and so terrible? The following pleasing incident, illustrative of her own native excellence of disposition, is said to have occurred during that memorable expedition which Mary, under the evil guidance of Murray, undertook against

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the Gordons. Munro himself, attended by all his clan, being in attendance upon the Queen, while his lady and their stalwart sons and daughters, made their obeisance before her in the hall of the castle of Inverness. To this boastful display of her treasures, the subsequent loss of nearly the whole number, beginning almost immediately from that time, was superstitiously attributed by the dwellers in the Highlands, who, like the ancient Jews, considered the act of "numbering" worldly possessions to be especially displeasing to the Most High, and a certain means to bring down upon the head of the offender a signal judgment, heavy in proportion to his presumption. The words ascribed to Mary as applied to Lady Munro are, "Rise, madame, ye suld be in this chair, and not I."

THE LADY OF MUNRO.

I.



UEEN Mary rides through Inverness,
Earl Murray at her hand:
While long and loud, the people bless
The lady of the land.

II.

The streets are decked like marriage bowers,
With silken hangings gay;
The bells ring in the old grey towers,
The minstrels loudly play.

III.

O'er paths where crowding thousands press,
While flowers around her fall,
The Queen rides on through Inverness,
To good King Duncan's hall.

IV.

Midst ladies fair in silk and pearl,
Midst steel-clad barons bold,
With lord and duke, and knight and earl,
Her royal court to hold.

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v.

The priest hath left his book and bell,
The husbandman his corn;
The cloistered nun, in convent cell,
Tells not her beads this morn.

vi.

The aged crone who by the hearth
Aye sits from morn till e'en,
Calls for her crutch, and hirples forth
To see the bonnie Queen.

vii.

Above the castle's ancient keep,
The Scottish standard soars;
The gunners to the ramparts leap,
The thundering cannon roars.

viii.

While with a shout that rends the sky,
And rings o'er dale and down,
The loyal clans come sweeping by,
And fill the ancient town.

ix.

MacGregor, and MacPherson proud,
Mackenzie and Munro;
Whose warlike pibrochs fierce and loud
The stalwart pipers blow.

x.

That music wild of highland clan
Brings fire to Mary's eye;
"I would, my lords, I were a man,
My martial strength to try.

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XI.

"With sword and buckler, spear and jack,
By night and day to ride,
With these bold followers at my back,
And fortune for my guide."

XII.

Thus blithe of mood, with heart elate,
And smiling courtiers round,
She passes through the castle gate
To drum and trumpet's sound.

XIII.

Through court and hall for banquet spread,
In long and glittering lines,
Where, with her canopy o'erhead,
She gracefully reclines.

XIV.

Rich gifts of silver, and of gold,
Her loyal subjects bring,
Mantles, and costly cups that hold
Fair jewels, purse, or ring.

XV.

And lo! a dame of regal port,
Majestical and slow,
Reins her white charger in the court,
The Lady of Munro!

XVI.

Twelve stately sons before her ride,
In coats of Lincoln green,
On jet-black steeds whose fiery pride
Suits well each rider's mien.

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XVII.

Behind, twelve daughters, passing fair,
On milk-white palfreys ride,
All clothed in white, whose golden hair
The silken snoods half hide.

XVIII.

Alighting midst the wondering crowd,
They reach the banquet hall,
That noble matron stern and proud,
Those sons and daughters tall.

XIX.

"I bring my Queen no jewels bright,
No silks of India's loom,
But twelve strong sons in manhood's might,
Twelve maids in beauty's bloom.

XX.

"My sons for pages, give I thee,
For maids, my daughters dear:"
Then rose the Queen, and earnestly
Cried, "Dame, *thou* suld be *here*.

XXI.

"This royal chair 'tis *thou* suld fill,
And *I* be kneeling low;
Arise, madame; ne'er did our will
More gladly boon bestow."

XXII.

Then, while the roof with gladness rung,
And swords waved to and fro,
The Lord of Foulis forward sprung,
Chief of the Clan Munro.

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XXIII.

Clasping his lady by the hand,
They knelt full lowly down,
Surrounded by that filial band,
To her who wore the crown.

XXIV.

But on that bright and living chain,
Fate's seal of doom was set.
From that day forth 'twas rent in twain,
No more its links e'er met.

XXV.

Those stately sons, those daughters bright,
Oft numbered proudly o'er,
By their fond mother, on that night;
For her, soon smiled no more.

XXVI.

They drooped, and perished, one by one,
Like wreaths of melting snow;
Till on her hearth she sat, alone,
The Lady of Munro.

The words ascribed to Mary during her warlike expedition, are described by Randolph in one of his despatches to Cecil as "that she repented nothing, but that she was not a man, to know what life it was to lie all night in the fields; or to walk upon the causeway with a Jack and knapsack; a Glasgow buckler, and a broad sword."* It is from little bursts of nature, like the preceding, that character can be better understood than from the longest disquisition on mere mental and moral qualities; and throughout the life of the unfortunate Queen of Scots, these gleams of sunshine are perpetually struggling through the clouds that surrounded her, and making us feel

* Randolph to Cecil. State Paper Office.

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how cruelly adverse to her real feelings and disposition was the arduous and dangerous position which she was called upon to sustain. The crimes which have marked her reign, were those of her councillors—the virtues, all her own; and as misfortunes thicken around her, until finally, in 1568, we behold her weeping within the walls of Haworth or Carlisle, it is impossible to avoid asking, Where was then the chivalry of Scotland? At this point of her history there can scarcely be imagined a situation more forlorn and desolate. To one who had been so tenderly nurtured in the very lap of luxury, how dire was the condition in which she found herself—a hunted, persecuted fugitive, who having blindly rushed into the snare of her enemies, only became aware of her mistake when too late to retrieve it.

Her own words will best convey an idea of the misery to which she was reduced. Writing to her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, after having previously enumerated the chief evils that had befallen her, she thus expresses herself:*

"From Carlisle, 21 June, 1568.

"I now commit myself to the competency of the bearer hereof, and beseech you to have compassion for the honour of your poor niece, and provide the assistance which the bearer will mention to you; and in the meantime, send money, for I have not wherewith to purchase bread, nor linen, nor clothes. The Queen hath sent me hither a little linen, and provides me with one dish, the rest I have borrowed, but I cannot do so any more. You will participate in this disgrace, Sandy Clerk, who was in France on behalf of this false bastard, boasts that you will not either provide me with money nor meddle in my affairs. God tries me severely; however, rest assured that I shall die a Catholic; God will relieve me from these miseries very soon. For I have endured injuries, calumnies, imprisonment, famine, cold, heat, flight, not knowing whither, ninety-two miles across the country without stopping or alighting, and then I have had to sleep upon the ground, and drink sour milk, and eat

* Contemporary Copy, British Museum. MSS. Sloane, 1399, Fol. 21.

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oatmeal without bread, and have been three nights like the owls, without a female in this country, where, to crown all, I am little else than a prisoner."

While thus bewailing her miseries she had the mortification to find that although unable herself to obtain access to the presence of Queen Elizabeth, her rebellious traitors and bitterest enemies, some of whom were notorious as perpetrators of crimes revolting to humanity, received instant grace and favour, and were in all instances welcomed with an ardour proportioned to the degree of animosity they evidenced against their sovereign; their criminal accusations against her indulgently heard, and no means of injury left untried, that royal hatred when joined to absolute authority can so easily command.

The celebrated casket of pretended love-letters from Mary to Bothwell, was now produced, and presented under the name of the *Eik;* —it being found necessary to *eke* out their accusation by something more directly tending to implicate her in the murder of Darnley than they had yet been able to do. This collection of letters was eagerly received as sufficient evidence of her having been the adulterous accomplice of Bothwell, in the dreadful tragedy of the Kirk of field, and as such, republished in English; Buchanan, who, it is believed, mainly furnished the originals, adding amplifications and remarks.

These pretended love-letters, though without either subscription, date, or seal, and characterized by a silliness and grossness of style, utterly unlike anything ever known to have proceeded from the pen of Mary, were read with avidity, and widely disseminated, although the most rigorous precautions were used to prevent the unhappy Queen herself from gaining a sight of them. Queen Elizabeth, writing to one of her ambassadors in France, 1571, gives him the following instructions for convincing "the most Christian King" (Charles IX.) that he ought not to favour the Queen of Scots: "and here it were not amiss, to have divers of Buchanan's little Latin books to present, if need were, to the king, as from yourself, and likewise to some of the noblemen of his council; *for they will serve to good effect to disgrace her, which must be done before other purposes are attained.*"

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While her enemies were thus working openly and covertly for her destruction, the unhappy Queen was condemned to a state of the most helpless inactivity: deprived of all, but the energies of her own mind, she exerted them to the utmost in remonstrances and appeals, delivered through her ambassadors, and thus spiritedly wrote to her commissioners the demands they were to make in her name: "Moreover, that there be sufficient leisure given us to answer and verify their impostures and crimes which we have to lay to their charge with respects which should be kept towards such a queen as we are; in the meantime that our rebels be not fortified, assisted, nor favoured against us by any of our said good sister's ministers. Which conditions are asked by us, because we will not that our said good sister, nor any prince in the world, shall esteem that we think our reputation of so little value to put the same into the hands of any living creature, so far as we may perceive; and although we leave our person, life, and hazard of our estate to our said good sister, we would be loth she should think that we reserve not it that we hold dearest, which is our honour, and are resolved to defend the same ourself, or at the least to assist you therein, not doubting of your integrity towards us, and that ye have matter* to confound the impudence of our traitors as well in this 'addition' as ye did in that which was past at York."

Whilst at Boston, 1569, awaiting the decision of the English commissioners, the "Little Douglas," who performed so gallant a service in aiding his royal mistress to escape from Lochleven, was found to be missing, and the most dismal apprehensions were entertained by herself and attendants respecting his safety, as threats of vengeance, in which her own life was also included, had repeatedly been made against him. In this state of painful uncertainty, she addressed a letter to the Bishop of Ross, Lord Herries, and the Abbot of Kilwinning, in which she writes:

"Also, we understand that William Douglas was *tint* (lost) im-

* Meaning the *Ell*.

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mediately after he had gotten his passport of the Queen our good sister, which could not have been, but by the means of these rebels, who bear deadly hatred to all those that have done, and do, their duty towards us; which we pray you shew to the Queen our good sister, beseeching her, in our name, that she suffer him not to be treated in that manner in her realm, so near her court, being under her protection, who set us at liberty and saved our life, doing the act of a venturous and faithful subject to his sovereign and natural Princess, and therefore is taken away by them who, as it will be spoken, are more favoured than justice requires. James Drysdale, one of the Laird of Lochleven's servants, being evil content of the good service which the said William did unto us, said, in presence of some of our servants, that if ever he met with him, he should put his hands in his heart's blood, whatever might follow thereupon, and as to us, he should give us to the heart with 'ane Whingar' (sword). Wherefore ye shall solicit our good sister, that the said Drysdale be made fast in consideration of the premises. He knows what is become of the said William. So, committing you to the protection of Almighty God, off Bolton, the second day of January, 1568, your good mistress.

"MARIE R."

Willie was found, and lived long afterwards as one of the pensioners of his royal benefactress. In an affecting letter, written by her to her banished servants, dated Sheffield, 18 September, 1571, the following passage occurs: "And you, William Douglas, rest assured that the life you have risked for mine, shall never be destitute so long as I have a friend alive. Do not part company till you reach the French court, and there, all of you together wait upon my ambassador, and tell him all you have seen or heard of me or mine." (This letter was intercepted at Sheffield, and sent to Burghley). In the will of Mary Queen of Scots is the following: "Quoy faisant la pension de Guillaume Duglas me reviendra."

The representations and remonstrances of the Scottish commissioners produced no effect on a cause already pre-judged. As the mock solemnity proceeded, she must have felt a sad presentiment that the

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foot of her enemy then on her neck, would never be removed, especially when at the close of the investigation, Murray and his associates were honourably dismissed with great rewards, whilst she herself was hastily removed from Bolton Castle, and consigned in the dead of the winter to the noxious and dilapidated walls of that of Tutbury, where, under the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury, although he personally was one of the most humane of all her jailors, she experienced the most cruel restraints and hardships, similar in character to those she endured whilst under the charge of the same nobleman at Sheffield, from whence she thus writes to Monsieur de la Mothe Fenelon:

"SHEFFIELD, Nov. 7, 1571.

"My people are not permitted to go beyond the gate of this castle, and all Lord Shrewsbury's servants are prohibited from speaking to mine. The displeasure which this Queen has expressed to you by Burghley is followed in my instance by new severity and menaces: I am confined to my chamber, of which they wish again to wall up the windows, and make a false door, by which they may enter when I am asleep; and my people will no longer be permitted to come there, except a few valets, and the rest of my servants will be removed from me."

Whilst at Tutbury, when in her twenty-seventh year, in the full flush of beauty, while hope was yet in the ascendant, and ere time and sorrow had impaired her spirit or lessened her charms, she was beheld by Master Nicholas White, afterwards Sir Nicholas White, and Master of the Rolls in Ireland. From the tenor of the following letter to Lord Burghley, this accomplished and sycophantic courtier, in spite of himself, seems to have received the same favourable impression which never failed to strike all those who for the first time had an opportunity of beholding and conversing with this ill-fated princess.

MR. NICHOLAS WHITE TO SIR WILLIAM CECILL.

"26 FEB., 1568-9.

"When I came to Colsell, a town in Chesterway, I understood that

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Tutbury Castle was not above half a day's journey out of my way. Finding the wind contrary, and having somewhat to say to my Lord of Shrewsbury, touching the country of Wexford, I took post-horses, and came thither about five of the clock in the evening, where I was very friendly received by the earl. The Queen of Scots, understanding by his lordship that a servant of the Queen's Majesty's of some credit was come to the house, seemed desirous to speak with me, and thereupon came forth of her privy chamber into the presence chamber where I was, and in very courteous manner bade me welcome, and asked of me how her good sister did! I told her Grace that the Queen's Majesty (God be praised) did very well, saving that all her felicities gave place to some natural passions of grief, which she conceived for the death of her kinswoman and good servant the Lady Knollys; and how by that occasion her highness fell for a while from a prince wanting nothing in this world, to private mourning; in which solitary estate being forgetful of her own health, she took cold, wherewith she was much troubled, and whereof she was well delivered. This much passed, she heard the English service with a book of the Psalms in English, in her hand, which she shewed me after. When service was done, her Grace fell in talk with me of sundry matters from six to seven of the clock, beginning, first, to excuse her ill English, declaring herself more willing, than apt, to learn that language; how she used translations as a means to attain it, and that Mr. Vice Chamberlain was her good school-master; from this she returned back again to talk of my Lady Knollys, and after many speeches past to and fro of that gentlewoman, I perceiving her to harp much upon her departure, said that the long absence of her husband (and specially in that article), together with the fervency of her fever, did greatly further her end; wanting nothing else that either art or man's help could devise for her recovery; lying in a prince's court, near her person, where every hour her careful ear understood of her estate, and where also she was very often visited by her majesty's own comfortable presence; and said merely, that although her Grace were not culpable of this accident, yet she was the cause without which their being asunder had not happened. She said she

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was very sorry for her death, because she hoped well to have been acquainted with her. I perceive by my Lord of Shrewsbury, said she, that ye go into Ireland (which is a troublesome country), to serve my sister there. I do so, Madame; and the chiefest trouble of Ireland proceeds from the north of Scotland, through the Earl of Argile's supportation; whereunto she little answered. I asked her how she liked her change of air? She said, if it might have pleased her good sister to let her remain where she was, she would not have removed for change of air, this time of the year; but she was the better contented therewith, because she was come so much the nearer to her good sister, whom she desired to see above all things if it might please her to grant the same. I told her Grace that although she had not the actual, yet she had always the effectual presence of the Queen's Majesty, by her great bounty and kindness, who (in the opinion of us abroad in the world), did every way perform towards her the office of a gracious prince, a natural kinswoman, a loving sister, and a faithful friend; and how much she had to thank God, that after the passing of so many perils, she was safely arrived into such a realm, as where all we, of the common sort, deemed she had good cause, through the goodness of the Queen's Majesty, to think herself rather prince-like entertained, than hardly restrained of anything that was fit for her Grace's estate, and for my own part did wish her Grace meekly to bow her mind to God, who hath put her into this school to learn to know him to be above kings and princes of this world; with such other like speeches as time and occasion then served; which she very gently accepted, and confessed that indeed she had great cause to thank God for sparing of her, and great cause likewise to thank her good sister for this kindly using of her. As for contentation in this her present estate, she would not require at God's hands but only patience, which she humbly prayed him to give her. I asked her Grace, since the weather did cut off all exercises abroad, how she passed the time within? She said that all day she had wrought with her Nydill, and that the diversity of the colours made the work seem less tedious, and continued so long at it till very pain made her to give over; and with that, laid her hand upon her left side, and complained of an old

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grief newly increased there. Upon this occasion she entered into a pretty disputable comparison between carving, painting, and working with the needle, affirming painting, in her own opinion, for the most commendable quality. I answered her Grace I could skill of neither of them, but that I have read Pictura to be veritas falsa. With this she closed up her talk, and bidding me farewell, retired into her privy chamber. She said nothing directly of yourself to me, nevertheless I found that, which at my first entry into her presence chamber I imagined, which was that her servant *Bethun* had given her some privy note of me; for as soon as he espied me he forsook our acquaintance at court, and repaired straight into her privy chamber, and from that forth could never see him; but after supper Mr. Harry Knollys and I fell into some close conference, and he (among other things) told me how loth the Queen was to leave Bolton Castle, not sparing to give forth in speech that the secretary was her enemy, and that she mistrusted by this removing, he would cause her to be made away; and that her danger was so much the more because there was one dwelling very near Tutbury which pretended title in succession to the crown of England (meaning the Earl of Huntington); but when her passion was past (as he told me), she said that though the secretary were not her friend, yet she must say that he was an expert, wise man, a maintainer of all good laws for the government of this realm, and a faithful servant to his mistress; wishing it might be her luck to get the friendship of so wise a man. Sir, I durst take upon my death to justify what manner of man Sir William Cecill is, but I know not whence this opinion proceeds. The living God preserve her life long whom you serve in singleness of heart and make all her desired successors to become her predecessors.

"But if I, which in the sight of God bear the Queen's Majesty a natural love, beside my bounden duty, might give advice, there should very few subjects in this land have access to, or conference with this lady; for besides that she is a goodly personage (and yet in truth not comparable with our sovereign), she hath withal an alluring grace, a pretty Scottish speech, and a searching wit, clouded by

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mildness. Fame might move some to relieve her, and glory, joined to gain, might stir others to adventure much for her sake; then joy is a lively infective sense, and carrieth many persuasions to the heart which ruleth all the rest. Mine own affection by seeing the Queen's Majesty our sovereign is doubled, and thereby I guess what sight might work in others. Her hair of itself is black, and yet, Mr. Knollys told me that she wears hair of sundry colors. In looking upon her cloth of estate I noticed this sentence embroidered: 'En ma fin est mon commencement,' which is a riddle I understand not. The greatest personage in house about her is the Lord of Livingston, and the lady his wife, which is a fair gentlewoman, and, it was told me, both Protestants; she hath nine women more, fifty persons in household, with ten horses. The Bishop of Ross lay then three miles off, in a town called Burton-upon-Trent, with another Scottish lord whose name I have forgotten. My Lord Shrewsbury is very careful of his charge, but the Queen overwatches them all, for it is one of the clock at least, every night, ere she go to bed. The next morning I was up timely, and viewing the seat of the house, which in mine opinion stands much like Windsor. I espied two halberd-men without the castle-wall, searching underneath the Queen's bed-chamber window.

"Thus have I troubled your honour with rehearsal of this long colloquy happened between the Queen of Scots and me, and yet had I rather in mine own fancy and adventure thus to encumber you than leave it unreported, as near as my memory could serve me, though the greatest part of our communication was in the presence of my Lord of Shrewsbury and Mr. Harry Knollys. Praying you to bear with me therein among the number of those that load you with long, frivolous, letters, and so I humbly take my leave, awaiting an easterly wind.

"From Westchester, the 26th of February. All these countries which I have past, from London to this sea-bank, live in great wealth and quietness, each man increasing his own and no degree dare offend the law. They pray for the Queen with an universal voice, and that peace may continue. Here is a faction in Cheshire, between Sir Hugh Chamley and Sir Edward Titton, which hath made some

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division. I would have written to my Lord of Leycester but that this messenger could not stay.

"Your Honor's assuredly to command.

"N. WHITE."

The pen of Master Nicholas White paints well: and by presenting so lively a representation of the manners, habits of life, and mode of speaking and thinking of the unfortunate Mary, makes all the world his debtor. Though a crafty and cruel courtier, he yet must be admired as an honest chronicler; one, who if so quick sighted to attractions whose display he deemed it his duty to advise should be as circumscribed as possible, would, it may be presumed, had he occupied a station in which free agency had been less fatal to his own immediate interests, have advocated her cause with all the zeal and sophistry which he brings to bear against it in his letter to Cecil. How repugnant he must have been to her, armed with such arguments and consolations as those he professes to have used, may be well imagined: and should he have proceeded so far in his discourse when in her presence, as he has in his letter, wherein he compares the situation of Tutbury Castle, the most execrable of all her prisons,* to that of the chosen seat of English royalty—Windsor, she must have formed most unpleasurable ideas of that celebrated abode. In corroboration of Mary's own account of her assiduity with the "Nydill," the following account contains a description of what was probably the very piece of work which then occupied her time and attention. It is given by the Bishop of Ross in his examination relative to the Duke of Norfolk before the council in 1571:

"The said Examinate sayeth, that on the Tuesday before the Duke went to Kenninghall, after supper, about seven of the clock, Lyggons met him at the great gate of Howard House by appointment, and conducted him by the back court of the house, and brought him into the gallery next the churchyard, at which time the Duke

* Sixteen years afterwards she again was incarcerated in this dreadful place, whose horrors she describes in a letter to her ambassador Mauvissière.

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was in his bed-chamber, as Lyggons said, with the Lord Lumley, and so tarrying awhile, till the Lord Lumley was gone, the Duke came into the said gallery to this Examinate; the cause of this Examinate's coming, was, for that Robinson had brought to the Duke a token from the Queen of Scots; which, as he remembereth, was a ring, and delivered the same without any letter before this Examinate knew thereof, before which time Bortycke brought a cushion, wrought with the Scots' Queen's own arms, and a device upon it with this sentence: Virescit Vulnere Virtus, and a hand with a knife cutting down the Vines as they use in the spring-time. All which work was made by the Scots' Queen's own hands."

During sixteen years that Queen Mary remained under the charge of the Earl of Shrewsbury at his various castles and manors, that of Chatsworth seems to have been one where the restrictions of her captivity were less rigidly enforced than elsewhere. The exquisite scenery by which it is surrounded, the conventual stillness which yet seems to linger around the moated tower* she occupied, recall the time, when, gazing through its strongly barred loop-holes, she pined for other scenes, which memory rendered more dear, and imagination more beautiful, in that beloved France, she was never more to behold. Perchance the following lines may be somewhat after the fashion of what then formed a part of her meditations:

QUEEN MARY'S REVERIE.

I.

LOST, lost for ever! ah, why did I leave thee!
France! lovely land! I shall see thee no more.
Oh! for some hand a bright garland to weave me,
Such as in childhood delighted I wore.

* Still called Queen Mary's Bower.

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II.

When to the light tambourine gaily bounding,
Amongst the fair maidens and youths of Touraine,
Through the sweet air our glad voices resounding,
Blithely we danced o'er the vine-covered plain;

III.

Waking the echoes that rang from the mountain,
Feasting like fairies beneath the green shade,
Crowned with fresh lilies just plucked from the fountain,
Murm'ring in music, as onward it strayed.

IV.

France! lovely garden! my treasures enshrining,
The living—the dead—the bright hopes that I mourn,
Come in my dreams—in thy beauty still shining,
Give back the years that will never return.

V.

Home of my youth! to thy bosom for ever,
Fain would I fly, from this sorrow and pain:
Fare thee well! fare thee well! never, oh never!
Land of my heart! shall I see thee again.

Whatever may have been the effect of the beautiful scenery of Chatsworth upon the mind of the imprisoned Queen, (and who may truly tell its influence on one whose sensibilities were so acute, and whose retrospect was so stormy and agitating?) it is not too much to suppose that here, if not actually happy, she at times must have been beguiled of her sorrows, since, in addition to the exercise of the feminine accomplishments of music and embroidery, to both of which she devoted so much time, and in which she so greatly excelled, she read much, was (at one period) permitted short excursions on horseback, partook also, sometimes, in the pleasures of hunting and hawking, and, above all, it was here, that her desolate heart, so cruelly debarred from all communication with her own child, found a pure

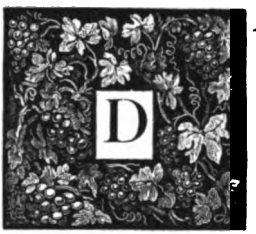
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and innocent object on which to lavish its tenderest affection, in the person of the infant daughter of Sir Henry Pierrepont, who had married Elizabeth Cavendish, one of the daughters of the Countess of Shrewsbury by her former marriage.

On this little adopted child, "Besse Perpoynt," Queen Mary bestowed all the devoted and unselfish fondness of a mother, having as she herself says, in a letter from Chartley to Morgan, written little more than six months before her murder, "brought her up my bedfellow, and at board ever sithence she had four years of age, so carefully and virtuously I trust, as if she had been my own daughter." That she entirely so regarded her, is delightfully evidenced in the following letter:

QUEEN MARY'S LETTER TO HER ADOPTED DAUGHTER, BESS PIERREPONT.

13 September.



ARLING, I have received your letter and pretty presents, for which I thank you. I am very glad you are so well; remain with your father and mother freely this season, as they wish to keep you, for the climate and season are so disagreeable here, that I am already very sensible of the change of the air of Worksop, where I had not gone again, but I am not suffered to command my legs. Remember me to your father and mother very kindly, and to your sister, and to all my acquaintances if there are any there. I shall cause your black dress to be made, and sent to you there, as soon as I have the trimming, for which I have written to London. This is all which I can write to you at present, except to send you as many blessings as there are days in the year. Praying God that his, may be extended over you and yours forever. In haste, this 13th September,

Your very affectionate mistress and best friend,

Marie R.

Addressed: To my well beloved bedfellow,
Bess Pierpont.

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BESS PIERREPONT.



I.

MORN shines on Chatsworth's wide domain,
Its wooded heights, and fertile plain,
And harvests waving low;
On river, mead, and mountain side,
Within whose caves rich treasures bide,
And sunless fountains flow.

II.

Gilding with fairy hues the lawn,
Where sporting with a spotted fawn
A lovely child is seen—
The young "Bess Pierrepont," fondly styled,
The "Darling" and adopted child
Of the fair Scottish Queen.

III.

Lightly with youth's elastic bound,
She flies along the dew-sprent ground,
By her swift fawn pursued:
Through hawthorn-glade and covert dim,
Where wood-birds sing their matin-hymn
In leafy solitude.

IV.

Flowers of the field—herself as fair—
The simple child winds in her hair,
In long fantastic strings;
Drinks with her fawn from brook or rill,
Both imaged in the mirror still,
While bird-like thus she sings:

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BESS PIERREPONT'S SONG.

I.



THE dappled deer peep glancingly,
And nut-brown squirrels climb
Where blossomed boughs move dancingly,
In the sweet summer-time.
Who would not be a squirrel free,
In the sweet summer-time?

II.

The small bird singeth merrily;
The bee hums o'er the thyme;
And every insect, cheerily,
Chirps blithe in summer-time.
Who would not be a bird or bee,
In the sweet summer-time?

III.

The rich red rose blooms lovingly,
With lilies in their prime;
Where honeysuckles lovingly,
About the lattice climb.
Who would not be a red rose tree,
In the sweet summer-time?



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Unfortunate in all things, the affection so abundantly lavished on this lovely child, was finally changed into bitterness, on account (as would appear from De Chateauneuf's Memorial) of an attachment between Nau, the Secretary of the Queen, and her young charge, which, though countenanced by the father of the latter, did not receive the sanction of her benefactress.

Coldly and bitterly she writes to Morgan, 27 July, 1586: "But to be plaine with you, I would be the rather quit of her, for that I see too much of her grandmother's nature in her behaviour every way, notwithstanding all my paines for the contrary, and therefore now I would be sorry to have her bestowed on any man that I wish good unto." Continually throughout her life, Mary was destined to feel the sharp tooth of ingratitude—in this instance sharper than a serpent's sting.

In the same letter she adds: "I thank you for your advertisements given out of my death, to take heed it be not hastened by indirect or extraordinary means, and so I will, by the grace of God, who, I praise him continually, hath not yet set me so low but that I am able to handle my crossbow for killing of a deer, and to gallop after the hounds on horseback, as this afternoon I intend to do within the limits of this park, and could otherwhere if it were permitted."— *Vide Murdin's State Papers.*

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OF all the sorrows experienced by the ill-fated Queen of Scots, that of being separated from her young son was felt most acutely. The knowledge that her only child, in addition to the circumstance of being for ever debarred from her sight, would also be brought up to regard her as unworthy of his love and respect, was a continual source of anguished disquiet—an ever bleeding wound, to which time could bring no cure. Her passionate longings to clasp him to her heart, her touching appeals to be permitted to see him, even to hear of his health and welfare, draw poor Mary, royal Queen though she be, close to every mo-

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ther's heart, however humble. Had Queen Elizabeth ever experienced the sacred emotions that accompany the maternal character, she would not, perhaps, have so cruelly outraged them, or subjected her unhappy kinswoman to the tortures which her obduracy so remorselessly inflicted; but like the Scottish rebel lords, the accusers and traducers of their unfortunate sovereign, she appears to have been utterly devoid of pity, or even common humanity, and viewed in the character she assumed to the Queen of Scots, more like a monster, than a being with a woman's heart.

As to the traitors whom she so openly befriended, there is visible from first to last, the hardened audacity and grovelling baseness which shrink from no crime, however great, so long as means can be found to commit it with impunity, while at the same time it fears to confront the victim it aims to destroy. So conscious were they how speedily the whole fabric of their deception would crumble beneath the touch of Truth, that they dreaded nothing so much as the presence of their belied and injured Queen. In vain did she demand to be confronted with them. The request was haughtily refused—and a right now granted to the meanest criminal, was denied to the Queen of Scotland.

No royal personage, either of ancient or modern times, has ever displayed more heroic fortitude under the pressure of adversity, than this injured princess. Firm in the maintenance of her rights, her spirit was truly royal, enabling her in the most critical emergencies, amidst scenes which might well have appalled the stoutest heart, ever to rise superior to the occasion. It is this loftiness of mind, even more than her beauty or misfortunes, which makes the memory of Mary of Scotland dear, and her sufferings mourned; the same high quality, which triumphing over the utmost malevolence of fate, gave to an ignominious death, with all its attendant circumstances of degradation and horror, the solemnity of a martyrdom. In that awful hour, the prophetic motto "En ma fin est mon commencement," was amply fulfilled, and the honor and dignity of its owner nobly sustained by herself alone.

It has been the generous task of some of the brightest and most

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intelligent minds of the present age, to remove from the character of this injured princess, the foul aspersions, which too long had been allowed to rest upon it, and by none has it been more ably and successfully vindicated, than by Miss Strickland, who, with the intellect of a man, and the delicate perceptions and feelings of a woman, has grappled with the clouded and distorted facts of Mary's history, and with an array of evidence which must carry conviction even to the most sceptical, has not only most ably refuted the dark calumnies which the malignity and power of the enemies of that unfortunate princess, had so widely diffused, and which, permitted for ages to pass current, had become almost historical facts, against which there seemed no appeal; but has brought forward numerous instances of purity of purpose, and goodness of heart, utterly incompatible with the character of the cold-blooded and artful murderess her accusers endeavoured to represent her.

In the fourth volume of Miss Strickland's Life of Queen Mary, is an autograph letter from the Countess of Lenox, the mother of Darnley, written to Mary when the latter was a prisoner in England. It is couched in the most affectionate terms, and is of itself sufficient to prove her innocent of the crime of Darnley's murder, since, had she been guilty of it, it is impossible that his mother could so have written. This letter, is in itself a host against the atrocious slanders, so unsparingly heaped upon the Queen while a prisoner in England, one of those atoning proofs which Providence so often reveals, to right the innocent. Probably others are yet in store, but be that as it may, it is scarcely possible to desire a deeper sympathy than the knowledge of her unmerited sufferings has already awakened.

Even the barbarity which could permit her mangled corpse to remain for six months unburied, in the state in which it came from the scaffold (when it was thrown into a rude box, and with no covering save a ragged cloth, hastily torn from an old billiard table, was consigned to a neglected chamber in Fotheringhay,) has not been without its uses, serving more highly to enhance the interest felt for the victim, and to evidence in the most painful and revolting man-

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ner not only the characters of the principals in this transaction, but that of the age in which it could be permitted.

As regards the disposal of Mary's remains, the remonstrances of her faithful servants at length procured their removal to Peterborough Cathedral, and on the accession of James to the crown of England, their final deposit in the proudest sanctuary of England's dead, beneath a monument equal in grandeur to that of the hard-hearted Queen who had so remorselessly persecuted her through life; had inflicted upon her a traitor's death; and as much as possible pursued her revenge beyond the grave.

Whoever has visited Westminster Abbey, cannot fail to have been deeply impressed by the sight of these two royal tombs; the most stately and magnificent that human art could conceive or execute, separated but a few paces from each other; and having on their summits the beautifully sculptured statues of their respective occupants, each in the attitude of calm repose, regally robed and crowned—the sceptre and globe in either hand—surrounded by all the insignia of royalty. Nor can he fail to have noticed the difference of feeling manifested by the spectators continually passing by them. The cold looks f curiosity alone, which are bestowed upon that of Queen Elizabeth, and, on the other hand, the close inspection, the oft returning step, the pitying expressions, sighs, and sometimes tears, which form the spontaneous tribute to that of Mary Queen of Scots.

No preacher is needed there to tell the vanity and nothingness of earthly things. The stones are sufficiently eloquent.





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INCIDENTS AND CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HER COURTIERS.



Of Elizabeth's manners and conversation, as well as many interesting particulars concerning Mary Queen of Scots, Melville, her ambassador at the court of England, has transmitted the following entertaining description:

"Elizabeth expressed great desire to see Queen Mary: and as that could not be easily managed, appeared to take great delight in a picture of her sister of Scotland. She took me to her own bed-chamber and opened a little cabinet wherein were divers little pictures, wrapped within paper, and their names written with her own hand upon the papers. Upon the first that she took up was written 'My Lord's picture.' I held the candle, and pressed to see the picture so named. She appeared loth to let me see it, yet my importunity prevailed for a sight thereof, and I found it to be the Earl of Leicester's picture. I desired that I might have it to carry home to my queen, which she refused, alleging that she had but that one picture of his. I said, Your majesty hath here the original; for I perceived him at the farthest part of the chamber, speaking with Secretary Cecill. Then she took out the Queen's picture and kissed it, and I adventured to kiss her hand for the great love evinced therein to my mistress. She shewed me also a fair ruby, as great as a tennis ball: I desired that she would send either it, or my Lord of Leicester's picture as a token to my Queen. She said that if the Queen would follow her counsel, she would in process of time get all that she had; that in the meantime she was resolved in a token to send her with me a fair diamond. Growing late, she appointed eight the next morning as the time to see her again, when she was accustomed to walk in the garden." On meeting again they

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spoke of the customs of foreign countries, the buskins* of the women were not forgot, and he was asked "what country's weed or dress he thought most becoming gentlewomen? The Queen said she had clothes of every sort, which every day thereafter, so long as I was there, she changed. One day she had the English weed, another the French, another the Italian, and so forth; she asked me which of them became her best? I answered, in my judgement, the Italian dress; which answer, I found, pleased her well; for she delighted to show her golden-colored hair, wearing a caul and bonnet as they do in Italy. Her hair, rather reddish than yellow, curled in appearance naturally. She desired to know of me what colour of hair was reputed best, and which of them too was fairest? I answered, the fairness of them both was not their worst faults; but she was earnest with me to declare which of them I judged fairest. I said she was the fairest Queen in England, and mine in Scotland; yet she appeared earnest. I answered they were both the fairest ladies in their countries: that her Majesty was whiter, but my Queen was very lovely. She enquired which of them was of the highest stature? I said my Queen. Then saith she, she is too high; for I myself am neither too high nor too low. Then she asked what exercises she used? I answered, that when I received my dispatch the Queen was lately come from the Highland hunting; that when her more serious affairs permitted, she was taken up with reading of histories; that sometimes she recreated herself with the lute and virginals. She asked if she played well? I said reasonably for a queen.

"That same day, after dinner, my Lord of Hunsdon drew me to a quiet gallery, that I might hear some music; but he said he durst not know it, where I might hear the queen play upon the virginals. After I had hearkened awhile, I put by the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber, and seeing her back was towards the door, I entered within the chamber and stood a pretty space, hearing her play excellently well; but she left off immediately so soon as she turned about and saw me. She appeared to be surprised to see me,

* This word does not here mean shoes—but the general style of female adornment.

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and came forward, seeming to strike me with her hand; alleging that she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary to shun melancholy. She asked me how I came there? I answered, as I was walking with my Lord of Hunsdon, as we passed by the chamber door I heard such melody as ravished me, whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how, excusing my fault of homeliness, as being brought up in the court of France, where such freedom was allowed, declaring myself willing to endure what kind of punishment her majesty should be pleased to inflict upon me for so great an offence.

"Then she sat down low upon a cushion, and I upon my knees by her; but with her own hand she gave me a cushion to lay under my knee, which at first I refused, but she compelled me to take it. She then called for my Lady Strafford out of the next chamber, for the Queen was alone. She inquired whether my Queen or she played best? In that I found myself obliged to give her the praise. She said my French was very good, and asked if I could speak Italian, which she spoke reasonably well. I told her majesty I had no time to learn the language, not having been above two months in Italy. Then she spake to me in Dutch (German), which was not good, and would know what kind of books I most delighted in, whether theology, history, or love matters? I said I liked well of all the sorts.

"Here I took occasion to press earnestly my dispatch. She said I was sooner weary of her company than she was of mine. I told her majesty that though I had no reason of being weary, I knew my mistress's affairs called me home. Yet I was stayed two days longer, that I might see her dance, as I was afterwards informed; which being over, she inquired of me whether she or my Queen danced best? I answered, the Queen danced not so high or disposedly as she did. Then again, she wished that she might see the Queen at some convenient place of meeting. I offered to convey her secretly to Scotland by post, clothed like a page; that under this disguise she might see the Queen, as James V. had gone in disguise with his own ambassador, to see the Duke of Vendôme's sister, who should have been his wife; telling her that her chamber might be kept in her absence as though she were sick. That none need be

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privy thereto except Lady Strafford and one of the grooms of her chamber. She appeared to like that kind of language;—only answered it with a sigh, saying, 'Alas! if I might do it thus.'"

Leicester being appointed to convey Melville from Hampton Court to London, took occasion to inquire what the Queen of Scotland thought of him for a husband? Melville, according to the commands of his mistress, answered coldly and warily; when Leicester disclaimed all idea of aiming to marry so great a Queen.

Accustomed during her long reign to a continual series of courtly display, magnificent pageants, and grand ceremonies, amidst which, like a presiding goddess, she graciously received the inflated adulation of her courtiers, and the almost equally servile homage of all who approached her, it cannot be surprising if in her latter years she became jealously susceptible on every point which might make her to be considered as no longer capable of enjoying the pleasures of youth, together with those monstrous flatteries which long use had rendered absolutely necessary to her, still less can it be wondered at, that by every means in her power she endeavoured to conceal the ravages of time under an assumed appearance of youthful vigour and hilarity. Her interview with Sir Roger Aston, groom of the chamber to James I., is thus described by Weldon.

"I must not pass over one pretty passage, I have heard himself relate; that he did never come to deliver any letter from his master, but ever he was placed in the lobby, the hangings being turned him where he might see the Queen dancing to a little fiddle, which was to no other end than that he should tell his master by her youthful disposition how likely he was to come to the crown he so much thirsted for; for you must understand the wisest in that kingdom did believe the king should never enjoy this crown as long as there was an old wife in England, which they did believe was ever set up as the other was dead."

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Her majesty is represented in the engraving as performing some difficult passage in one of the courtly dances of the period—probably the "Lavolta," a dance of Italian origin then much practised, and which required that union of majesty, grace, and dexterity, which under the management of Elizabeth would naturally assume that style of dancing which Melville calls "high and disposedly." The more nimble "Coranto," or lively "Brawl," would not have so well afforded an opportunity of displaying herself in a *queenly* manner to the eyes of an ambassador whose good report she was so anxious to obtain. The "Pavon" is said to have been Queen Elizabeth's favorite dance—A solemn and graceful series of evolutions, wherein the Lady taking the Peacock for her model, exhibits her charms and graces with all those sweeping curves and lofty indications of pride for which the bird is remarkable.

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EXTRACTS FROM QUEEN ELIZABETH'S PRAYER-BOOK.

The "Turkes" in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, being objects of most devout abhorrence, were accordingly severely dealt with by all good praying Christians; at whose head the Emperor Maximilian II. was particularly distinguished. In 1566, he lay encamped in the vicinity of Raab, with the main body of his army, while they, under Solyman, again entered Hungary. The battles, marches, and countermarches of these formidable combatants, formed in that day as fruitful a theme of interest as the recent warfare in the Crimea, where the followers of Mahomet have redeemed their good name, fighting manfully under the very banners which have so often waved victoriously over their conquered armies, and sacked cities. Among the marvels of three hundred years, it is not one of the least to see the disciples of "Barbarous Mahomet" taking their place in the list of nations as close allies of France and England—their ambassadors received with the greatest honours at the courts of each, while the combined armies and fleets of Queen Victoria I. of England, and of Napoleon III., Emperor of France, are so warmly espousing their quarrel against the powerful Empire of Russia.

During the Elizabethan reign the Catholics also held scarcely a kindlier place in English estimation than the detested Turks—in the accompanying fac-similes of "Queen Elizabeth's Prayer-book" (printed 1558), they are most unmercifully dealt with: the zeal of fanaticism burning with a fire and faggot fury that is unmistakeable.

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Mary stoode at the Sepulcher weepyng.



They layd it in a tomb hewen out of the rocke wherein was never man yet laid.



And when the dayes of the purification of the law of Moses

Chriſtian

In this her government be her governour we beſeech thee, ſo ſhall her majeſty ever govern us, if firſt ſhe be governed by thee. Multiply her raign with many daies and her years with much felicity, with aboundance of peace, and life ghoſtly, that as ſhe hath now doubled the years of her ſiſter and brother, ſo if it be thy pleaſure ſhe may overgrow in raigning the raigne of her father.

And becauſe no government can long ſtand without good counſell, neither can any counſell be good except it be proſpered by thee, bleſs therefore, we beſeech thee, both her majeſty and her honorable counſaile, that both they rightly underſtand what is to be done, and ſhe accordingly may accompliſh that they doe counſell to thy glory and furtherance of the goſpell and public wealth of this Realme.







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Prayers.

The floriſheing Churches in Aſia, the learned Churches of Grecia, the manifold Churches in Africa, which were wont to ſerve thee, now are gone from thee. The ſeven churches of Aſia with their candleſtickes (whom thou didſt ſo well forwarne) are now removed.

All the churches where thy diligent Apoſtle St. Paule, thy Apoſtle St. Peter, and John and other apoſtles, ſo laborioufly travayled preaching and writyng to plant thy Goſpell are now gone from thy Goſpell. In all the Kyngedome of Syria, Paleſtina, Arabia, Perſia, in all Armenia, and the Empire of Cappadocia, throughe the whole compaſſe of Aſia, with Egypt and with Africa alſo (unleſſe amonge the farre Ethiopians ſome olde ſteppes of Chriſtianity doe yet remaine), either els in all Aſia or Africa thy churche hathe not one foot of free land.



Charity geueth drink to the thirsty.



Wisdome is better than gold.



Perſeverance Endureth to the End.



Reveling. A Sow in the mire.

Christian

Almighty and ever living God, our Heavenly Father, we thy diſobedient and rebellious children, now by thy juſt judgment ſore afflicted, and in great daunger to be oppreſſed by thine and our ſworn and moſt deadly ennemies, the Turkes—Infidels and Miſcreants—doe make humble ſuit to the Throne of thy Grace for thy mercy and ayde agaynſt the ſame, our mortal ennemies. * * * The Turke goeth aboute to ſet up, to extol, and to magnify that wicked Monſter and damned foul, Mahumet. But in thy great mercy ſave, defend and deliver all thy afflicted Chriſtians in this and all other invaſions of theſe Infidels, and give to the Emperour thy ſervaunt, and all the Chriſtian army now aſſembled with him, thy comfortable might and courage. * * The Turke with his ſword, what Landes, what Nations and Countreys, what Empires, Kyngedomes and Provinces, with Cities innumerable hathe he wonne not from us, but from Thee. Where thy name was wont to be invocated, thy word preached, thy ſacraments adminiſtered, there now remayneth barbarous Mahumet and his filthy Alcoran.



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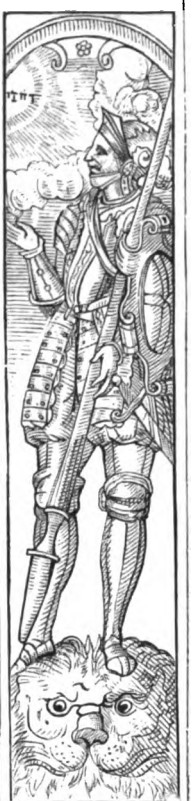
Prayers.

Now of Europa a great part also is ſhronke away from thy Church. All theſe with lamentable ſlaughter of Chriſtian bloud is waſted, and all become Turkes. Only a little angle of the Weſt partes yet remayneth in ſome profeſſion of thy name. But here (alacke) cometh another miſchief, as great, or greater, than the other. For the Turke with his ſworde is not ſo cruell, but the Byſhopp of Rome on the other ſide is more fierce and bitter againſt us. Styrringe up his Byſhopps to burne us, his confederates to conſpyre our deſtruction, ſettynge Kynges agaynſt their ſubjects, and ſubjectes diſloyally to rebell agaynſt their Princes.

They which be frendes and lovers of the Byſhopp of Rome, although they eat the fat of the land, and have the beſt preferments and offices, that live moſt at eaſe and ayle nothing; yet are they not therewith content. They grudge, they mutter and murmure, they conſpire, they take on agaynſt us. It fretteth them that we live by them or with them, and cannot abide that we ſhould drawe the bare breathing of the ayre when they have all the moſt libertie of the land.



Souldier Harnessed.



Hell's Temptation Overcome.

IN all the portraits of Queen Elizabeth, there is a remarkable want of shadow, scarcely sufficient being perceptible to bring out the features. This peculiarity arose, in consequence of her portrait having once been taken by some painter, who more conscientious than courtly, exhibited in his treatment of the subject, a minute attention to detail, which made his work when complete, a most rigidly faithful, but frightful likeness: hard lines, tortuous wrinkles, and deep shadows abounded; insomuch, that the Queen on beholding it exclaimed, "Blockhead! do you call *that* a likeness of *me*? Have I those things on my face? What do you call them?" "Shadows, and it please your majesty!" "And what are shadows? Accidents, which are no part of the real features, and which it should be the painter's most careful study to avoid. Take the picture out of my sight."

The dismayed artist, glad to get off with no more weighty proof of her majesty's displeasure, repaired to his studio, carefully obliterated every shadow and tell-tale wrinkle, and after putting a little more light on the pupil of the eye, a tint or two on the thin lips and high cheek bones, together with a few other embellishments wherever he thought they might be advantageously disposed, he again waited on her majesty, and with a very different result to that of his former interview: praise succeeded blame, encouraging expressions instead of angry exclamations, and with a memory that never forgot the lesson then learned, he became a fashionable court painter.

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THE BROAD-PIECE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.



THE above is an engraving of one of the last Broad-pieces of Queen Elizabeth, wherein she is represented as extremely old and ill-favored, with a countenance indicative of all the passions and vices for which she was most remarkable. It is partly copied from a fragment, cut out and preserved by some workman of the mint, and although here given in its full proportions, an entire coin with this image is not known, the face alone, having been thought worthy to be retained. The edges are irregularly clipped closely around it.

It is universally believed that the die was rigorously destroyed by the Queen's command on account of its too terrific faithfulness, abounding as it does in those severe indications of feature and deep shadow, which she maintained to be mere accidents, and as such carefully avoided in all delineations of her countenance.

The repulsive but doubtless most accurate likeness as exhibited on the coin, bears evidence of having been minutely copied from the life by some artist, whose reward if in proportion to her astonishment and rage on its presentation for approval, could have been little less

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than the pillory. It may be considered as the only true likeness of her face as it really appeared at an advanced age, when, with the infirmities consequent thereon, she yet retained the passions and vanities of her early years, together with that assumption of youthful levity and agility whose affected display, always lamentable and ridiculous in the old, appears doubly so in one whose general character was composed of such stern elements. In such outward seeming as the above true likeness, may she be supposed to have received the feigned idolatry of her courtiers; the high flown rhodomontade of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the passionate word-worship of the unhappy Earl of Essex. The letters of these distinguished men, while illustrating the inordinate vanity and credulity of their royal mistress, convey also a forcible impression of the moral degradation and contemptible deceits to which a court life in those days habituated minds, one of which, at least, was originally noble and sincere.

In that of the sensitive and generous Essex this mortifying consciousness seems to have been perpetually rankling, making him, even when basking in the brightest sunshine of royal favor, the most miserable of men. To this remorsefulness must be attributed those unequal and rebellious moods, those starts of unruly passion, and returns of penitence; which, while they awakened the pique of Elizabeth, and kept her in continual agitation, only rendered him more interesting, and apparently more worthy of her regard: since these ebullitions were generally caused by some rash generosity to others—some wish to serve a friend rather than to advantage himself—as when, in 1596, violently pleading for Sir George Carew to be sent deputy to Ireland, instead of his own maternal uncle, Sir William Knollys, he became so exasperated at the Queen's disinclination to grant his request as to rudely turn his back upon her, "muttering certain words," as the historian says; who also adds: "Whereupon she, growing impatient, gave him a box on the ear, and bid him begone with a vengeance. Essex laid his hand upon his sword hilt, and swore a great oath that he could not and would not put up with such an indignity; and would not have taken it from King Henry the Eighth's own hands: and so, in a rage, flung away from the court.

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But afterward, being admonished by the Lord Keeper, he became more mild, and in a short time returned into the Queen's favour."

But it does not appear that this great Queen had the art of attaching to herself the affections of others. In her, that exquisite quality, possessed in so pre-eminent a degree by her unfortunate rival the Queen of Scots, was utterly wanting.

Possessing the frailties of her sex without its tenderness, devoid of pity, and one to whom love in its purest and noblest sense was unknown, with the exception of Burghley her old and faithful minister, and one or two others, there is no mention of any one who felt for her a higher degree of regard than his own interests prompted; and, after flattering herself that the impulsive Essex—her last and youngest favourite, the darling of her withered heart—was an exception, how cruelly must she have been wounded by his disparaging remarks on that "crooked carcasse," which she had fondly hoped was to him so inexpressibly beautiful and beloved.

The sympathy of her own sex will, on this point, go with her any lengths short of the block, even against so fascinating a personage as Essex.

But when, at the last extremity, the precious and mysteriously endowed ring—given from her hand to his in a moment of passionate



affection, with a solemn promise to grant any request that might accompany it—was found to have lost its power; when he, its wretched owner, unconscious of its detention by Lady Nottingham, was suffering all the tortures of suspense; while nothing but a blank and ominous silence on the Queen's part responded to his sickening hopes and fears, and the fatal hour of execution came at last—and still no answer—how deep is the commiseration for the offender—how intense the hatred against his unforgiving and cruel mistress; the cir-

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cumstance that she never received the ring, scarcely lessening the antipathy to a nature that could visit with so dire a punishment, one who had once occupied in her heart a place so dear as did the rash but generous and affectionate Essex. The romantic and touching story of this celebrated ring has but few parallels in history—the rank of the actors scarcely heightening the interest of a narrative in which the tenderest emotions of every heart are irresistibly called forth; participating in the agitation and sorrows of the prisoner; the anxious wishes, anger, and final remorse of the Queen. As the engraving represents this antique love-token, imagination makes it the mute embodiment of a thousand tears, kisses, and agonies; and when all this has been done, how infinitely must such fancying fall short of the sad reality.

"The ring of which the engraving presents an accurate copy, is of gold, the sides are engraved, and the insides set in blue enamel: the stone is a sardonyx, on which is cut in relief the head of Elizabeth, the execution of which is of a high order. It is now in the possession of the Rev. Lord John Thynne, and has descended in direct succession from the Lady Frances Devereux, afterwards Duchess of Somerset (who was a daughter of Essex)."*

The character of Essex was exquisite—chequered with weaknesses, but bright with virtues; whose qualities were all grand and noble, and to whom meanness, selfishness, or dissimulation were impossible. Brave and generous to excess, he was the idol of the soldiery and populace, no less than of the Queen. He was one of those who from the impulses of their own hearts are perpetually doing something strangely graceful, that keeps them alive in the hearts of others. In 1592, when forced by the express command of Elizabeth to leave the army, he arrived at Dieppe with a great number of infirm and disabled soldiers, the French ambassador writes of him: "This nobleman, on embarking for England, drew his sword, and kissed the blade." His letters to the Queen are elaborate compositions, revealing the effort they cost the writer. The two following are among the most remarkable, taken from the invaluable Hulton MSS.:

* Devereux's Lives of the Earls of Essex.

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LETTER FROM ESSEX TO THE QUEEN.*

(Hulton MSS.)

"Most fair, most dear, and most excellent Sovereign:

"The first suit I make unto your Majesty on my arrival is, that your Majesty will free me from writing unto you of any matters of business; my duty shall be otherwise performed by advertising my LL. of your Majesty's council of all things here, and yet my affection not wronged, which tells me, that zealous faith, and humble kindness are argument enough for a letter.

"At my departure I had a restless desire honestly to disengage myself from this French action: in my absence I conceive an assured hope to do something which shall make me worthy of the name of your servant: at my return I will humbly beseech your Majesty that no cause but a great action of your own may draw me out of your sight, for the two windows of your privy chamber shall be the poles of my sphere, where, as long as your Majesty will please to have me, I am fixed and immoveable. When your Majesty thinks that heaven too good for me, I will not fall like a star, but be consumed like a vapour by the same sun that drew me up to such a height. While your majesty gives me leave to say I love you, my fortune is, as my affection—unmatchable. If ever you deny me that liberty, you may end my life, but never shake my constancy; for were the sweetness of your nature turned into the greatest bitterness that could be, it is not in your power, as great a Queen as you are, to make me love you less. Therefore, for the honour of your sex, show yourself constant in kindness, for all your other virtues are confessed to be perfect; and so I beseech your Majesty receive all wishes of perfect happiness, from your Majesty's most humble, faithful, and affectionate servant.

"R. Essex.

"Dieppe, 18th October."

This and the following letter were written soon after his return.

* Devereux's Lives of the Earls of Essex.

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LETTER FROM THE EARL OF ESSEX TO THE QUEEN. *

(Hulton MSS.)

"MADAM:

"The delights of this place cannot make me unmindful of one in whose sweet company I have joyed as much as the happiest man doth in his highest contentment; and if my horse could run as fast as my thoughts do fly, I would as often make mine eyes rich in beholding the treasure of my love; as my desires do triumph when I seem to myself in a strong imagination to conquer your resisting will. Noble and dear lady, though I be absent, let me in your favour be second unto none; and when I am at home, if I have no right to dwell chief in so excellent a place, yet I will usurp upon all the world. And so making myself as humble to do you service; as in my love I am ambitious, I wish your Majesty all your happy desires. Croydon, this Tuesday going to be mad, and make my horse tame. Of all men the most devoted to your service.

"R. ESSEX."

The following epistle may be considered one of the best specimens extant of the style deemed most likely to propitiate the Queen on behalf of an offending courtier. Sir Walter Raleigh, in deep disgrace for having married the daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, was then undergoing the discipline usually inflicted by her majesty on those recreants among her admirers who committed the unpardonable sin of matrimony. The letter, though addressed to Sir Robert Cecill, is evidently intended for the eye of the Queen.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH TO SIR ROBERT CECILL.

"JULY, 1592.

"I pray be a mean to her Majesty for the signing of the Bills for the Gardes' Coates, which are to be made now for the Prograsse, and

* Devereux's Lives of the Earls of Essex.

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which the Cleark of the Cheeck hath importunde me to write for.

"My Heart was never broken till this day that I hear the Queen goes away so far off, whom I have followed so many years with so great Love and Desire, in so many journeys, and am now left behind her, in a dark Prison all alone. While she was yet nire at hand, that I might hear of her once in two or three Dayes, my Sorrowes were the less: but even now my Heart is cast into the Depth of all Misery. I that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander; hunting like Diana; walking like Venus; the gentle Wind blowing her fair Hair about her pure cheeks, like a Nymph. Sometimes sitting in the Shade like a Goddess; sometime singing like an Angell; sometime playing like Orpheus.

"Behold the Sorrow of this World! Once amiss hath bereaved me of all. Oh, Glory, that only shineth in Misfortune, what is become of thy Assurance? All Wounds have Skares but that of Fantasie: all affections their relenting but that of Woman Kind. Who is the Judge of Friendship but Adversity, or when is Grace witnessed but in Offences? There were no Divinity but by reason of Compassion; for Revenges are brutish and mortall.

"All those Times past, the Loves, the Sythes, the Sorrowes, the Desires, can they not way down one frail Misfortune? Cannot one Dropp of Gall be hidden in so great Heaps of Sweetness? I may then conclude Spes et Fortuna Valete. She is gone in whom I trusted, and of me hath not one thought of Mercy, nor any Respect of that that was. Do with me now therefore what you list. I am more weary of Life than they are desirous I should perish, which, if it had been *for* her, as it is *by* her, I had been too happily born.

"Yours, not worthy any name or Title,

"W. R.

"To my Honourable Friend, Sir Robert Cecill,
Knight of her Majesty's most Honourable Privy Councell."*

* Burghley State Papers, Murdin. Page 657.

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SIR PHILIP SYDNEY TO THE QUEEN.

"10 November, 1581.

"Most gracious Soverein.

"This rude Peece of Paper shall presume because of your Majesty's commandement, most humbly to present such a cypher as little Leysure coold afford me. If there come any Matter to my Knowledg, the Importance wherof shall deserve to be so masked, I will not fail (since your Pleasure is my onely Boldnes) to your own Handes to recommend it. In the mean Tyme, I beseech your Majestie will vouchsafe legibly to reed my Hart in the course of my Lyfe; and though itself be but of a mean worth, yet to esteem it lyke a poor Hous well sett. I most lowly kiss your Handes, and prai to God your Enemies may then onely have Peace when thei are weery of knowing your Force.

"Your Majestie's most humble Servant,

"Philip Sidnei.

"At Gravesend, this 10th of November, 1581.
To the Queen's Most Excellent Majestie."

[*Burghley State Papers, Murdin, p.* 364.]

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THE EARL OF OXFORD.



HE Earl of Oxford, of whom Mary Queen of Scots makes mention in her letter to Queen Elizabeth, was Edward de Vere, one of the most elegant and accomplished noblemen of the English court. He shone to the greatest advantage in the tournaments, masques, and other princely pastimes of the period. As victor in two of the former, he had the honour to receive the prize from the Queen's own hand. Clothed in complete armor of the most dazzling and costly workmanship, he was led into her presence by two of the most beautiful ladies of the court, amidst all the ceremonies, pomp, and pageantry usual on such occasions.

He is recorded to have been the first who brought over from Italy those richly embroidered and perfumed gloves which soon afterwards were so much worn by the great ladies of the time, and which make so elegant a feature in their costume. The Earl must have been a most welcome guest to these fair dames, since, in addition to gloves, he is recorded to have brought also "sweet bags," "a perfumed leather jerkin," and other pleasant things. To the Queen he presented a pair of these perfumed gloves trimmed, we are told, "with four tufts or roses of coloured silk. In which gloves she took such delight as to be pictured with them on her hands." The rich scent with which they were impregnated was, for many years afterwards, called the "Earl of Oxford's perfume."

The wife of this nobleman, to whom he did not dare to behave well, for fear of incurring the Queen's displeasure, was Anne Cecil, daughter to Lord Burghley. But at length such restraint was unnecessary: for so enraged was the Earl against Cecil for the part he took against the unfortunate Duke of Norfolk, his bosom friend, that, in a base spirit of mean, unmanly revenge, he not only

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estranged himself from his wife, but wantonly wasted and consumed nearly the whole of his vast inheritance.

The earl was a comic writer and a poet, many of his plays being greatly celebrated in his day; but—alas! for human praise and glory—their very names are now lost. The Queen of Scots, in a letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow and Cardinal Lorraine, dated August 4, 1574, writes: "If the Earl of Oxford arrives in your neighbourhood, inform my cousin of Guise that he is one of the greatest people in this country, and a Catholic, and a friend in secret, and request him to give him a hearty welcome; he is frolicsome and young, and will gladly seek for the society of young people. I entreat my said cousin and his brothers to cherish him, and give him some horses, and keep company with him, taking him about with them to amuse him."

That great and overgrown favorite the Earl of Leicester received a somewhat similar mark of attention from Mary—as she thus mentions him to her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, in 1576: "Monsieur de la Mothe advises me to entreat that my cousin of Guise, my grandmother, and you, will write some civil letters to Leicester, thanking him for his courtesy to me, as if he had done much for me; and by the same medium send him some handsome present, which will do me much good. He takes great delight in furniture. If you send him some crystal cup in your name, and allow me to pay for it, or some fine Turkey carpet, or such like, as you may think most fitting, it will perhaps save me this winter, and will make him much ashamed, or suspected of his mistress; and all will assist me, for he intends to make me speak of marriage or die, as it is said, so that either he or his brother may have to do with this crown. I beseech you to try if such small devices can save me—and I shall entertain him with the other at a distance."

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SIR Christopher Hatton, though one of the most worthy of all the favorites of Queen Elizabeth, has received but little notice from biographers, and that little, though comprising the description of some admirable qualities and virtues, had probably ere this sunk into oblivion but for the poet Gray, who, remembering that Hatton's graceful person and fine dancing had first won him the notice of the Queen, brought him forward somewhat ludicrously in his "Long Story," as



"My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls,
The seals and maces danced before him.

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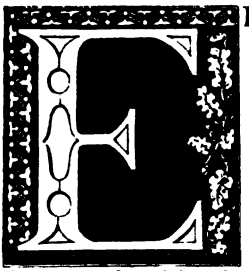
"His bushy beard and shoestrings green,
His high-crowned hat and satin doublet,
Moved the stout heart of England's Queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

"Sir Christopher Hatton," says Sir John Perrot," came into the court by the Galliard, for he came but as a simple gentleman of the Inns of Court in a masque, and for his activity and person, which was tall and proportionable, was taken into the Queen's favour. Offices and grants were showered upon him until, in 1587, he was appointed Lord High Chancellor and Knight of the Garter. He died unmaried in 1591."

He is recorded to have been the only one of the Queen's favourites who died a bachelor; one, who more than all the rest, showed himself worthy of the honours bestowed upon him; and who, in the fulness of prosperity, whilst remembering what belonged to his own dignity, never forgot what was due to that of others. Besides being one of the handsomest and most accomplished men of his time, he is described as possessing "great nobleness of mind, but no ambition;" a heart tenderly alive to the calls of suffering humanity; more especially exercising bounty and munificence to students and learned men, whom it was his delight to foster and encourage, and of singular moderation in his religious views; holding it as his opinion, that in all that appertained to the soul—fire and sword were both culpable and useless. The crown of his character seems to have been a bright and delicate conscientiousness, which amidst a thousand temptations and opportunities, preserved him from ever becoming their slave. One in whom the elements were so finely blended should have met with a happier ending, for his death has been ascribed to the harshness and suddenness with which Elizabeth demanded the instant payment of a great sum in his hands. "He had hopes," says Camden, "in regard of the favour he was in with her, she would have forgiven him; but she could not having once cast him down with a harsh word, raise him up again, though she visited him, and endeavoured to comfort him." So died a good and noble man, broken-hearted.

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THE COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY.



LIZABETH, Countess of Shrewsbury, or, as she was fondly and admiringly styled in her native county of Derby, "Bess of Hardwick," one of the most beautiful women of her time, was also distinguished for her indomitable strength of character, masculine abilities, and excessive pride. Furious of temper, selfish and unfeeling of heart, she resembled greatly the royal mistress she served, with whom she was a great favorite; and in like manner as Elizabeth conducted the affairs of her kingdom, so did the haughty and imperious countess wisely and ably manage her great estates, increasing their value in every possible manner, overseeing every department, and transacting the various matters of business connected with her buildings, farms, forests, lead and coal-mines, in her own person: lending large sums of money at great profit, and enriching herself marvellously by the exercise of abilities, prudence, and judgment such as are rarely found united in a female character, particularly when accompanied by beauty so rare as that for which the countess was celebrated. This lady was originally one of the co-heirs of Hardwick in Derbyshire, and on account of her great wealth and extreme beauty, was, when quite young, much sought after by many. She married at or before the early age of fourteen, becoming successively the tyrant of four husbands, and enriching herself by them all.

The first was Robert Barley Esq., of Derbyshire; her second, Sir William St. Lo, captain of Queen Elizabeth's guard, and owner of many fair lordships in Gloucestershire and elsewhere: her third, Sir William Cavendish—and her fourth, the Earl of Shrewsbury.

The princely pleasure of building fine houses was the one in which the countess most delighted. A magnificent pastime; which

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while affording employment to hundreds, diffused animation, industry and comfort amongst the poorer classes wherever it was going on. A cunning fortune-teller in whose cajoleries the countess placed great trust, being either himself fully aware of the benefits derived by her tenantry from her passion for palace architecture, or incited thereto by others, made to her a solemn revelation that so long as she continued to build, Death would have no power over her, but that as soon as she discontinued the practice, her life would end quickly. Deeply impressed with his words the countess pursued her favourite plans more energetically than ever, one fine edifice after another rising into notice beneath her guiding hand, until in the midst of a very severe winter, when the river Derwent seemed reduced to a frozen thread between its icy banks, when the roads were blocked up with snow, and the cold was so intense that out-door work was impossible, the labourers were obliged to discontinue their operations, and the countess, no longer cheered by the busy sounds of labour and the voices of her numerous workmen, became melancholy, suffering, seriously ill, and in a few days was no more.

As the widow of Sir William Cavendish, this beautiful empress of the "Peak" had captivated George Earl of Shrewsbury, at that time one of the greatest peers of England; but she was inexorable to his suit until he had given his consent that Gilbert, his second son, but afterwards his heir, should espouse Mary (the "Lady Talbot" of Queen Mary's letter), her daughter by Sir William Cavendish; and that the Earl's younger daughter, the Lady Grace, should become the wife of Henry Cavendish, her eldest son. The earl having consented to this, she demanded further an immense jointure in lands to be settled upon herself; to this also he condescended, and, as Dugdale says, "to much more hereafter." Indeed, she finally so far prevailed over the Earl that after some years, when a separation was arranged between them, he was obliged to become, as it were, her pensioner—the Queen taking part against him in aid of her favorite.

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THE BARBERINI OR PORTLAND VASE.

AS the most celebrated of all the sepulchral vases of antiquity, the Portland or Barberini Vase may justly be considered one of the most interesting relics of Grecian art which has descended to our times—a mysterious relic of the past. It was discovered some time between the years 1623 and 1644, during the pontificate of Pope Urban VIII. of the Barberini family; when some labourers, while tilling a mound

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called Monte del Grano, about three miles from Rome, on the Frascati road, accidentally discovered an arch with a large vault beneath, which, on examination, proved to be an ancient tomb, in whose upper chamber stood a magnificent sarcophagus of white marble. On its top, in recumbent positions, were two figures of heroic size (about seven feet in height)—a male and a female—both grandly proportioned. The sides and ends of the sarcophagus were adorned in high relief with sculptured processions of male and female figures, horses, offerings, slaves, &c., designed and executed in the most spirited manner.

Within this elaborate and costly covering was the vase itself, then full of ashes. But whose? No inscription of any kind could be discovered; and though the names of Alexander Severus and of his mother, Julia Mammæa, have become identified with these matchless objects, the assumption has not been fully sustained, and is grounded solely on some fancied resemblance of the heads to those on their coins.

It has been conjectured that at some former period a tower, or other external defence, existed upon the mound wherein the sarcophagus was discovered, on which would probably have been inscribed the names of those for whom it was erected; and whose destruction may reasonably be accounted for by the incursions of barbarians, hordes of whom so often spread devastation and terror over the fertile plains of Italy.

According to Lampridius, Alexander Severus, who from his youth upwards, and throughout the whole period of his reign was guided solely by his mother, transacting all things by her advice, and with whom he was finally assassinated by the machinations of Maximinius, was together with herself both deified, and afterwards universally lamented by the senate and people. A magnificent cenotaph was erected to them in Gaul, and a grand and ample sepulchre in Rome. The one, it has been said, in which the vase was found.

The exquisite workmanship of this antique chef d'œuvre is a convincing proof of the skill of the artists of the time in which it

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was fabricated, as are also the coins of the Emperor Alexander Severus, which are very fine. It is certain he was both well educated and accomplished, and being himself a judge of painting, sculpture, and architecture, he was most probably a great encourager of the arts; for this reason it may be conjectured, that the vase is not of higher antiquity than his reign.

It may, too, be probable that as the Monte del Grano is situated not far from the ruins of the aqueduct made by Severus and commanding a view of that stupendous work from its source to its termination, and also, that in that part of the Campagna Romagna, Julia Mammæa had her delightful villa (as appears from the discovery of leaden pipes in the vicinity of Lugnano, with the inscription, Julia Mammæ Aug.:) that the senate might have appropriately chosen that spot, whereon to found the mausoleum of herself and son.

Ancient and modern opinion have received this as true; and it is certain that no one has hitherto demonstrated it to be false, but should the above mentioned ruined fabric of Monte del Grano, be not indeed the remains of the mausoleum, erected by the senate, to Alexander Severus and his mother, not the least knowledge now remains of where it could have been.

Enveloped in mystery, these superb mementoes of a refined and luxurious people have ever presented a favourite theme for antiquarian discussion; every faculty of the learned mind has been racked in their behalf; the meaning of the symbolic figures which surround the vase, no less than the materials of which the vase itself is composed, and also the manner of its construction having given rise to innumerable theories and endless conjectures. The vase is nine and three-quarter inches in height, and twenty-one and three-quarter inches in circumference. It is of the kind called Encaustic work, composed of vitrified paste or glass, semi-transparent, and of a dark violet colour, approaching to black, excepting when viewed opposite the light, when its amethystine purple becomes apparent.

On this dark ground-work are sculptured in low relief, figures of nearly pearly whiteness, partly opaque, and partly transparent, in

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strict accordance with the inflections of the figures, and the folds of the draperies, thus superadding to the exquisite beauty of the sculptured forms, the heightening effects of light and shadow, the dark purple of the ground-work underneath them being more or less visible through the semi-transparent white relief; by this means also, affording those imperceptible gradations of shade which give so much delicacy to the figures. Like the body of the vase, they too are encaustic, the whole having evidently been wrought in a lathe after the manner of a cameo.

This vase, although excelled in form by others of the antique, is unapproachable in the beauty of its figures, which to the utmost anatomical correctness of drawing and grace of design, unite the minute finish of the finest gems. So beautiful is this unique funeral urn that it was long considered as fashioned from one entire gem. Bartoli calls it a Sardonyx; De la Chausse, an Agate; and Montfaucon, simply a precious stone. Various explanations have been given of the figures by which it is adorned; and amongst the rest, one, by the philosophic poet Darwin, which, whether it be the true one or not, seems so accordant with the mystic beauty in which the ancients were wont to envelope all that related to the soul, as to warrant if not full belief, yet at least warm admiration for its singularly felicitous combination of thoughts and images.

He supposes the figures not to refer to any particular family or event, but rather to portions of the Eleusinian mysteries. Dividing, therefore, the vase into two compartments, he deems the first to be emblematic of Mortal Life, represented by a dying lady or Libitina, who, seated beneath a tree of deciduous leaf, amidst the ruins of a temple, and holding an inverted torch, is attended by two figures whose countenances reveal the terror and commiseration with which mankind naturally look upon suffering and death. This description applies to the figures on that side of the vase whose perfect form has been given to the reader on a previous page.

The reverse side of the vase as given on the next page, he judges to be symbolic of Immortal Life, where a hero is seen entering the Elysian gate, conducted by Divine Love, and received by Immortality, who is about to present him to Pluto.

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Beneath the foot of the vase the head of a Priestess or Sybil, in a Phrygian coif or bonnet, with a fluttering vest, and having her finger pressed firmly upon her lips, is supposed to be the goddess Angerona, to indicate that silence which guarded the Eleusinian mysteries. The skill of the Greek artist has strengthened the supposition respecting the meaning of the figures on the vase, by having made the robe of the newly entered spirit seem as if it adhered to the portal, expressive of reluctance to leave its earthly habitation for the regions of the dread unknown.

Pietro Bartoli thought the subject related to the birth of Alexander the Great. Monsieur Von Velthein supposes that it refers to the story of Admetus recovering his wife from Elysium. Mons. d'Hancarville thinks that it represents the descent of Orpheus into Elysium in order to recover his beloved Eurydice. The learned Mons. Ennio Quirino Visconti is of opinion, that it records the marriage of Peleus and Thetis. Dr. King considers it to refer to the birth of Alexander Severus himself, while the late T. Windus, Esq. F.S.A., puts forth an idea from what he calls the "phantasmagoria of his own mind" that the vase was the receptacle of the Ashes of Galen, and the figures commemorative of an extraordinary cure, per-

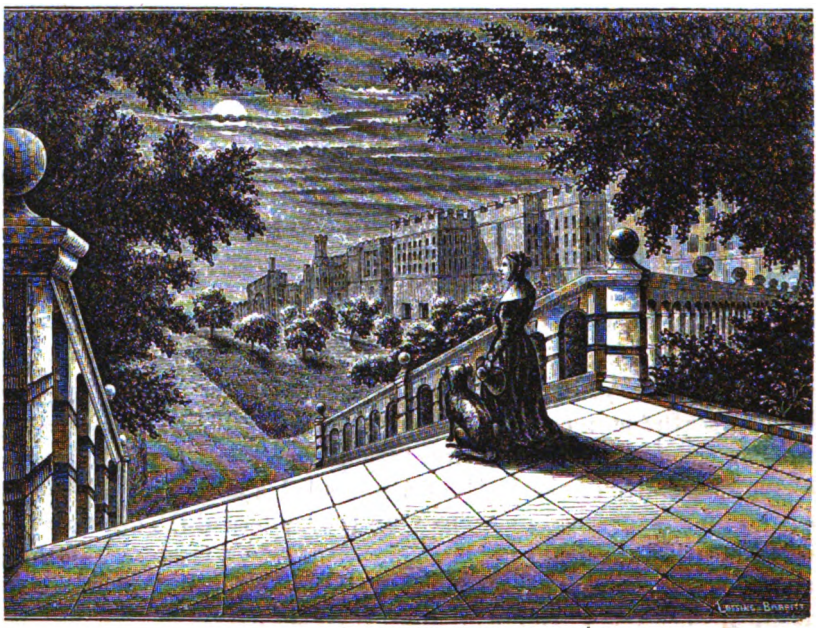
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formed by that vainglorious old physician on a noble lady whose disease he discovered to be love; the object of her passion, "an actor," or "rope dancer," the discovery being made by the same means employed by Erasistratus, who became cognizant of the love of Antiochus for his mother-in-law Stratonice, by the quickening of the pulse of the patient, at the moment when she entered the apartment. Erasistratus, one of the most celebrated physicians and anatomists of ancient Greece, while sojourning at the court of Seleucus Nicator king of Syria, was called upon to prescribe for Antiochus the eldest son of the king, who had been seized with a violent and apparently incurable malady, which defied the efforts of all the physicians. Erasistratus, having by his sagacity detected the source of the disease, replied to the questions of Seleucus, that the disease of his son was incurable, as it proceeded from an attachment for an object he could never obtain. On being asked the name of the lady, Erasistratus replied, "My wife!" The king used every argument in his power to induce him to give her up to his son, but in vain—when on being asked in return whether *he* would yield *his wife* for a similar purpose, he answered readily in the affirmative, and immediately transferred his beautiful queen to his son, together with several fine provinces for her dowry. The fee of the fortunate physician was one hundred talents, or 24,375 pounds sterling. Mr. Windus has entered into the subject of the vase with the most vivid enthusiasm; and though the story of Galen and the lady seems rather extravagant, it is accompanied by an amount of matter in the highest degree interesting and valuable. The Barberini Vase remained in the palace of that name in Rome for more than a century, when a Roman princess, the representative of the family, in consequence, it is said, of debts contracted at the gaming-table, sold it, together with the finest antiquities of her collection. The circumstances becoming known to the Pope, his Holiness forbade the removal of any of them out of Rome; but the vase, nevertheless, was privately carried away. It was afterwards purchased by James Byers, Esq., of Tonely, Aberdeenshire, and subsequently sold by him to Sir William Hamilton, from whom it was purchased by

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the Duchess of Portland, hence its present name of the Portland Vase; but so much secresy was, at the express desire of the Duchess, observed regarding the transaction, that it was not until after her death, that even her own family were aware that she was the possessor of it. At the sale of the Duchess's very valuable and curious museum in 1786, the vase was purchased by her son the Duke of Portland for 1029 guineas. To the zeal of this enlightened and liberal nobleman, for the promotion of the fine arts, the public are indebted for the numerous and successful imitations of the original, which the celebrated Wedgewood was enabled to make, in consequence of having it entrusted to his care, and remaining entirely at his command for twelve months, during which period, copies innumerable of all sizes were produced, by which means the original has become almost universally familiar. Whilst yet in the possession of Mr. Byers, a mould was made from it, under the superintendence of Pichler the celebrated gem-engraver at Rome, and from this perfect mould, Mr. James Tassie, of London, took off a number of casts in plaster carefully prepared with gum. By the noble generosity of the Duke of Portland this unrivalled relique of ancient Greek art has, since the year 1810, adorned the centre of an ante-room in the British Museum, London, where it occupied a place on an octagonal table under a glass-case. Here it remained in safety until 1845, when, after having existed since A. D. 235 without flaw or blemish, it was dashed to pieces by an insane visitor to the museum. It has, however, been so successfully repaired as to leave scarcely any traces of the fractures, and those only visible to the critical eye of the experienced virtuoso. It has been again placed in the museum with a protective barrier, to guard against future accidents.

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HADDON HALL.

HADDON Hall in Derbyshire is one of the finest specimens in England of an ancient baronial residence. A memento of her early ages and feudal times. Castellated and embattled, with dark woods for its back-ground, it is grandly placed on a rocky eminence over-hanging the river Wye, amidst one of the loveliest vales in Derbyshire. It comprises within its walls architectural remains of the Saxons, Romans, Plantagenets, and Tudors.

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The present structure, erected on the site of an old Saxon Castle, dates from the beginning of the fourteenth century; and after receiving successive alterations and additions from the reign of Stephen to that of Elizabeth, at the hands of its various owners, the Avenels, Peverels, Vernons, Bassets, and Manners, in which last noble family it still remains (being the property of the Duke of Rutland), it affords at the present time one of the best means now extant, whereby to form a correct idea of the style of living practised by the Old English Nobility, whose rude magnificence and bounteous hospitality are strikingly evidenced in all the interior arrangements.

Here, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, dwelt the powerful and magnificent old knight, Sir George Vernon, "King of the Peak," who with fourscore servants in his halls, and hundreds of vassals and retainers, kept open house twelve days after Christmas, and at all other times held his state right royally, exercising within his own domain all the power and privileges of a king, even to the award of the death penalty on those of his tenants found guilty of crimes deserving condign punishment; the ominous name of Gallows-acre still stigmatizing a haunted glade in the vicinity, which, as a matter of right, has still several "sperrits" of departed free-booters lurking about its precincts. With this exception all the traditions of Haddon are of a peaceful and pleasing character, tinged with love and romance, but never with strife and bloodshed; they do not, however, go farther back than the days of Queen Elizabeth, otherwise, the Eagle's Tower, the most ancient part of the building, inhabited during the reign of Stephen by one of the descendants of William Peverel, would doubtless furnish many a startling incident of that stormy period, when the whole kingdom was convulsed with civil war, and every nobleman's house a fortress.

The general plan of Haddon is that of two immense quadrangular courts, each surrounded by ancient battlemented buildings of dark grey stone, interspersed with open balconies, flights of steps, and jutting oriels; together with an infinity of towers and turrets, springing from unknown heights and depths in picturesque confusion,

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all venerable with age, mossy and ivied, but perfect, no part having so far yielded to time as to present the appearance of a ruin.

The main entrance to Haddon is a gloomy archway beneath a tower. The enormous gates ribbed and wedged with iron, of strength sufficient to resist a battering-ram. These are only opened on state occasions, the usual mode of ingress being through a small wicket-door cut at the side of one of them. A cavity in the pavement immediately beneath it, bearing resemblance to a stone shoe, has been worn by the pressure of the feet of those who have for ages stepped over this ancient threshold, whose lofty arch is surmounted with the shields of Basset, Vernon, and others, finely carved in the stone.

Through this archway the lower court is ascended by a flight of very broad and shallow stone steps, moss-grown, and dinted, to the wide area of the court, the sight of whose surrounding buildings carries the mind hundreds of years back to the days of the Edwards and Henrys. The court slopes greatly, so that standing at the lowest side the eye looks, as it were, up hill, towards the large church-looking windows of the great hall, which, with their stained glass, and diamond shaped panes, occupy a considerable portion of the upper range of the buildings, on that side. Beneath these windows are formal beds of flowers bordered with box, clipped so squarely as to form solid walls of verdure a foot or more in breadth on the top, and smoothly shorn at the sides. These old parterres harmonize wonderfully with all around, and in June and July, are full of lilies, roses, and flower-de-luce, while great bushes of lavender and rosemary grow at the corners.

These fine ornaments of the old court-yard of Haddon derive additional interest from being the lineal descendants of those which grew in the same place hundreds of years ago: where Queen Elizabeth herself may have plucked a rose, or Mary of Scotland perchance have gazed in one of those holiday excursions sometimes permitted to her when at Chatsworth. The great charm of Haddon, is, that everything is venerable—even the old-fashioned flowers. No new-fangled ones being allowed to root out the ancient Floras of the soil, in the still trimly kept and beautiful parterres of Dorothy Vernon.

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Although it is now verging towards a century and a half since Haddon was last inhabited, the whole is kept in the most perfect order and repair. His Grace the Duke of Rutland, the noble proprietor, with a liberality beyond all praise, securing this stately abode of his ancestors not only from the havoc of time and decay, but from the desecrating hand of modern "improvement."

One side of this court is full of irregularly shaped windows, turrets and archways; some closed, others open, here and there strong primitive doors swinging ajar; while over the whole range they occupy, clamber some beautiful old pear and apricot trees which have grown and flourished year after year till they have become part of the building itself, making their way up slender towers, peeping into windows, and scrambling along grotesque water-spouts in a manner wonderful to behold, and most beautiful in spring, when the whole side of the court is hung with their pure and delicate blossoms. A curious old tower with steps outside it, and open work windows of carved stone, leads by a spiral staircase to some of the principal rooms. It has little chambers on different landings where the earl's pages slept; the Earl of Rutland in the olden time. At the lowest part of the court, in one of its extreme angles, a low, pointed archway, with a descent of many huge steps of stone, forms the entrance to the chapel, which consists of a body and two aisles, divided from each other by pillars and pointed arches; one of the pillars, a relic from the most ancient part of the erection, being massive Saxon. There is also a font of the same workmanship and period, probably belonging to the Avenels. Close by the altar stands, in a niche, a bénitier for holy water. The windows are of the time of Henry VI., and although much of the stained glass has been removed, sufficient remains to attest their former beauty. The east window bears a Latin inscription in old English letters: "Pray for the souls of Richard Vernon and Benedicta his wife, who made this in the year of our Lord 1427;" another window bears one of similar purport with the name of Richard Trussel, 1427. These windows are very thickly curtained with ivy, giving to the interior of this ancient chapel that solemn gloom which in a religious place, so much con-

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duces to devotion, doubly impressive here, where the inevitable finger of desolation and decay, though gently laid, is yet visible. The lordly pew though cushioned and gilded, is time-stained and tarnished; its high railing and faded curtains, no longer needed to screen its proud occupants from the prying gaze of the vulgar, rather attracts its observation, contrasting forcibly in all its appointments with the long bare benches of oak destined for the servants. These are narrow and most uninviting, rudely carved in knobby projections at the back, and highly polished as if by constant use.

Beneath one of the windows stands an enormous black coffer of solid oak, covered with bands of iron, and fastened by means of rusty hasps and staples; it is filled with old family prayer books, chiefly of the time of Elizabeth, many of them much thumbed and worn, others fresh and in good condition. Near the pulpit, and completely overlooking the family pew to which it is almost opposite, is a wooden balcony, and at the back a small massive door, which opens into a tower whose stone staircase ascends to the chapel *leads*, whence a descent is easily obtained by means of outside steps to the garden terraces, at whose foot, a rustic bridge crosses a narrow bend of the river Wye in the open meadows below.

Here, tradition says, Sir John Manners used to lie concealed, and when all were devoutly occupied in the chapel, he, by the means above indicated, having gained entrance to the tower aforesaid, would most irreligiously apply one of his bright black eyes to a small aperture in the wall, and thus command a view of his lady-love, the beautiful Dorothy Vernon, while at her devotions, crowning the sacrilegious act by afterwards eloping with, and marrying the Lady Dorothy; a circumstance made memorable by this token, that brilliant black eyes are still the distinguishing mark of their descendants to this very day. In ascending from the chill and gloomy chapel into the open court, the free air is most cheering and reviving, but after the first few moments, the silence and utter lifelessness that prevails is felt more impressively than before. Towers, gateways, strange-looking buildings in all directions; interior glimpses, too, present themselves of melancholy rooms, and dusky corridors, with

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level rays of sunshine, that seem to pierce them through without lighting up their contents—the faded tapestry and antique furniture which was used by their former inhabitants, centuries ago.

One side of the court is devoted to various offices and apartments: guard-room, chaplain's room, those of the huntsman, porter, warder, grooms, and pages, many of their garments and weapons, with much of their rude furniture still remaining.

Hanging on the walls or standing upon the floors, apparently just as their owners left them, are several pairs of prodigious jack-boots, perfectly square at the toes, and having long sharp spurs fastened upon the heels; buff-coats of thickest leather, some of them pierced with bullets, steel skull-caps with many a dint, and firelocks, holster pistols, and other warlike implements in great profusion, some of them very curious in construction, and all of ancient date.

A great quantity of armour formerly occupied a large room in the inner quadrangle, but it has been removed to Belvoir Castle, together with many other reliques of Haddon's former splendour. In one of the offices is an immense pile of pewter platters, or rather gigantic soup plates; a chicken on the very smallest of them, would appear a morsel. Directly opposite these inferior apartments, stands an open porch with stone seats, and leaning against its wall a Roman altar dug up in the vicinity some centuries ago, the inscription according to Camden is

DEO
MARTI
BRACIACÆ
OSITIVS
CÆCILIAN
PREFECT
TRO
VS

Over the ample entrance arch of this noble porch are two shields of arms beautifully cut in stone, the one being the coat of Vernon, the other of Fulco de Pembruge, Lord of Tonge, in Shropshire. This is the entrance to the grand hall, which, paved with large slabs of sandstone, and having overhead a massive and intricate tracery

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composed of the joists, beams, rafters, and other supports of the roof, all blackened with smoke and age, at once gives the spectator the impression that he stands within the banquet hall of Saxon Thane, or Norman Baron, nor, probably, would the idea be erroneous, for this portion of Haddon is, with the exception of the chapel and Eagle Tower, more ancient than any other part of the edifice. At the upper end of the hall is a raised floor, or daïs, which extends entirely across its whole breadth, and is occupied by a table of its own length, composed of thick beams of oak riddled with worm-holes, supported on strong trestles, and surrounded by benches of the same rude workmanship and solid material. Around this rugged table in former days sat the lord of the castle and his principal guests, whilst at other tables below the daïs, and running lengthwise from it down the hall, those of lower rank were accommodated with less sumptuous fare, and beverage of a more homely kind.

Round two sides of the hall, at the height of what in modern houses would be called the first story, runs a wide wainscotted gallery for musicians and spectators, often, during the days of Sir George Vernon, crowded with lords and knights, noble ladies and demoiselles, to behold the masqueings, interludes, and revels carried on in the hall below. That Haddon was frequently enlivened by such scenes may readily be imagined, when it is remembered that Prince Arthur, eldest son of Henry the Seventh, spent much time here with Sir Henry Vernon, who was his governor. The portraits of Henry VII. and his queen Elizabeth of York, of Henry VIII., and his jester Will Somers, and many other distinguished personages carved in the panels of the drawing-room, dining-room, and many of the chambers, give the reasonable belief that they were familiarly known at Haddon. The ample accommodation afforded in its long suites of apartments and numerous nests of rooms of all sorts and sizes, serves to confirm this, and it seems certain that during the reigns of Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Queen Elizabeth, those personages, their families, and many of their courtiers trod a measure in the grand ball-room or feasted merrily in the old hall with its huge black

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rafters overhead, and its stone pavement covered with rushes or rich carpets beneath their feet.

This ancient hall has two doorways: close to one of them stands an old beaufet, curiously carved, while on the wainscot above it are two enormous antlers, and beside them, about seven or eight feet from the ground, some iron bracelets of peculiar construction, formerly used for the purpose of suspending any one by the wrist, and pouring down his sleeve a cup of cold water, who had been guilty of refusing to drink his allowance of strong ale. Tradition also attributes sterner uses to this fixture in cases of more serious offence. A great oaken screen which extends entirely across the hall detracts much from the general effect of that noble apartment, though it must be confessed that it has its important uses, amongst which may be reckoned that, of excluding from view several long dark alleys, which, directly opening from one end of it, and unprovided with doors, run down a steep descent into the fiery regions of the kitchen. This is always a grand focus of attraction to all married ladies and good housewives. Down the old black passages they wend their way delightedly; as with assured steps and pleasant countenances they thread the windings of this culinary labyrinth, consisting of many dens and crooked holes surrounding the principal kitchen, which resembles a large brown vault, with iron-barred windows all around the upper part of its walls, and having in the centre of its floor as a huge chopping-block, the solid trunk of a large tree, on which an ox might lie at its ease, the grates, two in number, being each ample enough to roast the same. Stoves in great number, and double rows of dressers, are all that now remain in the kitchen. These dressers have great hollows in them like bowls. This effect is always pointed out as having been produced by chopping the mincemeat. Could the said bowls or hollows reflect the brightness of all the ladies' eyes which have looked pleasantly into them at that announcement, what a sight were there! The traditions of these regions of good cheer are very hospitable and agreeable, all tending to confirm the idea that most noble housekeeping was one of the golden rules observed at Haddon. Adjoining the kitchen is a complete suite of larders; salting-rooms, drying-

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rooms and other nondescript retreats, furnished with great troughs formed of the trunks of trees. There are also many apartments of various sizes suitable for every rank. In returning from this once densely populated part of the mansion, along the steep dark passage, it may now be perceived that it has a half door, or "hatch," with a broad shelf on the top, which door when closed forms a barrier across the passage; it is directly opposite one of the doors in the hall screen, serving as a landing-place for the various dishes of the feast, whence they were transferred to the great hall by the sewer and his attendants, preceded on grand occasions with the sound of trumpets.

In recrossing the old hall, the mind which loves to contemplate antiquity takes in more and more of satisfaction and pleasure; scenes pourtrayed by the historian, the poet, and the novelist pass vividly before it, and are more fully understood and appreciated; the whole air and aspect of the place belonging to the earliest times, and being in itself a history. From one corner of the hall, opens a short passage, paved with huge blocks of sand-stone; it leads to the garden terrace, and also to a grand dining-room wainscotted with dark oak, enriched by a broad border of carved shields, bearing the arms of Vernon, Avenel, Pierrepont, and others; with the boar's head (the Vernon crest) carved; portraits of Henry VII. and his queen, besides an infinite number of devices and decorations. Over the fire-place, which has most curious open worked andirons and fender, is finely carved in the oak panel in large Old English letters, "Drede God, and Honor the King." It is surmounted by the royal arms, and is accompanied by the names of Sir George Vernon and his lady, with the date 1545. The portrait of Will Somers is also carved on the wainscot of this room, which is worthy of particular notice on account of the multiplicity of its ornaments, all bearing the regal and feudal stamp. A bronze wine-cooler of great size, some curious old coronation chairs, whose cushions seem filled with the very softest down; and last though not least, a most capacious family cradle—are amongst the numerous objects of interest contained in this apartment.

The windows, once filled with richly stained glass, only retain a

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few specimens of it, the rest being plain. Adjoining this room are several others, designated "The Earl's chambers." All of them hung with ancient arras representing Scriptural subjects and field sports, in which the dogs are clothed in armour, with projecting spikes, implying that they had been engaged in boar hunting.

The doors are everywhere concealed by tapestry hangings which had to be drawn aside by the person entering, and either fell down again over the doorway, or were fastened back on great hooks in the wall. A stranger, on entering such an apartment, unless he narrowly scrutinized the pattern of the tapestry which fell over the door as it closed behind him, would experience no little difficulty in finding his way out again, a circumstance often treacherously taken advantage of during the Middle Ages. This little suite of "Earl's chambers" is very pretty, each room being smaller than the other, till the last comprises only the space within a slender tower, whose spiral stone steps descend outside of it into the first court, and inside, conduct to a great elevation, with very small rooms on every landing, till at last egress is found on the leads. Emerging on them, an assemblage of towers of all sizes, with long lines of leaden roofs, astonish not less by their number and extent than by the picturesque effect they produce amidst the surrounding scenery of richly wooded hills and valleys, the bright and winding river Wye gliding with a continual murmur in the midst, in a perfectly serpentine course, whilst immediately beneath lie the stately gardens, terrace after terrace, balustraded and embanked, having noble flights of white stone steps to each of them, leading from the river low down in the valley, close up to the walls of the ancient mansion. There is an inconceivable charm in the gardens of Haddon, its long broad avenues and spaces of green sward crossing each other at wide intervals; its excess of dark and solemn foliage permitting a thousand beautiful effects under varying skies and seasons, and above all, the magic stillness—broken only in summer by the warbling of birds, and the murmuring of the river, and in winter by the sough of the wind howling through the snow-covered courts and pleached alleys. The following lines were written after a stroll through this most delightful old domain.

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HADDON HALL.



HADDON, within thy silent halls,
Deserted courts, and turrets high,
How mournfully on memory falls
The light of antique pageantry.

A holy spell pervades thy gloom,
A silent charm breathes all around;
And the dread stillness of the tomb
Reigns o'er thy hallowed haunted ground.

Where be the high and stately dames,
Of princely Vernon's bannered hall?
And where the Knights, and what their names,
Who led them forth to Festival?

Arise! ye mighty Dead! arise!
Can Vernon, Rutland, Stanley sleep,
Whose gallant hearts and eagle eyes,
Disdained alike to crouch or weep?

They slumber lowly in the dust;
Prostrate and fallen the mighty lie;
The warrior's sword is dim with rust;
Quenched is the light of beauty's eye.

Those arms which once blazed thro' the field,
Their brightness never shall resume;
O'er spear and helm, and broken shield,
Low droops the faded sullied plume.

King of the Peak! thy hearth is lone,
No sword-girt vassals gather there:
No minstrel's harp pours forth its tone,
In praise of Maude, or Margaret fair—

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No hunter's horn is heard to sound,
No dame with swan-like mien glides by,
Accompanied with hawk and hound,
On her fair palfrey joyously.

Fair Haddon's sun has set in night:—
Yet gentler, holier, more subdued
Than garish day's more dazzling light
Its moonlit garden's solitude.

From the enchanting prospect on the leads it is necessary to retrace the lonely and dimly-lighted chambers previously described, in order to gain access to the grand staircase, opening on which is the drawing-room, decorated much like the dining-room, but in addition exhibiting the Prince of Wales' plume, motto, and initials—E. P.; adjoining this room are many others extending far into the building, while directly opposite the door, are six very large and broad semicircular steps of solid oak, which ascend to the long gallery, a noble apartment one hundred and nine and a half feet long, eighteen feet wide and fifteen feet high. The flooring is of solid oak, which, as well as the steps, is affirmed to have been cut from a single tree which grew in the park. The wainscotting is likewise of oak, decorated with Corinthian pilasters, over which are arches, and between the arches are the shields of the arms of Manners impaling those of Vernon. The frieze is ornamented with rich carvings of the boar's head crest of Vernon, the peacock crest of Manners, thistles, roses, portcullises, and other royal and noble heraldic emblems and devices belonging to the family. Along one side of this immense apartment are spacious bay-windows, each affording a deep semicircular recess, the centre one being larger than the others. They all overlook the garden terraces, as represented in the engraving which accompanies this article: they are beautifully ornamented with stained glass depicting the arms of Rutland, Vernon, Shrewsbury, and the royal arms of England, and are garlanded with climbing roses, honeysuckles, and ivy, in great profusion. Many other large

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windows on the opposite side of the gallery and at the upper end are similarly adorned.

Queen Elizabeth is said to have been a guest of the King of the Peak, at Haddon, when this room was first used, and to have trode a measure with him, "high and disposedly," on that festive occasion. A scene more suitable for such a display can hardly be imagined. The portrait of her Majesty in a great scarlet hoop, farthingale, and ruff, is over one of the doors. One very singular ornament finds place in this regal apartment—a cast of the head of the celebrated Lady Dorothy Vernon before named, the daughter of Sir George; one of the greatest beauties of her time, but who, in life, valued her charms so little as never to have consented to sit to sculptor or painter. The cast was taken after death with the swathing drapery bandaged around it—and presents a truly cadaverous object. This is the more to be regretted, as she is the heroine of Haddon whose marriage with Sir John Manners brought it into the Rutland family, the present duke being their lineal descendant.

Sir John is invested by tradition with all that is most captivating to maiden's eye and maiden's heart; and few are they, amongst those of Derbyshire, who think the Lady Dorothy did anything but what was "wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best," in eloping with so gallant a knight. It is said, that for the love he bore her, he lurked in the woods around Haddon for months previous to the night of the grand masqued ball; when, after mingling unknown amongst the company, he met the Lady Dorothy at the door of her chamber, which opened on the garden, "and bore her away for his bride." The door through which she made her escape is still shown, and the avenue of lime-trees along which the lovers flew towards the open fields is honored with the title of "The Lady Dorothy's Walk."

It contains but few pictures; one, however, shines conspicuous; it is a fine portrait of Thomas, the first Earl of Rutland; he is strikingly handsome. At the upper end of the gallery is the entrance to the ante-room of the state bed-chamber; both are adorned with friezes and cornices of boars' heads and peacocks alternately—and also with several good pictures of Queen Elizabeth,

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Charles I., Prince Rupert, and Prince Maurice, by Van Dyck. In the bed-room is a large bas-relievo of Orpheus charming the animals with his lyre: while opposite to it, in a spacious oriel which is raised a few steps from the level of the floor, is a large antique mirror in a very curious frame, and several old-fashioned chairs. In the centre of the room, on a floor of hard plaster partially covered by a carpet, stands the state bed of green velvet lined with white satin, golden hued with age. The velvet curtains hang in heavy folds, surmounted at the top by large white plumes. The white satin coverlet, elaborately ornamented with needlework of silk and gold, has the letters K. R. embroidered in the centre; the whole is said to have been the work of Eleanor, co-heiress of Lord Roos, who became the wife of Sir Robert Manners in the reign of Henry VI., and brought the princely domain of Belvoir as her marriage portion. This room is hung with Gobelin tapestry of brilliant colours—the subjects from Æsop's Fables. Close to the side of the bed is a door concealed by the tapestry. When opened, it swings heavily back upon the stone steps of a tower of great height, with small rooms on every landing-place. A corresponding door in its wall, directly opposite the one near the bed, opens on the terraced side of the hill, which is covered with trees.

Nearly all the rooms of Haddon are hung with tapestry, some of it very fine. The doors concealed beneath it are often only bare boards fastened together with great nails, and having for fastenings iron bars, wooden bolts, hasps, or staples. The walls which it covers are of the roughest masonry, seldom plastered, and resembling the outside wall of some common barn.

The Eagle Tower is loftier than all the rest, and is supposed to have been the keep of some more ancient edifice. In one of its small rooms on the leads is a frame formerly used for stringing the bows. This tower is circular, and contains a spiral staircase, with numerous chambers at different elevations, which are supposed to have been occupied at some remote period by the family and its retainers.

Nearly all the rooms in Haddon are very gloomy, the greater number having seldom more than one window with small leaded

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panes deeply set in the thickness of the enormous wall, and placed very high. Though extremely comfortless, according to the luxurious ideas of modern times, yet this place was for ages renowned for its hospitality and magnificence.

The boar's head was served up every Christmas with great pomp, garnished with sprigs of rosemary, and ushered in with a song, the sound of trumpets, and minstrelsy; it was received with high honour and reverence as the chief dish, but instead of being devoured like the other substantial viands which accompanied it to the festive board, it was reserved to grace the sideboard during the twelve days after Christmas.

Until within the last few years one of the chief attractions of Haddon Hall was Mistress Dorothy Hage, its hereditary and most honoured housekeeper, whose fine antique appearance corresponded so completely with the old feudal pile of which she was the tutelary guardian and cicerone, that she seemed to those whom she attended in that capacity, more like one of the old family pictures reanimated, than a personage of flesh and blood. Tall and gaunt, with aquiline features, clear brown complexion, and eyes like a mountain eagle, Mistress Dorothy, who in her youth had been very handsome, still retained at a very advanced age many of the tricks of beauty: bridling her long neck, and casting down her eyes with a meek purring look, when pleased, or flashing awful glances of scorn and displeasure at those who dared to undervalue anything that had belonged to the Ver-nons, which name pronounced by her in two prolonged syllables in a sonorous tone was truly imposing, the ear vibrated beneath its weight, as with solemn cadence, it perpetually recurred in the slow and measured description which, in raven tones, she was wont to give of the former glories of Haddon. Quaintly habited in long wasp-waisted gown with stiff skirt of great amplitude, having on her head a small Phrygian-shaped bonnet or cowl of black silk, and holding in her hand a bunch of strange-looking keys, she walked with erect figure before the stranger through the old halls and courts of Haddon, like one of its former inhabitants. A few pithy words oracularly delivered, with an occasional lifting of the long, lean arm

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to point out some object under description, included all her display of oratory. Woe to the thoughtless maiden who should be observed snipping a morsel of fringe or tapestry to carry home as a relic; woe to the reckless youth who should presume to *race* through the Long Gallery. These were offences which bore down her philosophy, and invariably resulted in the summary and ignominious ejectment of the culprit. Her phraseology was peculiar. The late beautiful and highly-gifted Duchess of Rutland, with whom she was a great favourite, was always styled by her "Our *Dame* the Duchess," and the duke, "Our *Master* the Duke." This fine old specimen of feudal attachment and honest worth, died at a very advanced age at Haddon, —having never been more than a few miles from it in the whole course of her life.



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MEMORIES OF FRIENDS.

Bright spirits leave their foot-prints on the heart,
Where flow'rets spring 'neath memory's star serene—
Their perfume thoughts, that tenderly impart
What *once they were*, what *now* they might have been,
But that the rich reward to virtue given,
Though earned on earth, must be bestowed in Heaven.

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Mapell Square

October the 6th

1824.

My Dear Sir,

If it be not inconvenient to you, will you do me the favor to call on me this Evening. If you are disengaged I will send the Carriage for you at half past Seven. Or, should it happen that Mrs Balmanno and yourself are entirely alone this Evening and can receive me I will do myself the pleasure to call on you

Believe me always

My Dear Sir yours very Faithfully

Thos Lawrence



EVENINGS AT THE HOUSE OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

TIME, which commits such terrible depredations on all we possess, good-naturedly, however, leaves to us a few of the best and dearest of our recollections for future consolation. Amongst those I still cherish, are some delightful evenings at the house of Sir Thomas Lawrence. Who has not heard of that exquisite painter? He, who unsurpass-

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ed in the delineation of all we hold most refined and rare in portraiture—the immortal mind beaming through the face—combined in himself the most noble and manly goodness with almost more than feminine gentleness of thought and manner; distinguished no less for his excellence as an artist than for those kindly and genial qualities which made him the most charming of friends and companions.

At the time I allude to, he was at the zenith of his fame. His portraits of Lady Blessington, Lady Belgrave, Lady Waldegrave, the two children of Captain Calmady, together with hundreds of others, of world-wide reputation, adorned the walls of Somerset House in London at the annual exhibition. Royalty and nobility alike delighted to do him honour, and his friends rejoiced at his success as if it had been their own. The interior of his house, devoted to the purposes of art, comprised many apartments of great size and loftiness; the light falling brokenly on huge colossal forms of antiquity, discoloured by time, grand and imposing in their proportions and attitudes. The Laocoön, the Apollo Belvidere, Diana, the Venus de Medicis, the Sleeping Faun, the Muses, the Graces, and busts innumerable mounted on columns or plinths, were intermingled with torsos, vases, and other objects of interest to the architect, sculptor, and painter, while gigantic fragments of friezes, bassi-relievi, capitals of columns, and richly-carved mural ornaments, were inserted into the lofty walls, covering them from floor to ceiling. Etruria, Greece, and Rome, Assyria and ancient Egypt, were all brought perpetually before the mind in these shattered fragments and discoloured marbles—leaving upon it vestiges of their once proud cities and sacred temples, silent and desecrated.

From amidst these relics of bygone races and ancient times, came forth the modern master; unlike, but yet in harmony with, all around him. Of middle height, slight, but well-proportioned, and with a head and face resembling some pale and beautiful portrait of the old masters. The bright grey eyes shining kindly on those with whom he conversed; the serene and classic features, though perfectly colourless, full of grace and expression, irradiated as though from

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a light within, that—whilst impressing the beholder with a sense of intellect and benevolence—gave the additional idea of sincerity to the murmured tones and deferential courtesy of manner with which, from early and habitual association with the great, it was the invariable custom of Sir Thomas Lawrence to address even his most intimate friends. Seated at a table, under a blaze of light, were the venerable painter Stothard, William Young Ottley, so well known for his devotion to art, and his admirable History of Engraving, and a few other attached friends, who, together with our accomplished host, were soon deeply engaged in an apparently microscopic examination of drawings by the old masters with which the table was strewed, while portfolio after portfolio yielded up its treasures to their unsated eyes;—the glorious drawings and sketches of Michael Angelo and Raffaelle, Titian and Correggio—of Leonardo da Vinci, Sebastian del Piombo, and a host of others, passing in review before them, receiving those sweeping bursts of admiration, and that sharp fire of critical comment, which artists are wont to bestow.

Sometimes, Ottley would start up in a sort of rapture holding at arm's length some fluttering scrap of paper, and with eyes blazing with enthusiasm would exclaim: "Good God! *what* a line! By heavens, what drawing! whose hand but that of Raffaelle *could* have given such a turn to that head? such a divine expression to that face?" Then sinking back in his chair, and taking enormous pinches of snuff in quick succession, he would shut his eyes for a moment or two, as if in reverie pursuing the delightful contemplation; soon rousing himself, when running his fingers through his hair, he would pounce upon some other subject, enlarging upon it with as much fervour and volubility as ever.

Between these outbursts he would tell delightful stories of Rome, Bologna, Venice, Ferrara—all the old continental places, with whose history and treasures a long residence and many studious years had made him familiar, of pictures rescued from oblivion, of bassi-relievi mouldering in ancient cloisters, which his own hands had disinterred; of missals, old crucifixes, chalices, rings—and all the circumstances which gave them value and interest, plentifully sprinkled with anec-

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dotes of monks, librarians, and oddities of all descriptions, which had enlivened and enriched his foreign sojourn in those delightful regions; when expatiating upon them, his manner and language had

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all the glow and exhilaration of Italy—that real love and feeling for what he praised, which made the listener behold with the eyes of the narrator the glorious productions he so eloquently described. This was particularly the case when extolling the Madonna of Correggio in the Tribune at Florence, a slight engraving of which is here given.

Richardson, who published in 1722 "An Account of the Statues, Bas-reliefs, Drawings, and Pictures in Italy," describes this masterpiece with the same boundless admiration. His genuine feeling for Art cannot fail to find favour with those by whom the immortal works of the children of genius are held dear. He thus describes it:

"A Madonna preserved, as when 'twas first done: she kneels, and adores the Christ which lies upon the ground, her hands a little asunder, and her face nearly profile; the figure, if standing, would be about two foot high. I have seen many copies. This, as most of this amiable master, has with its beauties great faults. The drapery is certainly invention; but neither shows the limbs well, nor is in beautiful folds; part of it is over the Virgin's head, and falling down on the ground; on the end of which the child is laid so that she cannot rise or hardly stir till he is removed.

"But the Beauty! the Morbidezza! the Thought and Expression! Good God!"

Equally fervent was the language of Mr. Ottley; Stothard, the while, listening with all the simplicity and earnestness of a child, evidently penetrated with delight, and giving his whole soul to the narrator; well satisfied to bask peacefully and joyfully in that ardent glow of mind, which, however deeply participating in, he himself would never have found boldness to express. A short little laugh, now and then, or a lengthened questioning "a-ha?" being his principal demonstrations on the present occasion. Sir Thomas contributed largely to the universal pleasure by anecdote and illustration, at once prompting and ministering to the intellectual appetites of his guests. After a great number of choice and costly drawings of every school and age had been examined, and laid aside, turning to Mr.

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Ottley he said, "Now, Ottley, I am going to introduce you to an old friend." At the same time stepping aside to the pedestal whereon stood the Venus de Medicis, he opened it, and bringing from it a picture about a foot square, stood in front of Ottley, holding the *back* of the picture before the face of the latter; then, suddenly flashing it round, saying, "Look *there*," exhibited to the astonished eyes of his friend the small and exquisite picture of the Three Graces, by Raffaelle. The effect was electric. "Is it *it*? Is it *it*?"



was all Ottley could gasp out, with a wild agitation of manner inconceivable to those who are in the habit of repressing their emotions, or of never feeling any, in regard to such subjects. But in Ottley the excitement of Art was a kind of frenzy, the more striking when seen in contrast with the bland tones and placid countenance of our entertainer. The faint outline of these figures here given on a reduced scale is copied from a very rare engraving by I. K. Sherwin,

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which engraving is infinitely finer, both in drawing and expression, although less effective in light and shadow, than the modern French print by Forster. The details which were entered into respecting the manner in which Sir Thomas became the possessor of this priceless treasure, which Mr. Ottley had last seen in some old palazzo or convent in Rome, of which it then formed the pride and ornament, and the amount of the very large sum for which it had been purchased, I do not now remember.

Raffaelle was indebted to an ancient bas-relief still existing in Rome for the attitude of his matchless figures in this celebrated group; but he endowed them with a grace all his own. After the hilarity caused by the odd introduction of the precious little picture had somewhat subsided, Sir Thomas, addressing Mr. Stothard with that nice tact for which he was so eminently distinguished, and using a tone and manner in which respect and affection were blended, very different to the jocose abruptness of his manner to Mr. Ottley, said, "Now, Mr. Stothard, I have a bonne-bouche for you." Then, placing before the veteran artist a small and richly ornamented portfolio, he desired him to open it. He did so—and, with a flush of pleasure mantling over his face, faltered out, "Ha! your most obedient!" recognising at a glance his own early choice drawings—small, exquisite, and beautiful—finished with the utmost care when he was in his very prime as an artist. As he carefully turned over the drawings, regarding each with a keenly scrutinizing eye, it was evident how deeply gratified he felt to find his darlings thus carefully cherished, by one in whose possession, above all others, he had most pride in seeing them. Some moments of silence on the part of the guests showed how much they sympathized in the gratification he experienced, as with a light and careful touch he removed the tissue-paper in which they were enveloped, continuing his examination until the introduction of coffee caused, for a while, a cessation of artistic pursuits. As Sir Thomas never gave large parties, people had nothing to say about his cuisine or his wine; but you perpetually heard of acts of benevolence and generosity, which his unostentatious style of living enabled him to perform. Allan Cunningham remarks with truth,

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although in a manner liable to misconstruction, that while "Sir Joshua Reynolds had the *great* as *guests* at *his table*, Sir Thomas Lawrence was only a *guest* at *theirs*." thereby implying an inferiority in the latter, or, at least, that he lacked the generous openheartedness of his predecessor. This is an entire error, it being notorious that Sir Joshua was a bon-vivant, fond of show and magnificence, vain of being able to number the nobility among his guests, and not a little attached to gourmanderie; while Sir Thomas, on the contrary, loved retirement, was abstemious, and considered nothing more irksome than feasts at great men's tables—they being, in his estimation, penalties which his station compelled him to pay, rather than rewards consequent upon it. Purely intellectual in his tastes, all the pleasures of the sensualist were by him unregarded or avoided.

In the society of chosen friends, in the sphere of worth, of literature, of genius, he alone delighted, or coveted distinction; his whole life making this assurance doubly sure to those who—knowing him best—loved him most.

Nothing could be more pleasing than the perfect taste and goodness with which he ruled the few hours of the evening whose incidents I have mentioned. Every one's best feelings and qualities seemed brought into action without effort of their own, and I am sure we all went away better and happier. Amongst the beautiful drawings exhibited for our gratification, was an outline sketch of the Madonna, from Fra Bartolomeo's picture in S. Romano at Lucca. Grace, perfect grace, in every line—each figure worthy of the pencil of a Raffaelle—on this most beautiful sketch it was impossible to gaze without feeling a sense of beauty stealing into the soul, of quiet joy—pure and tranquil. Such effects must surely be among the most delightful triumphs of Art. The outline here given may present an idea of it.

It is in such little meetings as the one I have attempted to describe, that an artist is seen to most advantage; when, the tôils of the day over, the mind unbends, and the treasures of years of observation and research, accumulated bit by bit and drop by drop, under

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difficulties and privations, perchance, of the most trying nature, are then poured forth with rich prodigality; the refined taste and critical judgment astonish and delight, but it is for and by art alone that they are inspired and evoked.

Sir Thomas Lawrence lived in his art. No family cares obstructed his course in the path which he so diligently pursued to fame. His romance of early love coming to an untimely close in the death

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of his betrothed, the most beautiful and most gifted of the daughters of Mrs. Siddons, the celebrated actress, he made no new choice. Thenceforth the art which he had loved from boyhood was his only bride—and the smile of woman only sought for the sake of being transferred to his canvas. With what success, his matchless female portraits sufficiently proclaim. In these we behold the countenances of intellectual beings, souls in their eyes, thoughts and passions expressed in their features, and in gesture and contour a grace and dignity which no other English artist has equalled. Benjamin West bears testimony to this when he says: "The portraits of Lawrence rise to the dignity of history; and, like similar works of Titian and Vandyck, are not painted for the present time alone, but for posterity."

Sir Thomas possessed unrivalled conversational powers, always enlivening the countenances of those who sat to him for their portraits by introducing topics congenial to their taste: for this no man was more eminently qualified. Intimately acquainted with all the beauties of English and foreign literature, the faculties of observation, discernment, and discrimination possessed in the greatest perfection, and continually exercised amongst the most distinguished personages of Europe, joined to his advantages of manner and person, rendered him, when he chose, one of the most fascinating of men. George the Fourth often said, that "his court contained no more finished gentleman than Lawrence." It was owing to this happy combination of qualities that his portrait of Sir Walter Scott was so truly excellent—it being the only one out of all ever painted of that admirable writer which conveys a just idea of his *mind*.

When sitting for his portrait to Sir Thomas, the latter insensibly led him on to converse on his own works, and in return, recited long passages from many of Sir Walter's finest poems. It was in repeating some of the fine stanzas of Marmion that the countenance of his listener assumed the expression he wished. Sir Walter's whole aspect became ennobled: his eyes flashed fire; and the painter, availing himself of the happy moment, transferred to his canvas that bright look of intelligence and genius which makes his portrait

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of Sir Walter so immeasurably superior to all others ever painted of him. It occupies a position of honour in the royal castle of Windsor. In contrast to the practice of Fuseli and Flaxman, who, like the ancient writers of Greek tragedy, generally chose their subjects from the heroic or legendary world, the genius of Sir Thomas Lawrence confined itself chiefly to the living and actual, ever paying a warm and generous tribute to the wondrous and sublime conceptions of those two great artists, who on their parts fully acknowledged his high genius, both admitting that he alone painted the expression of the human eye in a manner superior to any artist of present or past times. This from such men as Flaxman and Fuseli was no slight praise; for to draw the eye correctly, and impart to it its true expression, is considered the most difficult achievement in art. The strange and capricious Fuseli ever spoke well of "Lawrence," with a mixture of admiration for his genius and of love for his character.

How exquisite is the contemplation of genius, when joined to purity of morals and goodness of heart. When to correct judgment, and perfect mastery over all the lower passions, is added excellent common sense and reverent humility to God. Of these grand and good materials was the character of Sir Thomas Lawrence. His heart overflowed with pity towards all who suffered, and the appeal of sorrow or misfortune was never made to him in vain. On alluding one day in his presence to a circumstance of this nature, he replied, "I am in the receipt of an enormous income from my profession; more than I think I ought to appropriate to my own use: therefore, I consider it but just that some of my less fortunate brethren in art should have a share. Towards the close of the annual exhibitions, many of the poorer and younger artists have their pictures still unsold, and sometimes they suffer greatly on account of it; so I make it a point to secretly buy as many of them as I can, and by this means I trust I do them good, without wounding their feelings in any way."

This is but instancing *one* of the many channels in which his bounty flowed. It was lavish, but ever without obtrusiveness, and bestowed with so much delicacy and humility, as to leave the recipi-

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ent under the impression that he had conferred, rather than received a favor. It was owing to this noble generosity towards the unfortunate, that even with his large income, he frequently suffered from pecuniary embarrassment—a circumstance eagerly seized upon by calumny, as a pretext for charging him with gambling, and even with other vices equally repugnant to his nature.

In a moment of depression, when wounded by these invisible arrows, he thus wrote to his attached old friend, Miss Lee. Having just before alluded to the "comfort-working effects of money," he adds: "But reflect how little I have been accustomed to consider them for myself. I have neither been extravagant, nor profligate in the use of it; neither gaming, horses, curricle, expensive entertainments, nor secret sources of ruin, from vulgar licentiousness, have swept it from me. I am in everything, but the effects of utter *carelessness about money*, the same being I was at Bath; the same delight in pure and simple pleasures—the same disdain of low enjoyments—the same relish for whatever is grand, however above me—the same admiration of what is beautiful in character—the same enthusiasm for what is exquisite in the productions, or generous in the passions of the mind. I have met with duplicity, which I never practised (for this is far removed from inconstancy of purpose), and it has not changed my confidence in human nature or my firm belief that the good of it infinitely overbalances the bad.

"In moments of irritation I may have held other language, but it has been the errata of my heart, and this is the perfect book which I could offer were my being now to end."

Those who have had the happiness to receive any gift however slight from the hands of this most gifted and amiable man will not readily forget the inimitable charm which accompanied its presentation. Having one evening at his house listened with great interest to several anecdotes which he related of celebrated characters with whom he had intimately associated during his visit to France, he gave an account of several interviews with Prince Metternich, of whose beautiful daughter the Princess Marie, he spoke as of something angelic—a kind of guardian angel to her father, whom she ac-

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companied in all his long journeys, at all times and seasons, wherever he went, never tiring in love and duty; whilst he in return seemed to receive new life from her society.

Sir Thomas, observing the agreeable impression produced by his account of this ministering angel, opened a portfolio, and took from it a proof impression by Lewis, of a fac-simile of his exquisite drawing of the Princess Marie Metternich. The engraving, like the original drawing, was slight and rather wanting in force, and Sir Thomas, for the space of an hour and a half, employed himself in heightening its effect by touches from variously coloured crayons, until he had rendered it even more effective than the original drawing; he concluded his task by writing something upon it with a black lead pencil. On taking leave, just before entering the carriage, he, in the most graceful manner, presented to me the half-engraved half-drawn portrait. On reaching home, how great was my delight to find my own name at the foot of the paper, with kindly words of presentation from himself. I have it now, and value it as one of my greatest treasures; more precious even than his more valuable gift of an unlettered proof of the Calmady children.

These beautiful little creatures were great favourites of his, and much attached to him. Mrs. Fuseli told me that one day, when she called upon him, she found him seated at luncheon, with little Emily, the youngest child, upon his knee, receiving its food from his hand, the other sitting as closely beside him as she could get, and Lily, his large white cat, standing with her fore-paws resting on his chair, receiving, amidst much merriment, her morsels from himself and the children. Lily was quite a celebrated character in the painting room when juvenile sitters were his subjects; white, as her name implies, and of great size and beauty, her docility was remarkable, and her tricks frequently exhibited to amuse them. One of her ludicrous performances was to lie upon her back, with her fore-feet placed beneath her head, in the same attitude in which many persons sleep: in this position she would remain, if commanded, for any length of time, motionless as a model, her green eyes furtively watching for permission to retire, which, when given, she

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obeyed with the greatest alacrity. Poor Lily came to an untimely end, having leaped over the parapet of the house (as was supposed after a bird); when brought in she rushed away, and hid herself. She was found two or three days afterwards, secreted in the interior of an antique fragment in the studio, from whence, after much trouble, she was taken out quite dead.

In remembering the kindness of heart which gave the politeness of Sir Thomas Lawrence so great a charm, I may mention two instances of it. The first was shown in our presence to Mr. Stothard. Being at the house of Sir Thomas one evening, some time after that on which Mr. Stothard received so pleasurable a surprise from the sight of his own choice drawings, and which Sir Thomas had called a bonne-bouche, an incident of a somewhat similar character took place. Mr. Stothard's visit was induced by the wish to examine a drawing of the Transfiguration by Raffaelle, in order to compare it with a small copy in oil, which he had begun when in Paris in 1825, and had latterly been working upon from memory. Having satisfied his curiosity with regard to the drawing, Sir Thomas smilingly observed: "Why, Mr. Stothard, *I* can show you a drawing which unites not only all the excellences of Raffaelle, but likewise those of Rubens, Titian, and Paul Veronese." "Ha! indeed! you don't say so?" rejoined the unsuspicious Mr. Stothard. "Pray whose is it?" "You shall see," said Sir Thomas, as, smiling at the warmth of his old friend, he placed before him a drawing carefully veiled with tissue-paper, which very slowly and with infinite care he removed, displaying a beautiful copy of Stothard's great picture of Peace and War, painted for the banquet room at Burleigh. It was a pleasurable moment! A sudden exclamation of surprise was for a little while all he was able to utter, as, with a deep flush of the face, and a keen glitter of the eyes beneath their white, overhanging eyebrows, he surveyed it critically throughout. The beauty of the drawing was indeed great; and we silently shared the feeling of joy which he evidently experienced in regarding it—nor less so his warmly and unaffectedly expressed thanks—declaring "He was very much pleased—very much obliged—it had given him

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very great pleasure; for in truth he had almost forgotten it." He then requested to see a small picture by Martin Schön—one which he had repeatedly called to see at the house of Sir Thomas, being never weary of admiring it, saying that, "To *him*, there seemed something *supernatural* in it—something that dazzled his eyes to look on." I forget the subject, but remember the effect, which was that of the most brilliant colours that can be imagined, closely placed together without any blackness of shadow, all appearing of the richest brightness. The picture was very small, of an oval shape, in an open network gold frame, and looked a proper ornament for a queen's boudoir. Mr. Stothard's eyes could not leave it—he appeared anxious to get it by heart.

The second instance I alluded to was related to us with lively joy by his son Alfred, a few nights after its occurrence. Mrs. Bray narrates it in her charming volume, but nevertheless I cannot help repeating it, as it is a proof how much this dear and venerable man was beloved by his brother artists.

One day, when the Council of the Royal Academy met, the room was excessively cold, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, with his usual consideration, requested the gentlemen to oblige him by keeping on their hats. Mr. Stothard was very deaf, and not having heard a word, looked around rather anxiously when he saw everybody with their hats on, more particularly as he had left his in the ante-room. Sir Thomas saw the look, and said, in his mild, even tones, "Gentlemen, will one of you fetch Mr. Stothard's hat?" There was an instant rush to get it—all eager to be first. Mr. Shee, afterwards Sir Martin Archer Shee, who succeeded Sir Thomas Lawrence as President of the Royal Academy, was the successful winner of the hat, bearing it in triumph to its owner.

Raphael West, son of Benjamin West, the successor of Reynolds and predecessor of Lawrence as President of the Royal Academy, was one of Sir Thomas's earliest and best friends. They were warmly attached to each other. Raphael was a tall, strong, powerful man. Once at a dinner party at which he was present, one of those slanderous gossips who infest society, took occasion to utter some story

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against Lawrence which Raphael knew to be false. Instantly starting upon his feet, he walked up to him, thrust his huge fist in his face, and said, "Sir! if you utter *one* other word against my friend Lawrence, I'll knock you down." The man visibly quailed, recoiling in silence before the giant fist of his opponent, whose determined manner and flashing eye plainly showed he was not to be trifled with.

At the death of his father this excellent friend had to contend with many difficulties, pecuniary and otherwise; during these, Sir Thomas received a note from him soliciting his intervention in some affair relative to the king's patronage of the exhibition of his father's pictures. It commenced "Dear Sir Thomas;" in answering this note, Sir Thomas thus reminded Raphael of the above anecdote. "In those times your notes were always 'Dear Lawrence;' what have I done since then, that you should *Sir* me now? My dear West, I am as much yours *now* as when you were so willing and ready to knock my enemy down. It is true the king has made me a knight, but I am no knight to you. What you have requested, is done, as everything you can ask shall be, if in my power. Ever, my dear West, as of old, your affectionate Thomas Lawrence." It is needless to say how this generous warmth of heart made him idolized by those with whom he was intimate, or how deeply it penetrated others who sought his sympathy and assistance. Never were either refused, and the manner doubled the value of the action. Urbane and polished in the highest degree, yet with strong and keen susceptibilities, he was seldom unduly excited, generally conducting himself with great equanimity; it happened however, in one instance, that this admirable quality, which takes so many of the best and finest to compose it, forsook him, and it happened thus:

The duties of hanging the pictures sent in for the Exhibition of the Royal Academy devolve on a committee of a few members previously chosen. For obvious reasons, the most profound secrecy is maintained regarding the situations assigned to the different pictures, no member out of the committee being allowed to know where his pictures are hung until "varnishing day," at which period the whole

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have been arranged and suspended in the places allotted to them by the committee.

The centre of the Great Room had generally been ceded to Mr. Wilkie, in consequence not only of his excellence as an artist, but also that he rarely sent in more than one picture of rather small dimensions; on one occasion, however, when Mr. Stothard was of the committee, the centre was given to some other artist, by no means qualified to take precedence of Wilkie, whose picture was placed at a distance from the centre, although, *in line*.

On entering the room, and beholding the post of honour usually occupied by his own picture, had been awarded to that of another, Wilkie was excessively agitated; his whole frame shook; yet, according to Mr. Stothard, he stood silent and uncomplaining. While thus deeply wounded, one of the committee, an envious rival of the president, intimated in the hearing of Stothard, that it was owing to Sir Thomas Lawrence that Wilkie's picture had not been placed in the centre. The assertion was a gratuitous falsehood; the real truth being, that although an ex-officio member of the committee, Sir Thomas most carefully avoided all interference, leaving its members to act solely according to their own judgment and taste.

At a subsequent meeting of the committee, Sir Thomas observed that he considered it a most unworthy proceeding in any member of the committee, to divulge what had taken place in regard to the allotment of places, and more unworthy still, "to falsify a fact." "I am charged by a member now present," said he, looking at him, "that I was the means of depriving Mr. Wilkie of the centre place which his picture deserved; when every one of the committee well know, that I uttered not one word on the occasion." The offending party here boldly denied the charge. "You but add to your disgrace," said the president; "for I had the fact from one who heard you, the most truthful and venerable of the committee. You *did* say it, sir. You vilified me most falsely and unjustly; you know you did;" and dashing the pen he held in his hand violently from him, he abruptly left the chair, and the council broke up immediately.

This incident was related to us at the time it occurred by a

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celebrated sculptor who was present as a member of the council, and who feared that a hostile message would follow, but the traducer wisely refrained; probably remembering honest Sancho's proverb, "Least said is soonest mended."

Perpetually as Sir Thomas Lawrence was in the habit of associating with the great, he never from that circumstance indulged in any airs of pride, but with the most unfeigned cordiality would greet and acknowledge his humbler friends under any disadvantages. In this respect he greatly resembled the present Earl of Aberdeen, of whom he once said, "Of the whole peerage, the Earl of Aberdeen is the kindest and most consistent, for wherever I meet him, whether it is in the street, at his own house, in the lobby of the opera, or in the king's drawing-room, there is invariably the same pleasant look, kind enquiry, and warm shake of the hand. It is not thus with others, for the place alters the manners, but not so with the Earl of Aberdeen; he is the same on all occasions." My reminiscences of Sir Thomas Lawrence conclude, alas! with one of a far different character from any of the preceding. Having heard that he had been indisposed, I called one morning to enquire about his health; the door was opened by his attached German servant, who, in reply to my questions, silently led the way to the painting room, in many respects similar to the apartment I have previously described, but having in addition all the accessories of the studio. There, in a little alcove, or recess in the wall, on a narrow mattrass, lay Sir Thomas Lawrence *dead*.

The shock and sorrow of such a surprise may be imagined, the pain can never be forgotten. He had died suddenly, a few hours before, and no steps had yet been taken in regard to him. There he lay, calm and white as marble—his beautiful eyes for ever closed, and his features settled into that deep composure which inspires so much awe while gazing on the dead. A small table stood beside him, and on it a prayer-book, opened, and turned downwards. I took it up and read—"Lord, teach me to number my days." The poor servant said, "I was reading that to him last night." In this simple speech, how much consolation! great, good, and gifted, reli-

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gion was not to him an empty sound; his whole life was an illustration of its beauty and its truth, and doubtless his spirit in the hour of death experienced its benign influence.

Peace and honour to his memory for ever.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was born at Bristol in the year 1769, and died in London Jan. 7, 1830.

In a succeeding page is a fac-simile of one of his letters; the writing in its delicacy of line greatly resembles that of Raffaelle.

In the autumn of 1825, Sir Thomas Lawrence repaired to Paris, by command of King George the Fourth, for the purpose of painting the portrait of the French monarch Charles the Tenth, and other members of the French royal family. Sir Thomas thus writes to my husband in a letter from Paris:—

"Hotel de Paris, Rue Rivoli, Sept. 4, 1825.

"As the English papers copy the French in their paragraphs of the court, you probably know my professional progress, for I perceive the sittings of His Most Christian Majesty and of the Dauphin are mentioned. State ceremonies, hunting, or business, sometimes delay the sittings, but an appointment is never changed. The hour is punctually kept, and the time always given to me that I desire. Even a royal palace cannot furnish the perfect convenience of one's own atelier, but everything is done for me to convert the room in which I paint into an artist's study till the sittings are over. I need not tell you that there is ample store of art here to occupy the eye and mind when not in their destined employment. French modern art is very powerful both in Sculpture and Painting; and although something is wanting that we have, it is still an highly-educated school, and cannot be slightly considered but by prejudice or ignorance. This is my impression here, and must remain so in England.

"Between business, and other claims on one's attention and opinion, the day passes swiftly, and too many friends will, I fear, complain of my silence; but, though not, I trust, failing in my art, I

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have not the power of various employment that I had in my younger days, and when the body yields the mind relaxes with it."

The following touching incident is so eminently characteristic of the sensitive delicacy of Sir Thomas Lawrence, that we give it in the words of an "eye-witness," as it appeared in the public prints, Jan. 1830:—

"Twenty-eight years ago the arts lost one of their votaries by the sudden death of Mr. William Hamilton, R.A., a man distinguished alike for his virtues and ability, and who had long enjoyed the friendship of the then Mr. Lawrence. When the awful moment had arrived that it was found necessary to solder up the leaden coffin, and when the undertaker's man had folded the winding-sheet over the face of the deceased—the weeping friends stood to gaze a last farewell—I was struck by the circumstance of Mr. Lawrence approaching the coffin, gently unfolding death's drapery, and, with inexpressible tenderness, replacing it with all gentleness upon the face of his friend—as if he thought it had been too rudely done. The action struck me then as being awfully interesting; it dwells, and has dwelt, upon my mind as a thing of yesterday.

"J. H."

The principal cause of the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence was precisely the same as that which deprived Lord Byron of life—injudicious use of the lancet. Sir Thomas having caught a cold attended by fever, the physicians ordered leeches to the chest; like him, he was also bled in the arm. During the night the wounds re-opened, and finding himself saturated with blood, he faintly said to his affectionate servant, "I am dying, John." "Oh, no, Sir Thomas, you are only faint from loss of blood." "No, John, I am dying." Those were his last words, as related to me by his faithful attendant.

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Lines

Addressed to Miss Roberts on her departure for India.

Go where the waves run rather Holborn-hilly
And tempests make a soda water sea
Almost as rough as our rough Piccadilly
And think of me!

Go where the mild Madeira ripens her juice
A wine beloved by many – not by me! –
Go pass the Cape just capable of verjuice
And think of me!

Go where the Tiger in the darkness prowleth
Making a midnight meal of he & she
Go where the lion in his hunger howleth
And think of me!

Go where the Serpent dangerously coileth
Or lays along at full length like a tree,
Go where the Settee in her own soot broileth
And think of me

Go where with human note the Parrot dealeth
In mono-polly-logue with tongue as free,
And like a Woman all she knows revealeth
And think of me!

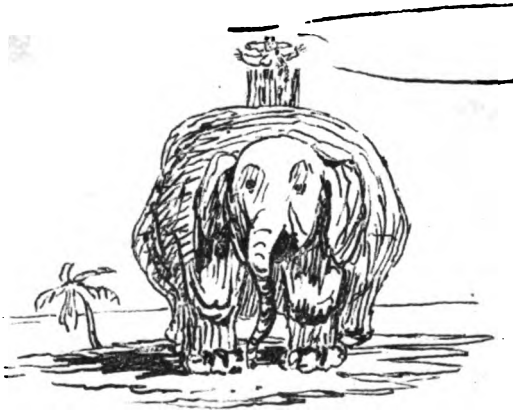
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Go to the land of muslin & nankeening
And parasols of straw where hats should be
Go to the land of slaves & palankeening
And think of we

Go to the land of jungles & of vast hills
And tall bamboos - may none bamboozle thee!
Go gaze upon their Elephants & Castles
And think of we.

Go where the sun is very hot & fervent
Go to the land of Pagod & rupee, -
Where every black will be your slave & servant
And so are we.

Thos Hood



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Thomas Hood.



THE late Charles Lamb was in private life one of the most amiable of men. Full of attaching qualities, he lived in the core of the hearts of his friends; even those who knew him but as a casual acquaintance, never failed to retain a life-long remembrance of his rare and most unique genius and simplicity. Bound in the closest ties of friendship with "The Hoods," with whom we also were in the habit

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of continually associating, we had the pleasure of meeting him at their house one evening, together with his sister and several other friends, amongst whom was Miss Kelly, that most natural and unrivalled of English comic actresses.

In outward appearance Hood conveyed the idea of a clergyman. His figure slight, and invariably dressed in black; his face pallid; the complexion delicate, and features regular: his countenance bespeaking sympathy by its sweet expression of melancholy and suffering.

Lamb was altogether of a different mould and aspect. Of middle height, with brown, and rather ruddy complexion, grey eyes expressive of sense and shrewdness, but neither large nor brilliant; his head and features well shaped, and the general expression of his countenance quiet, kind, and observant, undergoing rapid changes in conversation, as did his manner, variable as an April-day, particularly to his sister, whose saint-like good-humour and patience were as remarkable as his strange and whimsical modes of trying them. But the brother and sister perfectly understood each other, and "Charles," as she always called him, would not have been the "Charles" of her loving heart without the pranks and oddities which he was continually playing off upon her—and which were only outnumbered by the instances of affection, and evidences of ever watchful solicitude with which he surrounded her. Miss Lamb, although many years older than her brother, by no means looked so, but presented the pleasant appearance of a mild, rather stout, and comely maiden lady of middle age.

Dressed with quaker-like simplicity in dove-coloured silk, with a transparent kerchief of snow-white muslin folded across her bosom, she at once prepossessed the beholder in her favour, by an aspect of serenity and peace. Her manners were very quiet and gentle, and her voice low. She smiled frequently, but seldom laughed, partaking of the courtesies and hospitalities of her merry host and hostess with all the cheerfulness and grace of a most mild and kindly nature.

Her behaviour to her brother was like that of an admiring disciple; her eyes seldom absent from his face. Even when apparently

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engrossed in conversation with others, she would, by supplying some word for which he was at a loss, even when talking in a distant part of the room, show how closely her mind waited upon his. Mr. Lamb was in high spirits, sauntering about the room, with his hands crossed behind his back, conversing by fits and starts with those most familiarly known to him, but evidently mentally acknowledging Miss Kelly to be the rara-avis of his thoughts, by the great attention he paid to every word she uttered. Truly pleasant it must have been to her, even though accustomed to see people listen breathless with admiration while she spoke, to find her words have so much charm for such a man as Charles Lamb.

He appeared to enjoy himself greatly, much to the gratification of Mrs. Hood, who often interchanged happy glances with Miss Lamb, who nodded approvingly. He spoke much—with emphasis and hurry of words, sorely impeded by the stammering utterance which in him was not unattractive. Miss Kelly (charming, natural Miss Kelly, who has drawn from her audiences more heart-felt tears and smiles than perhaps any other English actress), with quiet good-humour listened and laughed at the witty sallies of her host and his gifted friend, seeming as little an actress as it is possible to conceive. Once however, when some allusion was made to a comic scene in a new play then just brought out, wherein she had performed to the life the character of a low-bred lady's maid passing herself off as her mistress, Miss Kelly arose, and with a kind of resistless ardour repeated a few sentences so inimitably, that everybody laughed as much as if the real lady's maid, and not the actress, had been before them; while she who had so well personated the part, quietly resumed her seat without the least sign of merriment, as grave as possible.

Most striking had been the transition from the calm lady-like person, to the gay, loquacious soubrette; and not less so, the sudden extinction of vivacity, and resumption of well-bred decorum. This little scene for a few moments charmed everybody out of themselves, and gave a new impetus to conversation. Mrs. Hood's eyes sparkled with joy, as she saw the effect it had produced upon her husband, whose pale face like an illuminated comic mask, shone with fun and

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humour. Never was happier couple than "The Hoods;" "mutual reliance and fond faith" seemed to be their motto. Mrs. Hood was a most amiable woman—of excellent manners, and full of sincerity and goodness. She perfectly adored her husband, tending him like a child, whilst he with unbounded affection seemed to delight to yield up himself to her guidance. Nevertheless, true to his humourous nature, he loved to tease her with jokes and whimsical accusations and assertions, which were only responded to by "Hood, Hood, how can you run on so?" "Perhaps you don't know," said he, "that Jane's besetting weakness is a desire to appear in print, and be thought a Blue." Mrs. Hood coloured, and gave her usual reply; then observed laughingly, "Hood does not know one kind of material from another—he thinks this dress is a blue *print*." On looking at it I saw it was a very pretty blue *silk*. The evening was concluded by a supper, one of those elegant little social repasts which Flemish artists delight to paint; so fresh the fruit, so tempting the viands, and all so exquisitely arranged by the very hand of taste. Mrs. Hood has frequently smiled when I have complimented her on setting out "picture suppers"—this was truly one.

Mr. Lamb oddly walked all round the table, looking closely at any dish that struck his fancy before he would decide where to sit, telling Mrs. Hood that he should by that means know how to select some dish that was difficult to carve, and take the trouble off her hands; accordingly having jested in this manner, he placed himself with great deliberation before a lobster-salad, observing *that* was the thing. On her asking him to take some roast fowl, he assented. "What part shall I help you to, Mr. Lamb?" "Back," said he quickly; "I always prefer back." My husband laid down his knife and fork, and looking upwards exclaimed: "By heavens! I could not have believed it, if anybody else had sworn it." "Believed what?" said kind Mrs. Hood, anxiously, colouring to the temples, and fancying there was something amiss in the piece he had been helped to. "Believed what? why, madam, that Charles Lamb was a back-biter!" Hood gave one of his short quick laughs, gone almost ere it had come, whilst Lamb went off into a loud fit of mirth, exclaiming:

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"Now that's devilish good! I'll sup with you to-morrow night." This eccentric flight made everybody very merry, and amidst a most amusing mixture of wit and humour, sense and nonsense, we feasted merrily, amidst jocose health-drinking, sentiments, speeches and songs.

Mr. Hood, with inexpressible gravity in the upper part of his face, and his mouth twitching with smiles, sang his own comic song of "If you go to France be sure you learn the lingo;" his pensive manner and feeble voice making it doubly ludicrous.

Mr. Lamb, on being pressed to sing, excused himself in his own peculiar manner, but offered to pronounce a Latin eulogium instead. This was accepted, and he accordingly stammered forth a long string of Latin words; among which, as the name of Mrs. Hood frequently occurred, we ladies thought it was in praise of her. The delivery of this speech occupied about five minutes. On enquiring of a gentleman who sat next me whether Mr. Lamb was praising Mrs. Hood, he informed me that was by no means the case, the eulogium being on the lobster-salad! Thus, in the gayest of moods progressed and concluded a truly merry little social supper, worthy in all respects of the author of Whims and Oddities.

On the following night, according to his promise, Mr. Lamb honoured us with a visit, accompanied by his sister, Mr. and Mrs. Hood, and a few others hastily gathered together for the occasion. On entering the room, Mr. Lamb seemed to have forgotten that any previous introduction had taken place. "Allow me, madam," said he, "to introduce to you, *my* sister Mary; she's a very good woman, but she drinks!" "Charles, Charles," said Miss Lamb, imploringly (her face at the same time covered with blushes), "how can you say such a thing?" "Why," rejoined he, "you know it's a fact; look at the redness of your face. Did I not see you in your cups at nine o'clock this morning?" "For shame, Charles," returned his sister; "what will our friends think?" "Don't mind him, my dear Miss Lamb," said Mrs. Hood, soothingly; "I will answer that the cups were only breakfast-cups full of coffee."

Seeming much delighted with the mischief he had made, he

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turned away, and began talking quite comfortably on indifferent topics to some one else. For my own part I could not help telling Mrs. Hood I longed to shake "Charles." "Oh," replied she smiling, "Miss Lamb is so used to his unaccountable ways that she would be miserable without them." Once, indeed, as Mr. Lamb told Hood, "having really gone a little too far," and seeing her, as he thought, quite hurt and offended, he determined to amend his manners, "behave politely, and leave off joking altogether." For a few days he acted up to this resolution, behaving, as he assured Hood, "*admirably;* and what do you think I got for my pains?" "I have no doubt," said Hood, "you got sincere thanks." "Bless you, no!" rejoined Lamb; "why, Mary did nothing but keep bursting into tears every time she looked at me, and when I asked her what she was crying for, when I was doing all I could to please her, she blubbered out: 'You're changed, Charles, you're changed; what have I done, that you should treat me in this cruel manner?' 'Treat you! I thought you did not like my jokes, and therefore tried to please you by strangling them down:' 'Oh, oh,' cried she, sobbing as if her heart would break; 'joke again, Charles—I don't know you in this manner. I am sure I should die, if you behaved as you have done for the last few days.' So you see I joke for her good;" adding, with a most elfish expression, "it saved her life then, anyhow."

This little explanation was happily illustrated the next moment, when Miss Lamb, still in an extreme trepidation, and the blush yet lingering on her cheeks, happened to drop her handkerchief. She did not observe it, but her brother, although volubly describing some pranks of his boyhood to a little knot of listeners, stepped aside and handed it to her, with a look that said as plainly as words could say, "Forgive me, I love you well." That she so interpreted it, her pleased and happy look at once declared, as with glistening eyes she sat eagerly listening to the tale he was then telling; a tale which doubtless she had heard before, ninety and nine times at least.

Charles Lamb seemed a man who, for every minute, had some new idea: bright and broken in conversation—fitful and rambling—but which, in the silence of his study, settling down in beauty and

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harmony, made him one of the most charming of writers. When to this was added the recollection of the sterling good qualities and noble points of character which distinguished him from common men, he formed a rare object to admire and study—none more original. The evening he spent with us was but a counterpart of the one we had passed at Mr. Hood's—gaiety and wit being its chief attractions. But who can hope to catch more than the faintest idea of things so fleeting?—not more so the "dew on the fountain, the foam on the river;" or, as Lamb might say, the foam on the champagne—the drop of the mountain dew.

The following letters from Lamb and Hood have never before been published. The contents speak for themselves, and require but little comment, further than to mention that the jelly which Hood so ludicrously describes, was some claret-jelly which Mrs. Hood had accepted from me, in the hope that it might be of service to her husband, who, when he set out for Brighton, was to the last degree feeble and emaciated. Luckily, the Brighton air effected his cure at the time, enabling him soon after to take so lively a part in the little entertainment I have attempted to describe. The letter, addressed to Sir T. Lawrence, Hood kindly permitted us to copy. In lieu of a portrait of Charles Lamb, of whom there is none that gives a true resemblance, we subjoin the following lithographed fac-simile of his letter to Hood. It had, with others, been forwarded to him by us, and on his return from Brighton was presented to me as a Lamb autograph.

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LAMB TO HOOD.

"Tuesday, 18 September, 1827.

"DEAR HOOD:—

"If I have anything in my head, I will send it to Mr. Watts. Strictly speaking, he should have had my Album verses, but a very intimate friend importun'd me for the trifles, and I believe I forgot Mr. Watts, or lost sight at the same time of his similar souvenir. Jamieson conveyed the farce from me to Mrs. C. Kemble;—*he* will not be in town before the 27th. Give our kind loves to all at Highgate, and tell them that we have finally torn ourselves outright away from Colebrook, where I had *no* health, and are about to domiciliate for good at Enfield, where I have experienced *good*.

"'Lord, what good hours do we keep!
How quietly we sleep!'

See the rest in the Complete Angler.

"We have got our books into our new house. I am a dray horse if I was not ashamed of the indigested dirty lumber, as I toppled 'em out of the cart, and blest Becky that came with 'em, for her having an unstuff'd brain with such rubbish. We shall get in by Michael's mass. 'Twas with some pain we were evuls'd from Colebrook. You may find some of our flesh sticking to the door posts. To change habitations is to die to them; and in my time I have died seven deaths. But I don't know whether every such change does not bring with it a rejuvenescence. 'Tis an enterprise, and shoves back the sense of death's approximating, which, tho' not terrible to me, is at all times particularly distasteful. My house-deaths have generally been periodical, recurring after seven years, but this last is premature by half that time. Cut off is the flower of Colebrook. The Middletonian stream and all its echoes mourn. Even minnows dwindle, A parvis fiunt Minimi. I fear to invite Mrs.

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Tuesday.

Dear Hood,

If I have any thing in my head, I will send it to Mr Watts. Strictly speaking he should have had my Album verses, but a very intimate friend importuned me for the trifles, and I believe I forgot Mr Watts, or lost sight at the time of his similar Souvenir. Jamieson conveyed the farce from me to Mrs C. Kemble, he will not be in town before the 27th Give our kind loves to all at Highgate, and tell them that we have finally torn ourselves out right away from Colebrooke, where I had no health, and are about to domiciliate for good at Enfield where I have experienced good.

Lord what good hours do we keep!
How ~~[illegible]~~ quietly we sleep!

See the rest in the Complete Angler. We have got our books into our new house. I am a drayhorse if was not ashamed of the indigested dirty lumber, as I toppled 'em out of the cart, and blest becky that came with 'em for her ~~[illegible]~~, having an ~~[illegible]~~ unstuff'd brain with such rubbish. We shall get in by Michael's mass. 'Twas with some pain we were cowls'd from Colebrook. You may find some of our flesh sticking to the door posts.

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To change habitations is to die to them, and in my time I have died seven deaths. But I dont know whether every such change does not bring with it a rejuveniscence. Tis an enterprise, and shows lack the sense of death's approximating; which tho' not terrible to me, is at all times particularly distasteful. My house-deaths have generally been periodical, recurring after seven years, but this last is premature by half that time. Cut off in the flower of Colebrook. The Middletonian stream and all its echoes mourn. Even minnows dwindle. Ai parvis fiunt minimi.

I fear to invite Mrs Hood to our new mansion, lest she envy it, & vote us. But when we are fairly in, I hope she will come & try it. I heard she & you were made uncomfortable by some unworthy to be cared for allarks, and have tried to set up a feeble counteraction thro' the Table Book of last Saturday. Has it not reached you, that you are silent about it?

Our new domicile is no manor house, but new, & externally not inviting, but furnish'd within with every convenience. Capital new locks to every door, capital grates in every room, with nothing to pay for incoming, & the rent £10 less than the Islington one. It was built a few years since at £1100 expence,

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they tell me, & I perfectly believe it. And I get it for £35 exclusive of moderate taxes. We think ourselves most lucky. It is not our intention to abandon Regent Street, & West End perambulations (monastic & terrible thought!) but occasionally to breathe the fresher air of the metropolis. We shall put up a bed room or two (all we want) for occasional ex-rustication, where we shall visit, not be visited. Plays too will see, perhaps — our own. Urbani Sylvani, & Sylvan Urbanuses in turns. Courtiers for a spurt, then philosophers. Old homely telle-vrultes and learne-vrultes in the verdurous shades of Enfield, Liars again and mocking gibers in the coffee houses & resorts of London. What can a mortal desire more for his bi-parted nature?

O the curds & cream you shall eat with us here!
O the turtle soup and lobster sallads we shall devour with you there!
O the old books we shall peruse here!
O the new nonsense we shall trifle over there!
O Sir T. Browne! — here.
O Mr Hood & Mr Jerdan there.

time

C (urbanus) L (ofty anus (Elia ambo)) ——

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Inclosd are Verses which Emma sat down to write, her first, on the eve after your departure. Of course they are only for Mrs H's perusal. They will shew at least, that one of our

The Hoods
2 Robert Street
Adelphi
London

party is not willing to cut old friends. What to call 'em I don't know. Blank verse they are not, because of the rhymes — Rhymes they are not, because of the blank verse. Heroics they are not, because they are Lyric. Lyrics they are not, because of the Heroic measure. They must be call'd Emmaics.

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Hood to our new mansion, lest she should envy it and hate us. But when we are fairly in, I hope she will come and try it. I heard she and you were made uncomfortable by some unworthy to be cared for attacks, and have tried to set up a feeble counteraction through the Table Book of last Saturday. Has it not reached you, that you are silent about it? Our new domicile is no manor-house, but new, and externally not inviting, but furnished within with every convenience. Capital new locks to every door, capital grates in every room, with nothing to pay for incoming, and the rent £10 less than the Islington one. It was built a few years since for £1100 expense they tell me, and I perfectly believe it, and I get it for £35 exclusive of moderate taxes. It is not our intention to abandon Regent Street and West End perambulations (monastic and terrible thought!), but occasionally to breathe the fresher air of the Metropolis. We shall put up a bed-room or two (all we want) for occasional ex-rustication, where we shall visit, not be visited. Plays, too, *will* we see, perhaps our own, Urbani Sylvani, and Sylvanus Urbanuses in turns. Courtiers for a sport, then philosophers, old homely *tell*-truths, and *learn*-truths in the virtuous shades of Enfield. Liars again, and mocking gibers in the coffee-houses and resorts of London. And can a mortal desire more for his biparted nature?

"O, the curds and cream you shall eat with us here!
O, the turtle-soup and lobster-salads we shall devour with you there!
O, the old books we shall peruse here!
O, the new nonsense we shall trifle over there!
O, Sir T. Browne! here!
O, Mr. Hood, and Mr. Jerdan there!
"Thine, C (URBANUS) L (SYLVANUS) (ELIA AMBO.)"

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Enclosed are verses which Emma sat down to write, her first on the eve after your departure, of course they are only for Mrs. H.'s perusal. They will show at least that one of our party is not willing to cut old friends. What to call 'em I don't know. Blank verse they are not, because of the rhymes. Rhymes they are not, because of the blank verse. Heroics they are not, because they are lyric. Lyric they are not, because of the heroic measure. They must be called Emmaics.

The Hoods,
2 Robert Street,
Adelphi,
London.

The above letter is dated Tuesday, but it bears the post-stamp Sept. 18, 1827.

The following humorous epistle was addressed to us by Hood from Brighton.

25 King's Road, Brighton,
Mar. 21, 1828.

My dear Friend:

We got down here safe, but heartily tired—I think Jane the most fatigued of the two—and took up our quarters for the night at the Norfolk. The next morning to my own astonishment and my wife's, I got out and walked about a mile on the shingles, partly and against a strong wind which now and then had the best of me. Here we are now settled in a nice lively lodging—the sea fretting about 20 yards in front, and our *side* window looking down the road westward, and along the beach, where, at about 100 yards lies the wreck of a poor sloop that came ashore the night we arrived—nobody lost. She looks somewhat like the "atomies" in Surgeon's Hall, with her bare ribs and back-bone, and the waves come and spit at her, with incurable spite. We have had one warm beautiful day quite like summer with flies (the hack-flies) all about too; but to-day is cold—squally, with rain. The effect of the sea upon me is almost incredible, I have found some strength and much appetite already, though I have

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but sniffed the brine a single time. The warm bath has removed all my stiffness—an effect I anticipated from something that occurred in the coach. The approach to the coast, even at half-way had such an effect on the claret-jelly that it took away all *its stiffness*, and let it loose in Mrs. Hood's bag. "The regal purple stream" has caused some odd results. Made my watch a stop-watch by *gum*-ming up the works, glued Jane's pocket-book together; and fuddled a letter to Dr. Yates in such a style that I'm ashamed to deliver it. Pray don't let Mrs. Balmanno take any reproach to herself for the misconduct of her jelly—I suspect it was so glad to set off it didn't know whether it stood on its head or its heels. I rather think it was placed for safety bottom uppermost; I forgot to say that the jelly got into her purse and made all the money stick to it, an effect I shan't object to, if it prove permanent. Jane is delighted with Brighton, and wishes we could live there, regretting almost that I am not a boatman instead of an author. Perhaps when my pen breaks down I may retire here and set up a circulating library like Horace Smith.* I shall deliver your credentials to that gentleman to-morrow.

So far was written yesterday. I got up to-day ate a monstrous breakfast and took a walk, but could not fetch up Horace Smith's, for I set out along the beach, which being *shin*gle the fatigue was *double*. As yet I don't think I have any ankles. I don't bore myself yet with writing (don't tell Yates this) but amuse myself with watching the waves, or a sea-gull, or the progress of a fishing boat, matters trifling enough, but they afford speculation seemingly to a score old smocked, glazed-hatted, blue-breeched boatmen or fishermen before my windows, and why not to me? there is great pleasure in letting a busy restless mind lie fallow a little, and mine takes to its idleness very complacently. Jane murmurs, and wants books (scandal). *Her* mind is so used to be idle it requires a change. She takes to her victuals as well as I do, and has *such* a colour, particularly on her *chin!* Here is a look out of our window,† raging main and

* This alludes to Mr. Smith's numerous publications.

† Here in the original is a drawing of a large French window opening on a balcony with a view of the sea.—The remainder of the letter is written by Mrs. Hood.

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all—Jane made me draw it in my best style for your satisfaction. I leave to her the scraps to write upon, and subscribe myself with best regards to Mrs. Balmanno and yourself, my dear friend, yours very truly,

THOS. HOOD.

P. S. Mind and put on your hat when reading near the open window!

I must write a few lines my dear Mrs. Balmanno to give it under my hand that we are going on as well as your kind and friendly heart can wish. Hood has gained strength already far beyond my hopes when I set out, for I never saw him look so ill as he did during our journey, though he bore the fatigue of it pretty well; the weather is not *very* favourable, but we cannot expect it better in March. I am more reconciled to it as we live on the beach, in the very breath of the sea, and the window Hood has drawn, opens upon leads nearly as large as our drawing-room in Robert Street. I wish you were here within sound of these tumbling waves that I am now hearing, and enjoying the refreshing breeze which is now blowing in at our window. I am delighted with Brighton, which is saying much for it, as I had quite a prejudice against it from what I had heard before we came. I feel much stronger and better for the change, and enjoy it the more, I think, from the anxiety and fatigue I had before we came. Tell our kind friend Mr. Balmanno that my worst half is getting as impertinent as he is when he is quite well, and treats me with as much flippancy and scorn as Jenny Wren used to Cock Robin when she got well and "stood upon her feet." My paper warns me to quit. Pray let us hear from you, and soon. Give my kindest regards to Mr. B., and with love to yourself, I am, my dear friend,

Yours affectionately,

JANE HOOD.

There is such a glorious sunset!

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The following is from Hood, a few weeks later.

25 King's Road, Brighton,
24 March, 1828.

Many thanks my dear Balmanno for your very welcome letter—a treat even when letters are numerous, for almost every house has a *bill* on the window. Along with yours came a lot of others like an archangel mail just *thawed*—and they served very much to relish my breakfast. Literary Gazette, too, was a God-send, particularly as we afterwards exchanged it, or the reading of it, for the perusal of the Times, with our fellow-lodger. I had among the rest an epistle from W. Cooke, and one from Ackermann recommending me to try Mahomet's vapour baths here—that damn'd C. Croker certainly put him up to it. But I trust I know better than to trust my carcase to the Infidel. I might get into his hot-well and come out a *Muscleman*. The hot brine of the *Artillery* Baths (so called, I suppose, because they heat water for Perkins and his steam guns) has done more good for me; taken the stiffness out of my limbs, but my ankles still suffer from a very *strong weak*ness. Thank God, I have found out that I have a stomach; from the former state of my appetite I seem now to have *three*, like a camel; and when the loaf comes up, I take off a very large *impression*. For example, I have eaten to-day for dinner, a turbot, a tart, and a tough old fowl that nothing but a coast appetite would venture on. But on the beach you may munch any thing, even an old superannuated fisherman. I called on Horace Smith yesterday, but he was out; to-day I have had better luck, though he was out still, for we met at his door, and I gave him your letter on the steps. I was delighted with him and with *her*. He was all that is kind and gentlemanly, and I shall break through my resolution and take a family dinner with them, though I had vowed to accept no such invitations. I hope that he and I are to be quite thick ere I leave—if such a stick as I may be *thick* with any one. Mrs. Smith is an invalid on the sofa, and she and I regard each other I believe, with fellow interest on that account; I was taken with her very much, and with the little girl too, who seems destined to make hearts

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ache hereafter. She has all the blossom of a beauty about her. There were some grown-up misses making a call, so that we had not our visit all to ourselves, but Smith and I contrived to gossip; he calls here to-morrow. I should have liked to make one at Green's. Your account of it is very amusing. Your meeting with Reynolds pleases me much, and your liking of him, which I find is reciprocated on his part. I trust you will sometimes meet in Robert Street, if there still be such a place. We are to be up at the Golden Square party, or rather I am to be up to everything on Thursday, and we shall meet in the evening of that day. Don't you think a crowded assembly may have all the effect of a *hot-air bath?* But the real thing is Brighton. C. C. did not give it a fair trial, he was only sham-shampooed and dived not into the bath, but the bathos. The fact is, he mistakes his complaint—he keeps his room and calls it *room*-atism; no man who pretends to such an affliction should lay claim to Fairy *Leg*-ends.

I am much amused with a squad of mer-men before the window—I observe they never walk more than eight paces on end—and then "bock again" all things by *turns* and nothing *long*. They seem like old duellists so accustomed to that measure of ground that they can't help it. To-day has been beautifully fine; sunshine and a fresh breeze; luckily all the winds have been from South and West—great *points* in my favour and quite "equal to bespoke." I watch over the expanses, and Jane over the expenses, so that I am more careless than cureless, and enjoy myself as though there were no *Tilts** in being. I hear the waves constantly like "wood-peckers tapping" the hollow beach. Jane says there is something solemn and religious in its music, and to be sure, the sea is the *Psalter* element. Besides my warm baths, in hobbling along the beach a great surge gave me an extempore *foam*entation of the feet and ankles, so that I have tried the cold bath also. But we have not had any Elizabethan sea, that is in the *ruff* state, though we have violently desired to see a storm, and a wreck, a pleasure admirably described by Lucretius—

* His publisher.

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"'Tis sweet to stand by good dry land surrounded,
And see a dozen of poor seamen drownded."

In the meanwhile Jane has picked up three oyster-shells and a drowned nettle as marine curiosities—also a jelly fish, but she fears it will melt in her bag and spoil more watches. She enjoys everything akin to the sea, even our little *moreen* curtains, and swears that Ossian's poems are nothing to *Ocean's*. She is only astonished to find *sheep* in the *Downs* instead of ships. With great labour I have taught her to know a sloop from a frigate, but she still calls masts *masks*. Pray tell Mrs. B. that Mrs. H. will write to her to-morrow if the tide comes in—it is at present low water with her ideas. The fact is she gets fat and *idle*, but she was always *idol*ized. The Fairy Legends she has perused (borrowed of Moxon) but don't send her any books here, as it will be more kindness thrown away. I have offered to get Whims and Oddities for her at the Library, but she says she wishes for something lighter and newer. She has over-fed herself like the bull-finch, and I am persuaded can't read. Pray give my kind regards to Mrs. Balmanno with my best thanks for all her good wishes, though she may suffer by the fulfilment, as I am regaining my impertinence, the tide is coming in, and the post going out, so I must shorten sail. It is lucky for you we stay but a week, or you would find our *post* quite an *impost*. Thanks for the *frank*ness of yours, we don't hold them *cheap*ly notwithstanding. I am, my dear Balmanno, yours very sincerely,

THOMAS HOOD.

The above letter is an excellent specimen of Hood's bantering style towards the wife he so fondly loved and trusted in. Sometimes, perhaps, the jest was pointed a *little* too keenly, but never did the sweet face or gentle voice of Mrs. Hood betray anything like cloud or exasperation, even when put to tests which would have proved eminently trying to the female patience of many modern Griseldas.

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LETTER FROM HOOD TO SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"31 KING'S ROAD, BRIGHTON,
"SUNDAY MORNING, Nov. 16, 1828.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"There are some sketches of Brighton (in Cooke's copper), and I have undertaken to scribble some notes on the margin of the sea. To this end, I am enjoying the breezes which I inh-*ale* like a sea-*sider*, looking over a prospect that, in its calm, reminds me of a sea-*peace* by Vandervelde, and in its shingles, of *Beechey*. It is now like royal Bessie in its *rough*: and the wind, that great *raiser* of waves, is accompanied by a suitable *lather* on Neptune's face. It is, besides, high-water—or more properly high *waiter*, for the tide *serves at the Bar*, and there is a great influx of the weeds that grow in 'the Garden of the Gull,' i. e., *Sea Gull*. Afar off, a lonely vessel is tumbling about, and observe there the goodness of Providence, that the rougher the storm, the better the vessel is *pitched*, while here and there in the foreground, may be seen what Molière with his French inversion would call a *Tar-tough*. The skeleton of a lost Brig, like the bones of a sea monster, lies at the extreme left. I am told by the Brighton people that ship disasters are not uncommon here, they have often had *Georgius Rex*. You will understand, Sir, from this sample, that my Guide will be unserious chiefly; but I contemplate a *graver* description of the Pavilion provided I can gain entrance to the interior, which I understand is more difficult than aforetime. In a conversation with Mr. Balmanno, it occurred to me, however, that you could put me in the way, for I do not even know the proper quarter to apply to amongst the *Chain Piers*, but, of course, not Captain Brown's. I have spent some time in making up my mind to trouble you on this *subject* or *head*, considering how many better ones engage you. But pray *frame* some excuse for my freedom, which originates in my reliance on your kindly feeling towards me.

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I have no doubt but that you can at any rate direct me how to get access, and even that will *accessively* oblige,

"My dear Sir,

"Yours very respectfully,

"THOMAS HOOD.

"Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.
"&c., &c., &c."

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MRS. COWDEN CLARKE.

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TO MRS. COWDEN CLARKE.

WHO SPENT TWELVE YEARS IN COMPILING HER
"CONCORDANCE TO SHAKESPEARE."



AIR Vot'ress
at great Shakespeare's shrine,
Who, echoing every word and line,
A follower in his steps divine,
Adorable and bright!
Still basking in the hallowed beam,
Still bathing in the living stream,
Till twelve full years, passed like a dream,
Had vanished out of sight.





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Oh! wondrous love, with power combined!
Thrice noble constancy of mind!
A worship, ardent and refined
As aught on earth we know.
Lady, to thee may spirits fair
From Shakespeare's self sweet greetings bear,
Warbled amid the fragrant air
Where early violets blow.

While fairies leap from bud and bell,
Light dancing to the unseen swell
Whose soft aerial numbers tell
Of fairer worlds than ours:
Where genius still with upward flight
Soars ever nearer to the light,
Strong in its proud immortal right
Of higher aims and powers.





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So highly gratified were the people of America with Mrs. Clarke's Concordance to Shakespeare, that a subscription was set on foot a few years ago, to present her with a fitting testimonial of gratitude in the shape of a magnificent Library Chair, constructed of rosewood, and beautifully carved with emblems of Shakespeare. Subscriptions came in from eighteen different States of the Union, amounting to four hundred dollars. The chair was presented by the Hon. Abbot Lawrence, then American Minister in London. It must have been very gratifying to this lovely and accomplished lady, to receive such an unexpected compliment from a distant land—particularly as it was accompanied by the letters which transmitted the subscriptions. The following is a copy of that written by the Hon. Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, in answer to one soliciting him to head the subscription with his distinguished name:—

"WASHINGTON, July 11th, 1851.

"DEAR SIR,

"I had the pleasure of receiving your highly valued letter of the 19th of last month, at the moment of leaving this city for a visit to Virginia. On my return I looked up the letter, but do not find the circular. I shall most heartily concur, my dear sir, in a testimonial of approbation to the lady to whom you refer, and am quite ready to sign the subscription, first, or last, or anywhere. Her work is a perfect wonder, surprisingly full and accurate, and exhibiting proof of unexampled labour and patience. She has treasured up every word of Shakespeare, as if he were her lover and she were his. I expect to be at the Astor House, about the middle of next month. Pray give me an opportunity to place my name among the contributors to the Testimonial. I am, dear sir, yours with entire regard,

"DANIEL WEBSTER.

"P. S.—Of those of my personal friends who know Shakespeare best and admire him most, is Mrs. Edward Curtis, of your city. She first made me acquainted with this admirable Concordance, and I pray you to give her an opportunity of signifying her exalted opinion of it by subscribing to the testimonial."

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The above engraving may serve to convey some idea of this well-deserved and appropriate tribute, at once honourable to the givers and the receiver. To the combined taste of Mrs. Curtis and Mrs. Webster must be attributed much of its richness of effect, since to those ladies is owing the selection of the magnificent gold-coloured brocade which forms so happy a contrast to the sombre hue of the rosewood carvings of the surrounding frame-work.

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TO MRS. COWDEN CLARKE.

All honour to the lady fair
Who honours thus the Shakespeare chair.
May all her days speed on with joy—
No sorrow wound, no care annoy;
May sunrise find her bright and happy—
The moonrise snug, composed, and nappy;
And may each thought, as on it flows,
Call forth a laurel or a rose,
Till a bright chaplet, fading never,
Entwines around her brow for ever.
Such are the wishes, frank and free,
From the blest land of Liberty
Sent to the gracious lady fair
Who honours thus the Shakespeare chair.





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BELL'S STATUETTE OF SHAKESPEARE.

Among the innumerable objects which adorn the world of Art, Mr. John Bell's Statuette of Shakespeare is fully entitled to a high pre-eminence. The figure is eighteen inches high, and of the material called Parian. The poet is represented in the dress of the period in which he lived. The aspect is calm and contemplative, and of an inconceivable grace and dignity. This lovely chef-d'œuvre, when viewed partially, but not quite in profile, with the light descending on the features, is exquisite; full of purity and repose, it gives the idea of a mighty mind concentrated in its own imaginings; impressing on the beholder, that he has before him a reflection from the actual spirit of Shakespeare. A soul breathes through the marble, thus realizing the noblest effort of the artist, an effort whose attainment gives the stamp of true genius to his work, and especially hallows the Sculptor's art. To a devout worshipper of the immortal Bard, the effect produced by this mind-breathing form and face, is like that experienced by a lover when gazing on the highly finished miniature of

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his mistress. It haunts his imagination when the object is no longer visible—rises unbidden in the silence of his solitary hours, to return again and again, a "thing of beauty and a happiness forever." Such is the effect produced by this eminent sculptor's statuette of Shakespeare.

A lady, to whom the lovers of Shakespeare are under greater obligations than to all the commentators and emendators put together, thus writes, on receiving a small daguerreotype taken from the statuette by Mr. Gabriel Harrison of Brooklyn:

"On my return from our visit to Ugbrook Park, I found the dainty little packet containing the elegant gift, that exquisite daguerreotype of Shakespeare, in its beautiful case. We all agree that we have not seen a more tasteful thing altogether, for many a long day. The more I look at this charming little daguerreotype figure, the more I admire it. It is so beautifully simple in attitude, so easy in dress, so Shakespearean in short. The droop of the head thoughtful and reposeful, bringing into prominence the broad expansive forehead, suggests intellectual supremacy better than all the upturned looks and eyes cast to heaven, that were ever invented by the Frenchy imagination of a Roubilliac to represent ideality. Poetic reverie does not take a displayful and commonplace air. When William Shakespeare wrote his great creations, we do not fancy him holding a pencil to his brow, after the manner of a melodramatic actor. In the lovely little portrait of him that now lies before me, we may picture him to ourselves as just pausing in one of his field strolls around green Stratford-on-Avon, and pondering some suddenly conceived thought or fresh inspired scene. The very closure of the hand has eloquence in it."

The writer of this eulogium is Mary Cowden Clarke, authoress of that invaluable work the Concordance to Shakespeare, a work of immense labour, which nothing but an enthusiastic love and perseverance could have accomplished. Twelve long years did this lady occupy on the work, and four more in correcting the press. Notwithstanding its vast amount of matter, its accuracy is unrivalled, not one erratum is to be found from beginning to end.

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THOMAS CROFTON CROKER.



THE "Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland," have made the name of their author known throughout the world. By his lamented death, Ireland has lost one of her most gifted sons; her fairy-lore and ancient traditions, their most eloquent narrator; one, who bringing to the task the stores of a highly cultivated mind, the brilliant glow of a most vivid imagination, and the fervid warmth of a gay and generous heart, accomplished it in a manner

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which at once placed him amongst the most popular writers of the present day.

But, while the reading world regret the loss of the lively and graphic author, who delighted them with his racy anecdotes, and inimitable delineations of the rough emeralds of his native isle, their superstitions, and their drolleries, with here and there a touch that kindles deeper feelings, there are others, who though not allied to him by the ties of blood, lament him as the beloved, the generous, the ever faithful friend; by them his loss is felt to be irreparable, and mourned with an honest sorrow proportionate to his many admirable qualities and virtues. Memory loves to recal him in his brightest days, the time of vigour, of vividness, and of hope. In those days when in the society of L. E. L., Miss Roberts, Keightley, Lemon, W. H. Brooke, and a host of others, his contemporaries in literature and art, his brilliant dark eyes dancing in light, as he described some incredible feat or shrewdly turned repartee of his witty and light-hearted countrymen, his own spirit the most buoyant of them all. How well he described these things! How delightful to listen to his recitals! Full of ardour and genius, replete with all the bright imaginings that wait on a vivacious temperament, and with the first bloom of successful authorship hanging fresh about him, he was then entering life under the happiest auspices, his presence, infectious of joy, diffusing pleasure wherever he came, while a rich vein of humour, conversation of infinite variety, and an ardent, earnest manner, lent a charm to every endowment.

Mr. Croker, like his celebrated countryman "Moore," was small in stature, with a countenance full of fire and sweetness. Then, what a laugh—there rang in its joyous sound, the musical cheer of a whole battalion of fairies! What dark, radiant eyes! flashing and sparkling with every variation of mood; their light, even when the lids were lowered, shining between the long curled lashes. Sir Walter Scott, struck with these beautiful eyes, likened them to those of a hawk. To these natural attractions was added a complexion glowing with the tints of youth and health, the bright suffusion that comes and goes so readily with every emotion, and which we look for in vain in ma-

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turer years. An elderly friend, whose pale face, interlined with care and thought, presented a marked contrast, one night at a party whispered to his neighbour with a sigh, as he gazed on Croker's animated countenance: "My God! what a colour that young creature has got! and his eyes! they actually shoot fire!"

Our acquaintance with Mr. Croker commenced soon after the appearance of his first two volumes of Fairy Legends; in consequence of sending him a story told to us by Fuseli, to whom it had been related by Captain Steadman, author of the History of Surinam, as a circumstance that had actually come under his own observation while on his way to a literary dinner party, which Mr. Joseph Johnson, formerly a well-known bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard, was for a great number of years in the habit of giving every Friday to authors and artists. It was at his house, during the wearisome ten minutes which usually precede the announcement of dinner, that the captain poured into the attentive ear of the marvel-loving Fuseli, the following story of the little Fairy-man:

"On my way from Turnham-Green to town this morning, while seated in a corner of the stage, which was rumbling along at its usual rate, and contained several persons besides myself, a strange sort of noise in the air made me look out of the window, when, what should I see, but a little withered old man about two feet high, in scarlet coat, and cocked hat, with a gold-headed cane in his hand, which he swished about, making a great cloud of dust—striding along the footpath at such a pace as to keep up with the stage, whose passengers crowding to the window, gazed upon him in a state of stupefaction. Although so little, he was very well made, and seemed to know it, carrying himself in a military manner, and with that swinging stride peculiar to soldiers; his face was all puckered up, and his eyes standing out like those of a lobster; he stared at us, quite as much as we did at him, and seemed now and then to bid us defiance by twirling his mustachios—and looking as if he could devour us. All at once, he stepped out at such a pace, that, by Jove, in less than a minute he had outwalked the coach, and left us behind, hardly knowing whether to believe the evidence of our senses or not. At last, when opposite the

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well-known green lane leading up to Holland House, he whisked into it, and we lost sight of him altogether, for though the stage passed the entrance of the lane directly afterwards, and every eye was fixed upon it, endeavouring to get another glimpse of his figure, we never again caught sight of the little fellow." Ridiculous as this story may appear, Captain Steadman always vouched for its truth, declaring, even to his dying day, that he had actually seen this little military apparition; and what makes the assertion more remarkable is, that the alleged circumstance was related by the captain to Fuseli *before* dinner, instead of *after*.

The transmission of this story to Mr. Croker laid the foundation of a friendship which after remaining unbroken for more than thirty years, has only been severed by death. During its continuance, much interesting correspondence has taken place, chiefly relative to those antiquarian pursuits in which Mr. Croker so much delighted, and which he has often told us commenced when quite a child, his sister being an enthusiastic sharer with him in all his juvenile efforts. A little anecdote is related of her in an article which appeared in the Dublin University Magazine, showing the zeal with which she endeavoured to aid him in forming his first collection: "On being shown some toy which interested her, and which she considered curious, she exclaimed: 'Oh! give me that, sir, for my brother; he is *such* an antiquarian.'" In his pedestrian excursions through the south of Ireland Mr. Croker not only gathered the materials for the "Fairy Legends" which made his name at once so deservedly popular, but also enriched the musical world, by bringing to its notice a great number of beautiful ancient Irish airs, besides making numerous excellent drawings and sketches. Moore alludes to Mr. Croker when, in a note to his seventh number of Irish melodies, he says:— "One gentleman in particular, whose name I shall feel happy in being allowed to mention, has not only sent us nearly forty ancient airs, but has communicated many curious fragments of Irish poetry, and some interesting traditions current in the country where he resides, illustrated by sketches of the romantic scenery to which they refer; all of which, though too late for the present number, will be of infinite service to us in the prosecution of our task."

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From the west of his native county, Cork, Mr. Croker procured the Irish melody to which Haynes Bayley afterwards wrote his song of "Oh no, we never mention her," and with that generosity which was one of his main characteristics, continually lavished on his friends with warm-hearted carelessness the treasures gathered by himself with so much toil and research, and which more selfish natures would have scrupulously hoarded to enrich themselves.

Throughout his life Mr. Croker united in himself Author, Antiquary, and Artist, the latter as an amateur, yet to sketch beautifully, seemed to him as easy as to write; his aptness in this respect, forming a never failing source of delight to his friends and correspondents.

Mr. Croker was extremely fond of children, with whom he indulged in a thousand freaks and gambols playful as their own: as a matter of course, they were invariably delighted whenever he came amongst them, his visits being made occasions of little festivals got up expressly in his honour; all sorts of innocent artifices being resorted to in order to gain him for their own especial guest. Often has he described the joyful shout of childish voices which, in one family with whom he was intimate, but from whom his residence was at some little distance, always heralded his arrival; watchers behind the trees giving notice of the first glimpse of his approach to others, who, leaping suddenly upon him, would cling like bees, only to be shaken off by the pretext of *great weakness* which caused a sudden prostration and a general roll-over on the grass. The following account of his good-humoured acceptance of the favours of his juvenile admirers, is told by a lady in her "Souvenirs of a Summer in Germany." "How we used, when we expected a visit from Crofton Croker, to search 'the twisted brake and bushy dell' in quest of his favourite flower, the graceful bindweed. Many a pinafore was rent in that cause, and many a stitch did it cost the grumbling Abigail to repair the damage; but little was that cared for, while the long wreaths were brought in triumph and the guest made to sit on a mossy stone, or trunk of a tree, until the curling tendrils and snowy bells were wound round his straw hat; and then, our holiday gala in the

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garden summer-house; that memorable day when, in reply to an invitation written in a large hand on the leaf of a copy-book, and duly despatched to 'Crofton Croker, Esq., the Rookery,' he came at the juvenile hour of six; how good-humouredly he drank the said tea out of a set of tiny cups and saucers that would have suited his own Titania and Oberon; and how he delighted our young hearts afterwards by making sketches of his beloved Black-rock Castle on his thumb nail, or else drawing pictures for us with a pencil made of burnt paper and candle grease. Very soft and pretty these were; by the way, I have one of them still, a moonlight scene, which I would not part with for the world."

This love of children never deserted him; he entered into their amusements with as much zest, and brought forth his talents for their gratification with as much good-will, when Time had transformed him into a sedate gentleman with gouty toe, seated in his tapestried library, as he had done in the merry time of youth, crowned with flowers in the rural summer-house, and waited on by children whose little hearts he had made so happy. In those gay days of legend-hunting and fairy snatching, when prowling by day and night among lonely castles and desolate mountains, gathering their dim superstitions, and redeeming from oblivion their ancient traditions and floating melodies, some of the happiest and brightest hours of his life were passed; every feeling enlisted in the cause, every vivacious element of his nature attracting corresponding qualities from all around, that forming themselves into shape sprang forth, as visible embodiments of the spirits of his native land. Joyously they arose at his call, little men and women no bigger than a span long. Cluricaunes and Shefroes; Phookas and Merrows; Pucks and Banshees. Sprites, for the most part, of the mirthful order—real Irish fairies—tender and pugnacious, that spoke with the brogue, danced Irish jigs—Planxties and Rincas—drank potheen, gave battle or made love, and indulged in all the comforts and diversions peculiar to the national temperature, with an exuberance of frantic drollery, which made them at once favourites with all the world, and gave them, with their author, a pleasant place in everybody's bosom, not only for their

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own sakes, but for that of the beautiful land whose ancient memories they so happily illustrated.

In one of the most delightful of these excursions, during the summer of 1821, Mr. Croker was accompanied by Mr. Alfred Nicholson and his sister Marianne, a young lady of great wit, talent, and amiability, who afterwards became the wife of Mr. Croker. In a drawing made at that time by her brother, she is represented seated on an Irish jaunting car drawn by a ragged-looking horse, her two companions perched in a precarious manner on the narrow seats of the vehicle, and the driver urging on the horse over a most wild and uneven piece of road.

This tour, which extended over part of the counties of Cork, Waterford, and Limerick, furnished subjects for a quarto volume, the united products of their literary and artistic efforts. Miss Nicholson contributing some exquisite sketches for the work, worthy even of the pencil of her father, who in his day was justly considered one of the best water-colour painters in England, and the founder of the Art.

Their adventures among mountains and bogs, when benighted, or having lost their way, Mr. Croker declared, might have furnished laughter for a month, and doubtless afforded many mirthful recollections for them at a subsequent period when seated by their own fireside, doubly pleasant then, to recal the odd predicaments in which they had been placed, and the strange and amusing characters they had encountered during their gipseying sojourn in Ireland.

From early youth, through the period of manhood, and those declining years to which death has now set his seal, the career of Mr. Croker was alike brilliant, fortunate, and honourable. Firm in his friendships, upright in principle and conduct, in his nature most generous and affectionate, his absence to those who loved him is a light withdrawn—a blank to which recollection brings the painful thought—we shall see him no more, his warm heart will never beat again.

By his marriage with Miss Nicholson, Mr. Croker leaves an only son, Mr. Dillon Croker, now about twenty-four years of age, who, inheriting from his parents a taste for literature and the arts, is himself

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an author, one of those, who from early childhood has been accustomed to express his thoughts with an originality and vigour that are at once the omens and elements of future fame. In mentioning him it is almost impossible to avoid reverting to the fervent and tender manner in which Mr. Croker always expressed himself regarding this beloved son, who seems to have been cherished in his inmost heart, as the dearest treasure he possessed.

Mr. Croker, who during the whole of his life, was a collector of rare and curious things, delighted in adorning his dwelling with the fragments and relics he had accumulated. His walls were covered with tapestry, old paintings, armour and weapons. His tables and cabinets with an array of antique wonders the most varied and interesting that can be imagined, all arranged with the most exquisite taste; old books, old rings, old carvings—jewels of silver, and jewels of gold; torques and bracelets, goldsmith's work of wondrous design and execution, vases, antique seals, coins, and charter-horns; all with histories, linked to traditions infinite, and anecdotes without end.

Among them, there was one old relic especially dear to its owner; he called it, and considered it to be Shakespeare's betrothal-ring, "The Gimmel-ring," which had been placed by the bard's own hand upon the finger of his betrothed bride Anne Hathaway.

In a letter to us, dated 1st December, 1848, he says:

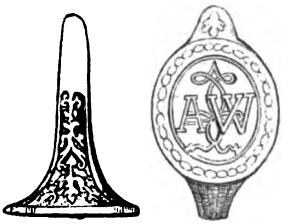
"I intend to seal this letter with my Shakespeare's betrothing ring, in Elizabethan phrase, 'Gimmel ring.' The evidence upon which its appropriation rests is now as clear as extraordinary. If you have not Fairholt's charming little half-crown book illustrative of Shakespeare's life, I will send it you, and in it see the representation of the piece of painted glass from Shakespeare's residence at New Place. Then see the ring engraved in Halliwell's Life of Shakespeare, and finally hear what can be said upon the heraldry of true-lovers' knots from the time of the 8th Harry to that of James the Scot. These make out my case.

"The ring itself came into my possession at Gloucester by the merest chance, with another of Roman workmanship which I then considered to be the most valuable of the two. Both were bought

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for something less than one sovereign, and now, by the gods, I would not take a hundred for that I then thought the least worthy. So much for being half an hour too soon for a railway train."

The ring which had been purchased at Gloucester by Mr. Croker, was entirely formed of silver-gilt, engraved with the letters W A, interlaced by a true-lover's knot of two twists or ties; this ring was said to have been found at Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. Croker, in producing it before the Society of Antiquaries, observed that there could be no doubt that this ring belonged to the Elizabethan period; and the device upon it showed that it was a gimmel or betrothing ring.



The custom of betrothment before marriage was considered, in the time of Elizabeth, a ceremony nearly as solemn as that of marriage. A ring called a gimmel-ring, or a crooked piece of coin, was broken between the contracting parties, or their parents or representatives, and rings were interchanged; and the sacrament was sometimes taken previous to such betrothment, or when the betrothing parties were considered too young to be partakers of the holy communion, they pledged their faith in cake and wine. The betrothment was recorded, and the marriage ceremony was delayed only until circumstances rendered it convenient or desirable that it should take place.

Shakespeare has made the priest in Twelfth Night thus describe a betrothment—

> "A contract of eternal bond of love,
> Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,
> Attested by the holy close of lips,
> Strengthened by interchangement of your rings."

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As regards the single, double, and triple ties of true lovers' knots, Mr. Croker adds: "There was a meaning in the single tie, or Stafford-knot, of an entanglement of the affections, or a declaration of love; which, when the betrothment took place between the two parties mainly concerned, became doubled for the vow of faithfulness; when no cohabitation followed, the tassels or ends of the knots were set wide apart; but when (as in the case of Mr. Wheeler's so-called Shakespeare's ring) cohabitation before marriage had occurred, the tassels were brought together, and the knot issued from the form of a heart. And subsequent to marriage, if the device of a true-lover's knot was continued, the tassels became united after forming a triple tie. This triple tie, we are told, was the ordinary symbol among the northern nations of love, faith, and friendship. Gay alludes to the popular notion when he says—

> "Three times a true-lover's knot I tie secure;
> Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure."

It now remains to be shown in what way the ring bearing the initials W A can be conjecturally connected with Shakespeare.

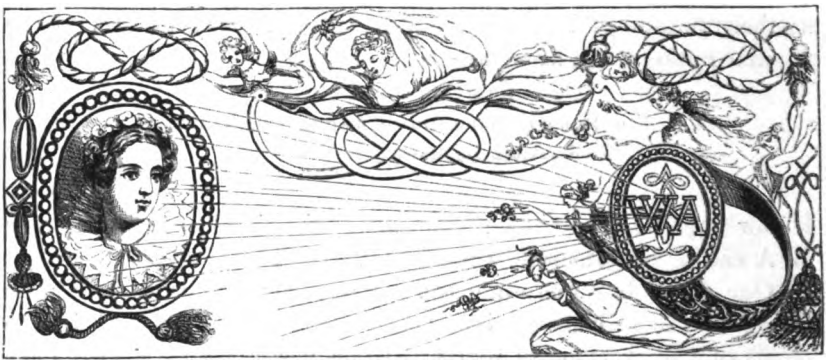
One of the best authenticated relics of our immortal bard with which we are acquainted is the pane of glass represented in the Home of "Shakespeare," illustrated and described by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A., where the initials appear tied in a true-lover's knot of three ties and one tassel. Mr. Fairholt tells the history of this piece of painted glass and its connexion with New Place so clearly that no question has been raised respecting it.

In Mr. Halliwell's Life of Shakespeare, an engraving of the ring found at Stratford-on-Avon in the possession of Mr. Wheeler, and supposed to have belonged to Shakespeare, is given. It has the letters W T, tied by a true-lover's knot of two ties issuing from a heart, the tassels nearly meeting. In respect to the manufacture and engraving, it closely resembles the one in Mr. Croker's possession, except that the latter is of superior workmanship. As in the case of contracting parties, the Christian names alone were used, it be-

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comes probable that W and A were those of William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway upon betrothment, which, after cohabitation, were exchanged to W S, and upon marriage restored to $\frac{S}{W}\ A$, a mode of marking the plate and linen of married persons not yet quite obsolete. At the sale of Mr. Croker's effects in December, 1854, this Shakespeare ring was purchased by Mr. Halliwell.

When Mr. Croker first sent us an account of this curious old love-token, with the account of the manner in which it was discovered by him, we sent him the following verses, inserted here solely from the circumstance of having for their heroine the bride of Shakespeare.



SHAKESPEARE'S GIMMEL-RING.

I.

YE fairies come from bosk and brake,
Where'er the sun hath smiled,
And every bird that loves to make
Sweet music glad and wild.

II.

Awake! awake! each lovely thing,
In earth or air that dwells,
To welcome Shakespeare's Gimmel-ring
Fraught with a thousand spells.

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III.

Ye rays of light! around it gleam,
Till mirror-like it show
The maid who charmed his fancy's dream,
Three hundred years ago.

IV.

She comes! no dame in stiff brocade,
With high and haughty mien;
But fresh and fair, a village maid,
Light dancing on the green.

V.

Her sunny hair with roses bound,
Oh! who so blithe and gay
'Mong England's maidens might be found
As Anna Hathaway?

VI.

The light of love is on her cheek
And swiftly glancing eye,
Its resting place not far to seek,
For Shakespeare's self is nigh.

VII.

Apart in blissful reverie
'Neath summer boughs he lies,
Listening the murmuring melody
That fills the earth and skies;

VIII.

With thoughts that wildly raptured stray,
As fades the setting sun,
And the lone nightingale's sweet lay
Is in the woods begun.

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IX.

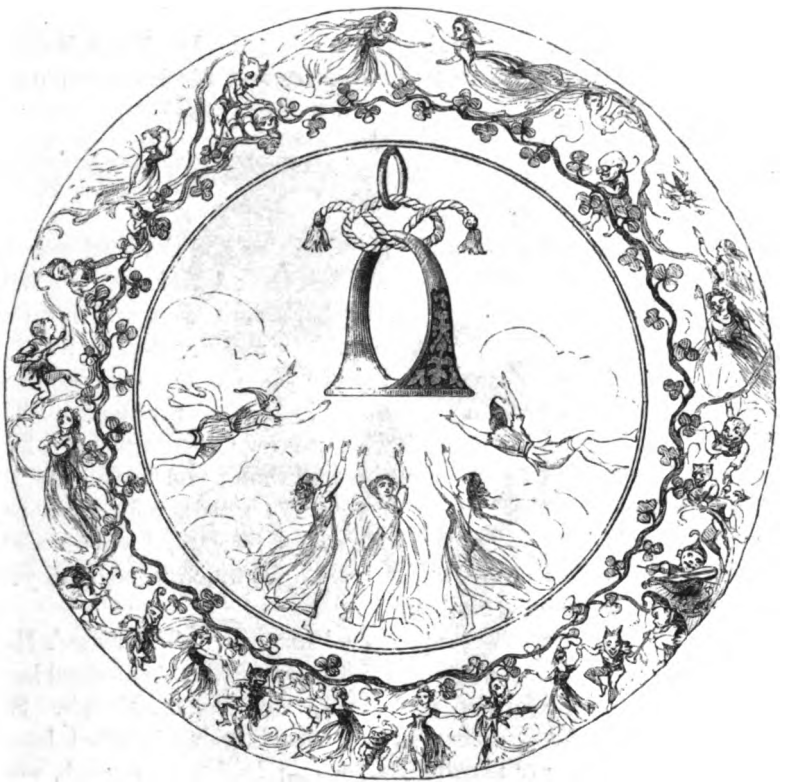
From such sweet musing see him start,
The boughs are drawn aside;
He clasps the maiden of his heart,
His long-loved promised bride.



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X.

Sylphs, elves, and fays in sportive round,
Flowers and sweet odours bring,
And the betrothal vows are crowned
With Shakespeare's Gimmel-ring.



XI.

That pledge to every fairy dear,
Their last bequest hath been
Unto the favoured chronicler,*
Who hath their revels seen.

* Thomas Crofton Croker, Esq.

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XII.

Long live the ring, and long may he,
If so the fairies will,
Charm worlds that are, and worlds to be,
With Fairy Legends still.

From a mass of correspondence we select the last letter Mr. Croker ever wrote, as a close to the reminiscences his lamented death has awakened.

"3 GLOUCESTER ROAD, OLD BROMPTON,
"LONDON, July 21, 1854.

"MY DEAR BALMANNO:

"Surely I must have acknowledged to you and thanked you for all the trouble you have taken on my account; but I may not have done so, in consequence of Mrs. Croker's dangerous and my own illness, probably produced by mere anxiety and developing itself in the shape of gout, so sharp that I have been able to do nothing, and am obliged to trust a servant to look after my papers. The whistle I received, and delivered with my own hands to Lord Londesborough, who said he would write and thank you for it; but the death of a favourite child a day or two afterwards, may have prevented his lordship from having done so. I forwarded your note to Halliwell, but I have not seen him since. So much in reply to your letter, or rather note of June 13.

"Since the 25th of May, a professed nurse from St. George's Hospital, has been in attendance on Mrs. Croker, with two medical men, Mr. Hewitt, from the former, and Mr. Rouse, from St. Mark's. She certainly has improved under their care, and to-day is lifted into a carriage to seek out my friend Prior, whom I wish to consult upon my case, which I fear will require a powerful operation. And after I see him, I will hear what Sir William Burnet says to the *Prior* statement. Forgive the pun; but it is well even to be able to smile at one's own painful statement of facts. I have made my will to-day, in which I have left tokens of acknowledgment to you and Mrs. Balmanno, scarcely worth your acceptance perhaps, and what

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poor facetious 'Dick Millikin,' of Cork, was wont to term 'Maymen-too-more-eye.' To return to self, I expect at three to-day, a consultation of two surgeons, and a physician upon my own case, and so scribble this in idleness to you. From my excellent wife I have, of course, concealed (in her delicate state of health) the worst, although I cannot help anticipating it myself, *and that this may be the last letter* I may have it in my power to write to any one. Permit me, therefore, my dear friend, to say God bless you and Mrs. Balmanno, your exemplary wife, and your boys; and to assure you how sincerely I shall remain to the last, yours, T. Crofton Croker. Pray write to me again."

This letter affected us deeply, yet we hoped—in vain; it was indeed his last letter, the answer to which, although despatched immediately, never reached him, he having died two days before its arrival. Mrs. Croker survived but a little while afterwards. The parting mementoes of regard which he mentions as having bequeathed to us, never arrived. They went down with the unfortunate Arctic, her ill-fated passengers, and crew.

On becoming acquainted with this event, Mr. Dillon Croker, anxious to fulfil as far as possible every wish of his father, presented to us a large piece of the Shakespeare Mulberry-tree, with a well authenticated history attached.

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MRS. RENWICK.



FEW things are more touching to contemplate than the bright and tranquil sunset of a well-spent life; when the virtues and graces which have marked its long career, settle brightly around its close, rendering its possessor honoured, and the home in which he dwells a centre of attraction to all who have the privilege of entering its charmed circle. Such was eminently the case with the beloved and revered Mrs. Renwick, a Scottish lady, the greater part of whose life was passed in the city of New York, where, up to the advanced age of seventy-seven, she adorned a high social position with all those qualities of heart and mind, all those sweet and captivating amenities of manner, which had, in her youth, when joined to great personal attractions, rendered her one of the most fascinating maidens of Annandale in Scotland. Her father was the Rev. Andrew Jeffrey, of Lochmaben in Dumfrieshire, at whose fireside, the bright blue eyes of his daughter, the young and blooming Jeanie Jeffrey, then only in her fifteenth year, attracted the beauty-loving eye of Burns, who under the impression they had produced upon his imagination, made her the subject of one of his sweetest songs—

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

I.

I gaed a waefu gate yestreen,
A gate I fear I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet e'en,
Twa lovely e'en sae bonnie blue.

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II.

'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips like roses, wet wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily-white,
It was her e'en sae bonnie blue.

III.

She talked, she smiled, my heart she wiled,
She charmed my soul, I wist na how,
And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
Came frae her e'en sae bonnie blue.

IV.

But spare to speak, and spare to speed,
She'll aiblins listen to my vow;
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa e'en sae bonnie blue.

This beautiful song, which will be admired so long as there is a lover of poetry in the world, excited no vanity in the gentle bosom of her who formed its theme; on the contrary, the extreme modesty of Mrs. Renwick's nature, made her shrink from the publicity thus acquired, and anxiously deprecate any idea of romance or heroineship being attached to her name, in connexion with the song to which her youthful charms had given rise: yet often in the familiar flow of friendly conversation has she described with feelings most pleasurable and animated, the universal joy which prevailed amongst the younger inmates of the Manse, herself included, when the step of their father's friend was heard at the door; the joyful enthusiasm which his appearance never failed to create, and then the hushed quietness on their part which succeeded his entrance; while with their creepies (little low foot-stools) drawn as closely round him as possible, they sat looking up into his face, listening to his eloquent words, and never weary of watching the changes of his varying countenance, and the sparkling flash of his glorious dark eyes, when

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kindling with his subject he gave the rein to his thoughts, and spoke well and nobly, like one inspired. Often have we heard this charming lady say that his powers of conversation were unequalled, feelings the most ardent, fancies the most brilliant, perpetually leaping forth, and rendering the commonest theme from his lips, full of newness and beauty. The pastor's hospitable fireside, independent of its own intrinsic charm, must for him have abounded in associations the most romantic. Marion Fairlie, the "Fairlie fair" of Scottish song, being the ancestress of Mrs. Jeffrey, who, herself, was the direct descendant of "Jonnie Armstrong," the famous free-booter, and had in her maiden days formed the theme of song as the "Nannie" of "Roslin Castle." The following letter from Mrs. Renwick to her sister Mrs. Jeffrey, of Canandaigua, N. Y., which through the kindness of William Jeffrey, Esq., son of that lady and nephew to Mrs. Renwick, is here permitted to appear, will doubtless be read with all the interest which its subjects cannot fail to inspire.

"New York, Nov. 13, 1838.

"My Dear Sister,

"Although our youngsters hold the pen of ready writers, and carry on a brisk correspondence, I am not willing that you and I should be entirely laid on the shelf, and as I am at present quite alone, I cannot spend an hour more pleasantly, than in writing you an account of our proceedings for the last four days. * * I am delighted with the hope of having a little of Sir Walter Scott's precious hair; will you say to Mr. Wood, with many thanks from me, that he must be so kind as to send it by mail, and not wait for a private opportunity. *It* is too valuable to be entrusted to anybody.

"An article in the Mirror induced me to procure and read Cunningham's Life of Burns, and I think it is, as I predicted, very inferior to that of my departed friend Dr. Currie; wanting sadly his delicacy and refinement. I can scarcely believe that Burns ever wrote the letter to Provost Maxwell; my dear father was never spoken of but with love and reverence, and he is mentioned as 'that veteran in religion and good fellowship, Mr. Jeffrey,' and Cunningham says, he

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received much information from his son Hugh Jeffrey. I never had a brother named Hugh, and my own three brothers were, William, at that time in the house of Sir Robert Herries in London, and who died many years after, their agent in Bruges. The second, Robert, was at the same period surgeon of the 'Sir Edward Hughes,' East Indiaman, on board of which vessel he died some time after. John, the third, your own excellent husband, was, you know, prosperous and happy beyond the common lot of man, until in the down-hill of life, misfortunes overtook him, which, as he looked on his beloved partner and nine infant children, broke his noble heart; so that at the period spoken of, fortune was using none of them 'hard and sharp.' As it respects the much quoted 'Blue-eyed Lassie,' (or 'Lass,' as Cunningham most unpoetically writes it), he says 'that the poet on a visit to King Bruce's Borough, drank tea and spent an evening at the Manse,' intimating that that was a solitary visit; and the statement altogether is incorrect. It was after dining in company with the poet, at the house of Mr. Nicol, who was living at Moffat for the benefit of his child's health, that Burns sent to me the two songs, 'Willy brew'd a peck of Maut,' and the 'Blue-eyed Lassie.' Mr. Nicol was the 'Willie,' whose 'maut got aboon the meal' that night with the poet. I was only then fifteen, and *sic a wee* bit lassie, that Burns danced out with me in his arms, and put me into the carriage to my father, singing 'Green grow the rashes O.'

"Poor, poor Burns! how often have I seen him in a cold winter's night, when he had been riding for hours over the moors and mosses after smugglers (what a task for such a spirit!) open our little parlour door and stalk in with his great lion-skin coat and fur-cap covered with snow, and his fine Newfoundland dog, Thurlow, at his side, looking stern and dour, as if at war with all the world; with what kindness he was welcomed by my dear parents, while my sister and self seated him in my mother's easy chair, brought dry slippers, and prepared for him a warm-comfortable cup of tea; then seating ourselves on our low creepies at his feet, watch his countenance brighten up into almost more than mortal beauty and intelligence, and listen to his inspired words, every one of which was absolute poetry. There

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is no event of my happy early days that I look back upon with such pride as having sat at the feet of such a man. He was, at the time I speak of, acting the part of an affectionate husband and father; and even envy never spoke evil of him at my father's fireside, and it was not until many years after, when I had long mixed with a hard-hearted world, that I ever imagined he could do, or had done wrong. So much has been said and written about that weary Blue-eyed Lassie, that I am tempted to give you, my dear sister, a copy of a much better one, which I believe has never been in any of the collections of Burns' works, and I cannot help thinking that the compliment in the last lines is worth more than all the other song.

"Now my sister, if you can read this long letter without losing patience you will deserve much credit; pray answer it, and with kindest love to all my dear friends, believe me as ever,

"Your truly affectionate sister,

"JANE RENWICK.

"Cunningham says, the name of Willie Wastle's wife is lost; I could tell him who she was, but there is no use in opening old sores; —it is a great pity that much more of what he has published had not been lost also, much that poor Burns never intended to see the light. I am just expecting Frank Paul to dine with us, he will take this letter.

"JANE RENWICK."

THE SONG.

When first I saw my Jeanie's face,
I could na' think what ailed me,
My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat,
My e'en had nearly fail'd me.
She's aye sae neat, sae trim and tight,
All grace does round her hover,
Ae look deprived me o' my heart,
And I became her lover.

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She's aye, aye sae blithe and gay,
She's aye sae blithe and cheery,
She's aye sae bonnie blithe and gay,
O gin I were her dearie.

Had I Dundas's whole estate
Or Hopetoun's pride to shine in,
Did warlike laurels crown my fate
Or softer bays entwine in,
I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet,
Could I but hope to move her,
And prouder than a peer or knight,
I'd be my Jeanie's lover.
She's aye, aye, &c.

But sair I doubt some happier swain
Has gain'd my Jeanie's favour,
If sae may every bliss be hers,
Tho' I can never have her.
But gang she east, or gang she west,
Twixt Nith and Tweed all over,
While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,
She'll always find a lover.
She's aye, aye, &c.

To those who knew Mrs. Renwick well, though only in her latter years, it could afford little surprise to hear how enchanting she had been in the hey-day of youth and beauty, when, as is recorded of her by one of her cotemporaries,* "she was a beautiful girl, and a most elegant dancer." Of medium height, her features feminine and regular, with a benign, engaging aspect, Mrs. Renwick retained even in advanced age, the symmetrical roundness of youth, her hands and arms were beautifully formed, their fulness of outline remaining perfect to the last. Her complexion, which in youth must have been fine and clear, was still fresh; her brow unwrinkled, and her eyes, still those of the Blue-eyed Lassie, and when, a short time before her

* The late Charles Cameron, Esq., formerly of Greene, in Chenango county, N. Y.

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lamented death, she was humorously describing the great number of her descendants, her cheeks were dimpled with pleasure, and she spoke with such a sweet voice, laughing at the same time so softly and yet merrily, that it seemed no wonder she should have made so many hearts her own in the days o' lang syne, some sixty years ago, when she was that most beautiful girl and elegant dancer described by Mr. Cameron. This gentleman, a Highlander by birth, passed much of his boyhood at Lochmaben, where he describes himself to have been deeply enamoured of "Jeanie Jeffrey," and to have had a "great jealousy" in those days of ane "Wully Brown" (afterwards Sir William Brown), his powerful rival, at the dancing-school, who, from not being so "*blate*" as himself, obtained a far greater portion of the smiles and good graces of the fair "Jeanie" than he himself could boast of. Although Mr. Cameron, like Mrs. Renwick, was for so long a period an inhabitant of America, they never met. This seems to be an oversight of fate—for surely it would have afforded both infinite pleasure to fly back again in conversation to old times and events. Certainly, could either of these admirers of Mrs. Renwick in her youth, have beheld her at seventy-six, their admiration had not been lowered; their sense of the good, the gentle, the true, of all that gives loveliness to female character, had been heightened a hundredfold. How delightful was a visit to her house; the servants wore an honest, kindly look, as if glad to see their mistress's friends; every object seemed to give warm and pleasant greeting; while she herself to whom time had given a grace for every one it had taken away, received her friends in a manner that showed she loved them, and spoke and smiled a thousand welcomes. Seated upon her crimson sofa, with her little pet dog, white and round as a daisy, which name it bore, surrounded by objects of taste and virtu, of elegance and luxury, of all that can delight the eye, or charm the mind, the beholder experienced that sense of pleasure which arises from objects in just proportion and harmony with each other; the mistress and the mansion were mutually accordant, and left on the mind an abiding impression of a most lovely and perfect home-picture. The apartments in general use were lofty and spacious, communicating

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by folding-doors, and besides being highly embellished with pictures and other works of art, were adorned even unto gayness by the elegant little tributes of affection or respect she was continually receiving from her numerous highly accomplished young female relatives and the "troops of friends" who were in the habit of visiting her. In a conspicuous situation hung a fine old Andrea Ferrara, that perchance had given many a hard blow at Bannockburn, and beneath it a finely chased antique silver casket containing a pair of the silk and silver fringed gloves of the lovely Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland.* These noble apartments, delightful at all seasons, were in summer especially so; the folding-doors which divided them, being then thrown open, the two large bow-windows open also, filled with choice flowers, one of them affording entrance to a long, narrow terrace, overlooking beautiful gardens and venerable trees, old Indian warriors of the woods, which had been saplings when New York was a choice hunting ground, dear to her eye as shadowing the grounds of Columbia College, and the house of her son who was its Professor of Chemistry. This pleasant walk was always in summer crowded with exotics large and small, amongst which she loved to walk, and from whose treasures she enriched the conservatories and drawing-rooms of her friends; there also might be found violets, daisies, Scotch-heaths, blue-bells and the "lang yellow broom," cherished as mementoes of that far "long ago," which spoke to her again in its old familiar flowers. Amidst these charming objects of innocent and reflective delight, she cheerfully pursued her needle-work or knitting, chatting vivaciously on old times or new, and managing, Heaven only knows how, to make people when they retired from her presence have a better idea of themselves, their friends, neighbours, and the world in general. The elasticity and vigour of her mind were wonderful; even to the last she read and enjoyed all the best publications as they came out, with the same keen zest, and appreciative judgment for which she had ever been distinguished, taking the greatest delight

* This interesting relic came into the possession of Mrs. Renwick, from the representatives of her relative Professor Kemp, of Columbia College. In his family in Aberdeenshire, they had been an heir-loom, and were traced back more than two centuries.

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in the fine passages and noble sentiments of her favourite authors, and often devoting many hours after she retired to her chamber in perusing them. With a true Scottish heart, Mrs. Renwick was ardently loyal to her native land; its tones were music to her ear, its legends and auld-warld stories rife in her memory and often overflowing in her conversation. To think that she was *old* was impossible. In her, the fire, the sensibility, the ardent feelings, the generous enthusiasm of youth, were all so finely toned and tempered, so beautifully mingled and displayed amidst the sedater virtues of riper years, that she may be regarded as one of the "good made perfect," who dies not when the earth closes over her, but lives in the hearts and memories of those who have been blessed with her love and friendship, or benefited by her precepts and example. Though blessed beyond the common lot, and to a superficial observer beyond the reach of sorrow; with fortune, friends, and children worthy of such a parent, yet has she deeply shared in that inevitable woe, which all who live must bear. From her wealth of happiness Death has exacted a heavy tribute,* lovely and beloved ones taken away in the bloom of youth, or full meridian of their days, whose loss, humanly speaking, was irreparable—yet from each successive trial has her spirit risen again with calm and holy resignation; cheerful and kind as ever to all around, filling up the daily routine of life with love and beneficence, the generous heart and liberal hand evidenced in all her actions. With her, it needed not the aid of costly gifts to give pleasure, the simplest souvenirs from her hand were accompanied by a tenderness, a tact, a grace, that made trifles precious by her manner of conferring them. This dear and venerable lady had a perfect passion for flowers. They bloomed in her apartments all the year round, furnishing her with never-ending occupation and amusement. Wild flowers especially, she delighted in. My last visit to her house was with a large bouquet of milk-white hawthorn, fresh and fragrant from the woods of Hoboken (that loveliest of all the jewels which adorn

* Of Mrs. Renwick's nine children, three only now remain. The last mournful bereavement she sustained was in the loss of her second daughter, Mrs. Wilkes, wife of the gallant Commodore Wilkes, Commander of the U. S. Antarctic Expedition.

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the girdle of New York). On arriving at her house, not finding her at home, I left them to await her return, strictly charging the servant to tell Mrs. Renwick on her arrival that the flowers had been gathered in the Elysian fields (a part at Hoboken, so called), and sent to her from the spirit of one of her friends. I anticipated a merry rejoinder, but alas! it never came, she died shortly afterwards. Dear, honoured Mrs. Renwick, whether under that appellation, or as the "Blue-eyed Lassie" of Burns, her memory will be ever cherished by those who appreciate the purity, the loveliness and the worth of female character.

The death of this incomparable lady leaves many mourners,* not only amongst her own immediate relatives and friends, but in that circle after circle which the diffusion of good deeds produces in this life. She expired in the beginning of October, 1850.

* Amongst these the distinguished name of Washington Irving may fitly occupy a foremost position, not only on account of genius and virtue, but for the deep regard in which he was held by Mrs. Renwick, whose house was humorously styled by himself, his "Ark," in his flying visits to and from New York. Professor Charles Anthon, Henry Brevoort, Esq., the Hon. John Greig of Canandaigua, and his amiable lady, and a host of others, to the record of whose names, if I had them, I would put as a seal of honour, full of noble quarterings and having for its motto, "I live to do good," the name of Wm. Wood, Esq., of Canandaigua, a name, than which few have made so many poor hearts swell with incontrollable gratitude and emotion. By his thoughtful care hundreds of sailors have been provided with Bibles, testaments, and other books to accompany them on their perilous voyages; the wretched prisoners confined in the various prisons of New York, who on public holidays, are perhaps more miserable still from the idea that they are forgotten amidst the general joy, he has supplied not only with books, but with little feasts to show them that they are still remembered; while for those wild, reckless little fellows, "the news-boys" of New York, many of whom have never known father, mother, or friend, and whose home at nights, was on old packing boxes in the street, or the cold shelter of an open archway, he has provided the opportunity of enjoying a clean dormitory, a properly assorted library, instruction in music, and a cup of hot coffee with a roll every night of their lives.

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THOMAS STOTHARD, ESQ., R.A.

ENGLAND enrols amongst her artist names few more celebrated than that of the late venerable Thomas Stothard, R.A., the most poetic of her sons of Art, with an exuberance of fancy that knew no bounds, and a style whose distinguishing characteristic was an unequalled and inexpressible *grace*. This enchanting quality pervaded all his works; it is alike visible in his gay groups of busy life thronging the vineyards of Greece or Italy, as in

the celebrated monument of "The Two Children" sleeping in each other's arms beneath the arches of Lichfield Cathedral. The original drawing for this widely famed monument was made by Stothard, and being executed in marble by Chantrey, laid the foundation of that great sculptor's fame, and throughout his subsequent career, was ever cited as the most admirable of his works. Full of tenderness and truth, the mind of Stothard governed his pencil, and his pictures accordingly suggest only noble and beautiful ideas, while his figures grouped with a beauty and variety into which no base or ignoble passion ever enters, please universally, and have gained for this unrivalled artist a world-wide popularity. Mrs. Bray, in her exquisite Life of Stothard, relates that Mr. Daniel, a son of the celebrated painter, when employed in a government surveying expedition on the coast of Africa, recognised in the hut of a native African an engraving after one of Stothard's designs suspended on the wall; how it got there it was impossible to discover; probably it might have been in consequence of some such touching incident as that described by Mungo Park, when rewarding the hospitality of the poor negress with one of his last treasures, a brass button, out of the three that still remained upon his waistcoat. As an illustrator of England's greatest poets Shakespeare, Chaucer, Milton, Spenser, with a list of modern poets, and authors almost innumerable, his name will descend to posterity in conjunction with theirs; far more than any other English artist was he gifted with the power of identifying himself with his subject,



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and of rendering by his delightful art, the poet's vision palpable. This is felt in the most forcible manner, whilst gazing on his Canterbury Pilgrims, his Ariel, Miranda, and Cordelia. The graceful flow of line which marks all his productions is particularly observable in his designs for friezes, of which the engraving at the foot of this and the three adjoining pages may serve to convey some idea. The originals were designed for the walls of some of the rooms of Buckingham Palace.

But if the subjects alluded to are evidences of the genius of the Artist, those of a sacred and serious character are still more so; in these there is a holy tenderness and devotional simplicity which make themselves felt by those touches of truth and nature which never appeal in vain.

Thus, in one of his most celebrated pictures, "Jacob's dream," where the sleeper beholds angels ascending, his own foot is also raised as if about to step upon the ladder. And again, in that most exquisite production from the Pilgrim's Progress, where Christian is received by Discretion, Prudence, Piety, and Charity, there is such a timid lingering of earthly love, visibly impressed upon the chief figure, as to render it what it is universally conceded to be, one of the purest and loveliest emanations of human genius. A painter from his earliest years, and continuing to be such until the close of his life at the age of seventy-nine, his works are more numerous than those of any other English artist, their number having been esti-



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mated at ten thousand, all more or less characterized by excellence, and particularly the one which distinguishing the works of this artist above all others, has become proverbial, and the saying "as graceful as a Stothard" one of the common expressions in universal acceptation.

The pencil of Stothard, when exercised on a larger scale, as on the paintings which ornament the Marquis of Exeter's princely mansion at Burleigh, and those which adorn the fine apartments at Hafod, in Wales, the seat of Colonel Johnes, sufficiently attest of how much grandeur as well as beauty his genius was capable, rivalling in these admirable works many of the best produced by the old masters of the Italian and Venetian schools.

His design for the Wellington shield, remains as a standard for future works of a similar kind, and is especially worthy of notice in an artistic point of view, as exhibiting the triumph of art over difficulties of no common order.

It may be said of Stothard, that he was always a student, silent, diligent, and persevering. The old poets would have loved him as kindred with themselves in adoring that perfection visible in the natural objects by which we are surrounded, regarding with interest, nature in her most evanescent changes, and those which some minds consider her lowest works. The tints of evening, a tuft of moss, a butterfly, flower, bird, or even blade of grass, would sometimes rivet his attention for many minutes, when after committing the result to



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his note-book in the shape of carefully drawn sketch, or clearly written memorandum, he would pocket his book, button up the breast of his coat, and pursue his walk with renewed vigour. The natural attitudes of children were never lost upon him, and many a group of little urchins playing on the curb-stones, have unawares had their outlines taken in a few moments by his practised hand.

In depicting scenes of a joyous and festive character, he was perfectly inimitable; one of his finest specimens in this style is a small cabinet picture, called by himself Sans Souci. It represents a sylvan scene, where the noonday sun, shining from a blue transparent space above the tops of ancient trees, lights up a thickly wooded glen, on one of whose slopes, in the upper part of the picture, appear the turrets and battlements of a lofty chateau, gleaming white and pearly amidst the depths of the forest; while in the foreground, scattered over a gentle eminence, groups of the most beautiful figures of both sexes are disposed in varied and graceful attitudes, giving themselves up to amusements of different kinds, at once giving and taking beauty from the tranquil scenery by which they are surrounded.

This is but cited as a solitary instance, for in such subjects the spirit of Stothard rejoiced; scenes of gladness and innocent delight being most congenial to his benevolent disposition. Simple as a child in all that appertains to worldly wisdom; reading much and thinking more, with a calmness and equanimity of temperament that



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nothing could disturb, his whole life was absorbed in the pursuit of art, to which all things were made subservient. Mrs. Bray relates of him that on his wedding-day, immediately after the ceremony which united him to his young and handsome bride whom he had wooed and won under many difficulties, and to whom he was tenderly attached, he escorted her with all possible affection and respect to his house, and having seen her safely bestowed within her future home, repaired forthwith in his usual manner to the Royal Academy, where he continued to draw from the antique, until the closing hour of three o'clock, when quietly turning to his friend and fellow-student, Scott, he said, "I am now going home to meet a family party; do come and dine with me, for I have this day taken unto myself a wife." This apparent stoicism, was merely that of manner, induced by his habits of study and abstraction, for he was remarkable for fond affection for his wife, whom he survived and mourned through long succeeding years, with a quiet sorrow that courted neither sympathy nor witnesses. In dwelling on the character of this gifted and excellent man, feelings of admiration are blended with those of reverence, the natural result of observation, for which an intimate friendship of many years gave scope and opportunity. Like all celebrated artists, Mr. Stothard delighted in the country, making pilgrimages to its loveliest rural haunts and traditionary shrines, invariably spending his holidays amidst the woods and fields; there, face to face with nature, his whole being underwent a change, and he became at once vigorous, animated, and cheerful.

On one occasion, wishing to honour his birthday in some manner which would give him pleasure, a little excursion from London to Hampstead Heath was concerted, in which himself and his only daughter Emma, together with two or three chosen friends, were participators. It was on a lovely day, the 17th of August, that early in the forenoon we set forth, citizens of London as we were, to enjoy a summer's day in the environs of Hampstead. Our prospects of amusement comprised only all the agreeable qualities we possessed within ourselves, and all that by any means we might be fortunate enough to extract from objects by the way; in short, a

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long rural excursion, that was to be concluded by a dinner in the afternoon at the Bull and Bush, one of the quaint old-fashioned Elizabethan taverns suggestive of Falstaff and Dame Quickly, for which the place is famous. We were very happy as with light hearts and smiling faces we gaily set out on our ramble, every step we took seeming to make more fresh and fragrant the quiet fields and green hedgerows by which, to our great satisfaction, we were soon surrounded.

Here Mr. Stothard began to look around with interest. Note-book in hand, he wandered up and down, while the rest of the party loitered at pleasure, each as the humour prompted, with much the same careless sense of freedom as gipsies may be supposed to enjoy on a sweet summer's morning. When tired of thus idly straying, more compact order would for a while be observed, our venerable guest marching onwards with great strides as if for a wager, enlivening the way with anecdotes of his sketching tours, full of those racy incidents which artist life in its oddly mixed materials so liberally supplies. France, England, Scotland, and Wales all furnished him remembrances vividly related. Nor did the scenes through which we were then rambling fail to supply their quota; for in the landscapes of England every inch is storied ground, and few the places in her sea-girt isle which some proud name has not rendered famous. Thus did we wander, often sitting down under hedges or old trees, botanizing, flower-gathering, and conversing in total forgetfulness of all mundane matters save those belonging to Mr. Stothard's birthday, until, after a prolonged and delightful ramble, we arrived at the place of our destination, the curious old tavern.

It stood amidst an old-fashioned garden, between two great chestnut trees of enormous growth. Planted, probably, hundreds of years ago, when the house was first built, they had grown to twice its height, and stood with their giant arms woven about it like two strong sons protecting a parent in old age.

Entering the house through a porch, we found all within simple and primitive. No modern improvements had displaced the internal arrangements of the old Homestead; a dimly lighted corridor,

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whose floor creaked with every tread, gave entrance to several small wainscoted rooms, furnished with corner-cupboards and narrow high-backed chairs, while the old dining parlour appropriated to our use, though equally ill lighted, gave an opportunity from its window of overlooking the garden, which was well worth beholding, being a wilderness of fruits, flowers and herbs, all growing together in the greatest luxuriance, and sending up the most delicious fragrance. But what, to people rather tired and very hungry was fragrance such as this, to the unmistakeable perfume of roast-beef and plum-pudding, which presently found its way through every nook and cranny of the building, telling us as plainly as words could have done that dinner smoked upon the board? Duly following this charming announcement, we soon found ourselves seated at dinner in the old Shakesperian parlour, where, if stout varlets in doublets and hose had greeted us with the information that Mistress Ford and Mistress Page would take with us a cup of malvoisie and a piece of march-pane it would have seemed perfectly in unison with everything around. Even as it was, though lacking the bodily presence of those merry wives, we caught their jocund spirit, mirthfully enjoyed our dinner, and drank to each other out of little old Flemish wine-glasses not much bigger than thimbles, with white spiral threads running up through their slender stalks. When the dessert was placed upon the table, somebody made a choice little speech in honour of the occasion, at whose conclusion I placed upon the silvery hair of our venerable guest a wreath of the real Alexandrian laurel, which one of his greatest admirers, Mr. William Loddiges of Hackney, had provided, a Greek couplet being attached to it which he, being a man of learning as well as a worshipper of art, had delighted to furnish. As I placed the wreath upon Mr. Stothard's head, the colour rose to his temples, and his voice trembled a little as he said, that while appreciating the act, the honour of a wreath was too much for him, at least, *to wear;* but he would, with our permission, have it laid aside and preserved as a memento of that pleasant day. After our little festival was over, we returned home in the cool of the evening. Miss Stothard, taking care of her father's wreath, which many years afterwards I saw hanging over a picture in his studio.

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TO HENRY GRINNELL, ESQ.

I.

WHO feels not grateful on the sterile plain
To find the fountain or the spreading tree?
Such, oh Illustrious! in this world of pain
The emblems heaven and earth award to thee:

II.

Whose name the storm-beat mariner can cheer,
In frozen realms beneath the icebergs' breath;
Warming his heart 'midst desolation drear,
With thoughts that nerve his heart and conquer Death.

III.

'Tis heard in crowded marts, and prison cells,
A sound of mercy o'er the sweeping sea,

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That fostering aid to Art and Science tells,
Hope to Despair, and world-wide CHARITY.



IV.

The noble Lady* in her lonely bower,
Mourning her hero in his frozen grave,
Turns at its sound and with her heart's full power,
Wafts prayers and blessings o'er the distant wave.

* Lady Franklin.

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v.

Blest with the power to succour and to save,
It forms in many a land a household word;
Kindred with all that's generous, good, and brave,
Revering uttered, and admiring heard.

vi.

O! glorious name, that ever onward hies,
Dispensing light to those in darkness hurled,
And gives Columbia's flag where'er it flies,
Another claim to homage from the world.

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HENRY FUSELI, ESQ., R.A.

CRITIC and connoisseur have awarded the extremes of praise and censure to the works of the late Henry Fuseli, R.A., who holding both at arms' length, pursued his own devious way, and won what most he thirsted for—a great name. Outvieing every artist of his time, in the daring wildness of his conceptions, as well as the extent of his classical attainments, he holds a distinguished place alike in the ranks of art and literature.

Striking and original as his own works, were also his manners, per-

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sonal appearance, and character. On his minute and slender body was set the head of a Jupiter. Thick masses of white hair curled around his forehead, while beneath overhanging eyebrows of the same snowy hue, his large light blue eyes shot forth their piercing glances; and with his pale and aquiline cast of features, completed a physiognomy to which the expression of all the most sublime and stormy passions was most familiar.

Born in 1741 of an ancient family, in the city of Zurich, in Switzerland, where his father John Caspar Fuëssli was a painter of celebrity, as likewise a man of great literary acquirements, Fuseli was from a very early age, educated for the church, and in 1761 entered into holy orders, but his passion for literature and the arts hurried him impetuously beyond the peaceful goal assigned him, and with the celebrated Lavater for his bosom friend, Bodmer for his preceptor, Breitinger, the venerable friend of his father, for his adviser, and Uisten, Tomm, Jacob and Felix Hess, for associates and fellow-students, he prosecuted his studies with an ardour that soon distanced all competitors; amassing in his youth those stores of erudition and profound classical knowledge which enabled him to wield alike the pencil and the pen, with such resistless effect in subjects derived from mythic and heroic lore. In his early career, liberty, friendship, love, vied in the bosom of Fuseli for that supremacy which Art afterwards so despotically maintained. Leaving the romance of life behind him in Switzerland, he came to London in the year 1763, a foreigner and a stranger, anxious to turn his talents to account, and firmly resolved to conquer all difficulties, and achieve for himself fame and fortune. For many years he remained engaged chiefly in making translations and designs for booksellers; he afterwards went to Rome, where he resided for a considerable period, zealously studying the fine arts. From this place he wrote the following letter, which is eminently characteristic, and displays in a striking manner his general style of thought, and caustic mode of expression:

"ROME, March 17th, 1775.

"Thanks for the books, and have in return a little prattle. I knew

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the best of Klopstock already, when he was less artificial than he now is, and I admire in him as much as the connoisseurs of all ages and all feeling hearts will admire. But his cloudiness and sublime sentimentality I cannot away with. It is images, pictures, substantial imaginative creations that we find in Homer; and these pictures make the poet. You—you German and Swiss I mean—may despise them if you will, Homer, and the song of Deborah, and the book of Job: these give a staple habitation and a living root to feeling. An effusion of true individual feeling incorporated in a living picture strikes all hearts through all ages; while a false and local and individual feeling pleases only a few, at a particular time and place, and confounds everyone else. What a nameless difference is there between the truth and energy of feeling in Sappho's φαίνεται and the milky confusion and ecstatic dreaminess that characterize your feigned longings for Cidli.

"The *facultas lacrymatoria*, the beauty plaster of German poetry from Klopstock down to Dusch; the telescopic eyes, unnameable looks and the whole theological hermaphroditism, are more perishable rags than the paper on which they are printed. Feel these ecstasies if you please; I, too, had my own experiences of this kind of nonsense when I was a boy; but it is the height of egotistical impudence to drum it up before me; and though it should make the staple of your sacred epos and your holy liturgy, I have no mercy with it, but say, with Goz Von Berlichingen, 'I have all possible respect for the dignity of religion, but as to you, Sir Captain, and your hurdy-gurdy solemnitier you may—and here, Sir, is the way to the door.'

"As to Klopstock's patriotic poetry, I except 'Herman and Thusnelda' and 'The Two Muses;' and to the rest I say, Go to the Devil; I might as soon explain the Talmud to a Jewish synagogue as bring any intelligible shape out of these. To distil away such a talent as Klopstock undoubtedly has, after this fashion, is too bad. Lycophron a prophet by profession, and a Greek, is clearer than this riddle of Bardism.

"What Klopstock writes in these flights of solemn exaltation is not language; it is sand, full of bones and wrecks upon the sea-shore

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which the first flood will wash away. As for the 'Messiah,' the ten first books are the song of a swan, the ten last, a crow-concert. 'Chriemhilde's Revenge' is far above the 'Messiah;' it is the first of all national German poems. The contempt that I have for Klopstock's opinion of German painting is only equalled by the arrogance with which he speaks of the English. His ignorance of their poetry is ridiculous, and as to his eternal 'Fatherland,' 'Freedom,' 'Citizen,' and so forth—if he were only a Swiss—but where is the Fatherland of a German?

"Is it in Suabia, Brandenburg, Austria, Saxony? Is it in the marshes that swallowed up Varus and his legions? Did Rome ever lose a battle when it fought on good solid ground, and on equal terms? What then does this Ode-building about Hermann and Velleda come to? A Frenchman (curse him) has more right to 'fatherlandize' than any miserable Quedlinburger or Osnabrucker, or any other blown-up frogs that creep about between the Danube and the Baltic. A slave—what *hàs he* to boast of? his master's liberty? And *which* master? The first, the second, or the third? 'Freedom!' God! freedom from the flatterers of Christina? And then, as to his Anglomania, the English do not boast to have produced a single poet in the present century except, perhaps, Richardson—Thomson's tame catalogue which you have so often translated, Young's pyramids of dough, Pope's cadenced and rhymed prose—these they do not dignify with the name of poetry, any more than the sweet tears and confections of Wieland and Gesner deserve that name. This is all I have to say on this theme, and may Heaven help you to something better. You mention to me a host of painters, and crayon men that I know nothing about. Give me your thoughts on sensible themes. Greet Bodmer and love me. P. S. *Très célèbre* before the painter you must leave out. That is German foolery."

In 1779 Fuseli, having, whilst in Italy, changed his name from Fuëssli to Fuseli, as being more accordant to Italian pronunciation, returned from Rome to London, with the intention of making it his permanent abode. Commencing his career as a professional artist he, to use his own remark concerning Michael Angelo, "Like an Orien-

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tal sun burst upon us at once without a dawn." The sublime conception, bold fancy, and ominous tints and tones in which his daring pencil arrayed the wild and tragic forms which filled his canvas all wore the stamp of originality, and at once constituted him the founder of a new style of art, in which character he at once found himself plunged into all the vicissitudes, mental turmoils and struggles of artist life. The noblest subjects of Æschylus and Homer, of Dante, Milton, and Shakespeare, were his chosen themes. Fuseli wrought with heart and soul; and his productions bear the immortal impress of genius. On this point the Milton Gallery alone need be adduced; its forty-eight pictures, one grand and unique monument of Fuseli.

These pictures, while they brought the artist fame, the notice of the great, and honorary distinctions of all kinds, were received by the public at large with the same lack of appreciation which had suffered Milton to live neglected and die unnoticed. At the close of the exhibition in 1800, they remained on the walls unsold. "I am fed with honour and suffered to starve," exclaimed Fuseli bitterly; "that is," added he, in his usual sarcastic manner, "if they *could* starve me." But the gifted few were keenly alive to his merits, and Fuseli, amidst the proud regrets and devouring anxieties with which he beheld the apathy of the public to works which had cost him years of thought, toil and privation, was more than compensated by the avidity with which they were afterwards purchased by those of the nobility and connoisseurs in art, whose judgment and taste he held in most estimation. Chief amongst these were John Julius Angerstein, Thomas Coutts, and Earl Rivers, at whose mansion at Strathfieldsaye, now the Duke of Wellington's, some of Fuseli's finest pictures may still be seen.

In 1801 he delivered three lectures on painting, at the Royal Academy; they were received with enthusiasm, and published in many languages. He was the idol of the students, who thronged the academy in crowds on the nights appointed for him to address them. No lecturer ever had more charms for that impulsive class than himself. His profound knowledge of ancient art, his great learning, the

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vast mental resources he brought forward to support and embellish his subject, commanded their respect and admiration; while his burning eloquence, occasional eccentricities, and bursts of derisive or enthusiastic expletives, delivered with strong foreign accent, emphasis, and action, won their love and amused their wild imaginations. Now thundering forth their applause at some thought of consummate beauty or grandeur—anon roaring with laughter as the keen shafts of ridicule flew right and left, often hitting the laughers themselves. Nothing could equal the severity of his criticisms but the merciless manner in which he delivered them; keen and gliding as a surgeon's scalpel they went to the very bone. The well pleased student who, perchance, would think he had done well in a figure of Diana, or Venus, would, after a moment's absence from his easel, be horrified on his return, to see his delicate drawing defaced with the sharp comment of the Professor's thumb-nail cut into the paper, or wholly obliterated by a great coarse black pencil-mark, whose bold indents and sweeping curves proclaimed at once who had done the mischief; while harshly grating on his ear, a well known foreign voice in its most provoking tones would croak, "You had made the goddess with dog's legs! the sister of Apollo with dog's legs!" this being the term always used by him to express his hatred of thin ankles.

Of a disposition most fierce and intractable, in anger he was as a lion roused, yet capable of deep and generous attachment; full of high thoughts and ardent qualities, all turned in one direction—the cultivation of art. No ancient Greek more thoroughly idolatrous of the sublime and unattainable Ideal than Fuseli. The esteem and admiration in which he was held by the students of the Royal Academy were evinced by the tribute of a beautiful silver vase, presented him in their names, by Mr. Haydon, then a student. The vase was after a design by Flaxman and bore the simple inscription—

To Henry Fuſeli, Eſq., R.A.,
from the
Students,
1807.

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The eccentricities of Fuseli, his fearless audacity of expression, and slow, solemn utterance, which gave to the simplest phrase the pomp of Roman oration, no less than the brilliancy of his wit and genius, made him adored by the younger members of the profession, not a few of whom loved to provoke his ire merely for the pleasure of hearing him "storm," as they called it. The following anecdote, related to us by Mr. Charles Warren, the engraver, will, however, show that he was not always in the "Ercles vein."

Mr. Warren having to execute a plate from a drawing by Fuseli, of Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep, was extremely puzzled to find out what Fuseli had intended to represent by two extraordinary projectiles placed a little above her forehead. Being totally unlike anything he had ever seen on a female head, he concluded they must be symbols designed by the imaginative Fuseli, to express in some way or other, her savage character or night-walking propensities. Under this impression, he ran over in his mind all the things he could think of as being likely to denote suitable emblems for so wicked a woman, but in vain. None of them resembled the unique inventions on the head of Lady Macbeth. At length clapping his hand to his forehead, "By Jove," said he, "I have it! how could I be so stupid as not to think of it before? Wings! of course they are—bat's-wings —flying by night—blood suckers too—just as she is. How lucky I hit upon it." Thus congratulating himself, he set to work, engraved the plate, and took the proof impression to Fuseli, who considered it attentively. "What's *that?*" said he, pointing to the Lady's forehead. "Wings, sir; you meant them for wings, did you not?" "Not I," replied Fuseli; "I meant nothing but her night-cap." "Oh dear, sir," rejoined Warren, "I really am very sorry; I quite thought you intended them for wings, but I will alter the plate immediately, the error can easily be rectified." "No, never mind, let them stand," said Fuseli; "I think they will do very well." The plate was accordingly so published, with wings standing out from Lady Macbeth's temples.

As keeper of the Royal Academy, Mr. Fuseli occupied apartments in Somerset House; his sitting-room being a spacious apart-

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ment, furnished in the simplest manner. Here might generally be found Mrs. Fuseli, a stout, rosy faced, and smiling elderly lady, who in her youth had won Mr. Fuseli's heart by her exquisite symmetry of form, which, in its contour, had all the fulness and perfection of the antique.

In the year 1788, he married her, attracted not less by her fine person, than the frankness and amiability of her disposition. It was a happy choice for himself, for she possessed no accomplishments save domestic ones, no love for literature save such as claimed her spouse for its author, and not a wish beyond that of making him happy; whilst he repaid her with his whole heart, and, in addition, all his wayward ways. When I knew her, the charms which had distinguished her in youth were no longer visible, for she was then growing old, but with a great flow of spirits, a jocose manner, and an infinite fund of pleasant conversation, which made her society very enlivening and agreeable, and formed a great contrast to that of her husband, who delighting to astonish, alarm, or pique, generally succeeded to a miracle. To the fearful and timid he was a terror-striking creature, profuse of taunt, and by no means choice in language, indulging sometimes in a torrent of invective, that with a sudden change would all at once turn into the mildest mood imaginable. Finding his wife one day in great agitation owing to the misconduct of her servants, he said, "why don't you swear at them, my dear, and ease your mind?" At the time Sir Humphrey Davy married the handsome and wealthy Mrs. Apreece, I asked Mr. Fuseli what could induce a lady of her fortune and appearance to give her hand to a mere learned philosopher like Sir Humphrey? "Oh," said he, "he had pouting lips, and bamboozled her with metaphysics." Mrs. Fuseli had an old female servant called Elizabeth, whose face and figure might be recognised in a hundred horrible and supernatural scenes in her master's studio, she being the very impersonation of one of the "Weird Sisters." One evening having taken tea with Mr. and Mrs. Fuseli, Sir Thomas Lawrence came down from the council and seated himself on the sofa beside Mrs. Fuseli, glancing as he did so at the empty table from which the tea-apparatus had just been

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removed. Mr. Fuseli caught the glance. "Will you take some tea?" said he in his strong foreign accent. "No, thank you," said Sir Thomas rather undecisively. "That means you would take it if you could get it," replied Fuseli, who immediately rang the bell; and, as Elizabeth entered, said, in a low voice, in order that Sir Thomas should not hear: "Bring some tea." "I beg your pardon, sir," said she, coming a little nearer; "what did you please to say?" He repeated the order in a lower tone; but at the moment Sir Thomas and Mrs. Fuseli burst into a laugh at something they were talking about, which prevented the servant from hearing, and obliged her to ask again for the third time; which so enraged Fuseli that, losing all command of himself, he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, "Some TEA! G— d— you!" to the perfect astonishment of his wife and friend, who having heard nothing of the preceding colloquy, sat perfectly transfixed, not being able to imagine what had caused such an outbreak. Elizabeth vanished like an electric flash, and the tea was placed on the table with magical celerity. Yet with all this irascibility he could at times be very kind. Mrs. Fuseli told me that one day, on returning home from a walk, she found him sitting in one of the window seats, engaged in the most serious conversation with a little girl of four years old who was in the habit of visiting her. Softly advancing upon them, without being perceived, she heard Mr. Fuseli say, in a sententious tone, "Oh, I think the broader the better." "What are you two talking about with your heads both together?" said she. "Oh," replied Mr. Fuseli, loftily, "Minny is going to ask her mother to let her have a black velvet pelisse, and we were discussing the *propriety* and *dignity* of having it trimmed with a broad black lace. Minny says 'she should like it *very broad*;' and I say 'the broader the better." These tranquil moods were, however, by no means so frequent as those of a more tantalizing description; his manner to children often being like that of Grimalkin playing with a mouse—amusing himself while he tormented them intolerably; on one occasion he met with an unexpected retort. Mrs. Fuseli having no children of her own, was very fond of having those of her friends, and took great pleasure in ministering to their little caprices; consequently she had no lack of

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their society. One little fair creature of three years old, of whom she was extremely fond, had very red hair, which peculiarity Fuseli, on entering the room, instantly observed, and took advantage of, accompanying a saucy nod to the child with "How do you do, Carrots?" The little girl, whose complexion was pure as a lily, blushed all over, but at the same time with an eye that flashed like lightning as it glanced on his own snowy-white locks exclaimed quickly, "Pretty well, thank *you*, Turnips," laughing him as it were to scorn, and pointing her tiny finger at him. Mr. Fuseli was enchanted with this display of spirit, and would willingly have made her his play-fellow, but the little thing felt the insult he had offered her too keenly. One evening when Mrs. Fuseli, with one or two friends, were playing at cards, Mr. Fuseli, according to his invariable custom, sat reading. His book was a large old folio which he held in his arms before him, deeply absorbed and apparently unconscious of the noise we were making. During one of the intervals of the game, Mrs. Fuseli, fixing her eyes on her husband, said in her quick, bustling manner: "What book is that you are reading, Harry?" "It is not a book that could interest you, my love," said he, in his slow, peculiar manner, without looking up. "Well, well, but you can tell me its name?" "Well, then, my love, if you *must* know, it is Plinius." "Ah, that's enough—that'll do," cried she. "I told you you would not care about it," rejoined he, in his long, drawn-out tones, whose solemn cadence formed the most ludicrous contrast to the quick, petulant ones in which Mrs. Fuseli had prevented him from saying any more about Plinius. In one of the long summer days I passed with Mrs. Fuseli, she told me that when a child she was a perfect "*imp*," the most wilful, unmanageable little creature that ever was, and that once being attacked by a violent fever she utterly refused to take any medicines, or to lie on any bed in the house, insisting on being allowed to sleep in an old carved chest called the "cofre;" this being done she desired them to shut her up and go away. This point, after much remonstrance, was also yielded, and she then dropped asleep, and on her waking was so much better as to be considered out of danger. "But," added she laughing, "the old spirit remained still. Before I married Mr. Fuseli

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I was a long time before I could make up my mind, and he used frequently to sit looking intently at me without speaking for a long time together, which made me feel very restless and disagreeable; so one day I said to him, 'What are you staring at me so for?' to which he replied, with the greatest seriousness, 'I am staring at you, you little thing, wanting to find out what there is in *you* that you should give yourself so many airs. You are not handsome; and I should like to know what there is in *you* that makes *me* such a fool as to love you.'" "And what did you reply, dear Mrs. Fuseli?" "Oh, I said to him quite offended, 'Pray don't trouble yourself to find out; I don't want your love, I assure you.' But," added she laughing, "he was determined to marry me, and he *did*, you see."

Mrs. Fuseli once told me that the first cloud of her married life was caused by the violent and romantic passion which the beautiful and celebrated Mary Wollstonecraft had conceived for Mr. Fuseli, who had then been a married man about two years. Repeatedly, in letters full of the most passionate protestations, did this wrong-minded woman *implore* him to leave "that common-place *creature his wife*," and lead with her "the life of reason and of love." "And what did he reply to her?" I inquired. "Oh," rejoined Mrs. Fuseli laughing, "he scarcely ever answered them at all; he used to show all her letters to me, that I might not be jealous." "And were you not jealous, dear Mrs. Fuseli?" I asked. "Certainly; to be sure I was," replied she in her quick manner; "who could help being jealous? such a clever woman as that making love openly to one's husband was no joke—and then, she was so daring, that I was afraid. She actually had the effrontery to come here one day and tell me that she was come *to stay!* but that I need not be alarmed, for though the unconquerable passion she felt for Mr. Fuseli rendered it impossible for her to *live* without seeing him continually, it was entirely a sentiment of the *soul*. Only think," continued Mrs. Fuseli; "soul! indeed; I ordered her to go away, and never come again. I hardly know what I said." All this was uttered in a great hurry, with a half comic, half angry excitement, and some smiles to herself as we sat busied with our needles. At this point of the conversation Mr.

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Fuseli entered, his small chip hat perched on his head, a great book under his arm, and his whole appearance betokening the exhaustion of study—looking very much like the portraits of Frederick of Prussia, and very different from the agile, compact, and elegant little man whose *soul* had once so delighted the adoring Mary. The heightened colour of Mrs. Fuseli attracted his quick eye in a moment. "What is the matter, Offie, my love?" inquired he with some anxiety. "Oh, nothing, nothing," said she, hastily. "There must be," said he; "what is it?" "Well, then, I was only mentioning your friend Mary Wollstonecraft." "*Well*," replied he, with provoking emphasis and mischievous look, "she was a very *clever* woman, a very *nice* woman, a very *handsome* woman—*and*, she was very fond of *me*." "Hen, Hen, my dear Hen, how can you talk such stuff? Pooh! pooh!" continued she in the greatest flurry, fanning herself violently. "Well, my dear, I am only speaking the truth," continued he; "I have a great many of her letters now;—everybody cannot write such." "Stuff!" exclaimed Mrs. Fuseli indignantly. I ventured to remark these clever women seemed to be able to do as they liked—I thought it must be very pleasant—I should like to be a clever woman myself! "Don't wish it," cried he, in a changed voice, and with earnestness. "Why not, sir? I thought you just now said how much you admired them." "Don't wish it," repeated he; "*I hate clever women;* they are only troublesome—*I hate clever* women." Mrs. Fuseli gathered up her fallen smiles, and darted them all in one bright beam on his little cynical countenance.

In his estimate of the sex, Fuseli was not very flattering; sneering at their pretensions to mind, and apparently coinciding with Dante, who calls woman "The animal of Beauty." A most absurd story was propagated by some of his enemies, that he was in the habit of eating a quantity of raw pork every night before going to bed, in order to induce horrid dreams—that being the mode, it was said, by which he supplied himself with such wild and fearful imagery for his pictures. Nothing could be more false than this, for his habits were abstemious in the extreme. His frugal suppers, even when with others who were enjoying

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dainty fare, being invariably a crust of bread and one glass of port wine.

Fuseli was very fond of theatrical representations. His opinion of Kean's acting, in the character of Orestes, is thus expressed, in the rough draft of a letter, now in my possession, addressed to the Countess of Guilford. It must, however, be premised, that he did ample justice to the talents of Kean in other characters; his Shylock he thought perfect. "I have seen Kean and Mrs. West in Orestes and Hermione, and desire to see *them* no more. What *could* excite the public rapture at his first appearance in this part, I am at a loss to imagine. If his figure is not utterly irreconcilable with the character, his action and expression are balanced between the declamation of Talma, the ravings of a bedlamite, and sometimes the barking of a dog. Mrs. West is something of a slender Grecian figure, tall, not ungraceful, and a face something like Mrs. Mardyn's. She was well dressed, and has a good voice, but no rule of it, and tore her part to tatters in one uninterrupted fit of raving."

A wholesome *fear* in the presence of Mr. Fuseli, was ever mingled in my mind with wonder and admiration of his genius. "How can you be so afraid of my dear Hen?" said Mrs. Fuseli one day when we had just seated ourselves at the dinner table, and were waiting for his appearance. "He only storms at times; why, I have seen him gentle as a child, weeping, while he read of the sufferings of Jesus." She had scarcely ceased when he entered, alternately raising his hand and then pressing it upon his breast, calling out in a dolorous voice: "My stomach cries, 'Eat no more!'" This ghostly admonition he repeated several times with the same action, in deep sepulchral tones. "Never mind what your stomach says, lovey," replied Mrs. Fuseli; "sit down and eat your dinner." After eating a few morsels, and drinking a glass of wine, he felt better; at this moment the old abigail placed a dish upon the table, from which, when the cover was removed, a cloud of steam ascended curling up to the ceiling. Mr. Fuseli leaned back in his chair, gazing listlessly at the vapour, and then peered curiously over the dish, where he beheld, enveloped in mist, four objects like billiard balls, on whose

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slippery surfaces small black specks were dimly discernible. "What beasts have you brought here?" cried he to the old servant. "They are spotted as with the plague! away with them! I'll none of them." "Now, my love," said Mrs. Fuseli, "don't be hasty; I've made these for you with my own hands, haven't I, Elizabeth?" (Elizabeth dropped a curtsy.) "You will find them delicious, and I am sure they wont disagree with you, for there is nothing in them that can hurt you; there is no butter, no eggs, no sugar, no spice, no brandy—nothing but a few currants." "So much the worse! so much the worse!" growled he. "Come here!" cried he, frowning awfully at the bewildered handmaiden. "Take them away! throw them to the dogs! I'll none of them." But Mrs. Fuseli feeling herself bound to vindicate her culinary offspring, hastily helped herself to one, and me to another, with an imploring look to do my best with it. They were shocking, but we gravely eat them up, pronouncing them excellent. Mr. Fuseli, thinking he had been mistaken, took a small piece, but instantly spat it out with an execrable grimace; when, seeing his wife look really annoyed, he took another very small piece, and deluging it with wine and sugar, declared "it was tolerable, considering." He then began to soothe her ruffled feelings; and she, who was one of the best creatures in the world, swallowed down all his little sugar plums of speech, as gospel truths, smiling amiably, and completely chasing away every vestige of the storm.

On one occasion, when spending the day with her, she said: "Come, let us go and see how affairs are going on in the lower regions." Accordingly, after beholding her tie up her head in a shawl, and tuck up her dress, as if about to encounter the perils of a journey, we began our descent into a series of dens under ground, devoted solely to the use of Mr. Fuseli. They formed a long suite of narrow and irregular apartments, very dark, being lighted only from little round windows close to the ceiling, which admitted a very imperfect light into this subterraneous abode. The awful picture of the Lazar House was at the very furthest end of this dim gallery, entirely covering the wall. The pale and ghastly forms, in every variety of

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human pain and woe, seeming actually real. The dark ground of the picture, which had no frame, being merged in the dimness of the place,

> "Sad, noisome, dark, a lazar-house it seemed, wherein were laid
> Numbers of all diseased, all maladies."

The side walls of this cavern-like gallery were completely covered with paintings, legendary, historic, scriptural; all ages and countries seemed to have furnished their most tragic scenes and most renowned characters, invested with somewhat of the superhuman, from the genius of Fuseli; while confusedly piled in corners all sorts of artistic lumber were visible. Amidst this chaos, the white head of Mr. Fuseli might be seen afar off, his figure robed in a large flowing robe, looking like some old magician. He had a picture before him, to which he now and then gave a few touches, at the same time speaking to some one who appeared to be seated upon the ground, but whom we could not see on account of intervening objects. As Mrs. Fuseli advanced, making her cheery voice heard by the distant group, two very pretty young girls sprang forward and saluted her; they were the sisters Helen and Madeline Abercromby, one of whom had been sitting for the portrait of Undine. After they made their smiling adieux, we began what Mrs. Fuseli termed the Grand Tour of the Picture-land, and were well rewarded for the trouble.

Striking scenes from the Nibelungen Lied, from Milton, Dante, Shakespeare, and other sources of the dire and wonderful, were visible everywhere, depicted with all that wild fury of genius for which Fuseli was remarkable; to some of these the eye seemed to *grow* fixed by a terrible fascination; among these may be named the conspiracy of Catiline, where standing amid the darkness of a tomb, with a lamp suspended over their heads, are the three conspirators, their daggers held aloft and meeting at the points, pledging themselves to secresy in a bowl of wine mingled with blood. Next to this was Ezzelin Bracciaferro, contemplating the extended corse of his dead bride Meduna, unjustly slain by his own hand on a false suspicion of her fidelity. In line with these was the picture of Count Ugolino

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amidst his dead and dying children, as also those wonderful pictures from Milton where every passion, from sublimest horror to tenderest love, finds its most intense expression.

For the contours of many of his female figures he was indebted to the fine form of Mrs. Fuseli. On asking her if she did not feel very odd when walking about among so many representations of herself, all engaged in some strange and often wicked manner? she replied, "Not at all; it is rather tiresome to have to sit or stand for them when in a painful position, but nothing like so disagreeable as to have one's limbs modelled in wet plaster."

Side by side with some of the largest and best pictures, were excellent copies of them by the Lady Georgiana North, youngest daughter of the Countess of Guilford, and I particularly noticed one most lovely original from the same fair hand. It represented a beautiful young girl in a fine Italian garden, whose surrounding sky and summer foliage, all wore the most delicate and glowing hues, amidst which she stood, with a large basket of roses on her arm, and by her side a peacock in all his pride, endeavouring to peck flowers from the basket. Mr. Fuseli always spoke of this fair and noble pupil with something of reverence, her character combining so much of the exalted and the humble as to be almost angelic. Her mother, the Countess of Guilford, was an intimate friend as well as a great admirer of the genius of Fuseli, and to her kindness and urbanity may be attributed much of the happiness of his latter days.

The infirmities of age making him averse to great houses and gay company, she placed at the disposal of himself and Mrs. Fuseli a small cottage in the grounds of her villa at Putney, well furnished, having suitable attendants, and everything necessary for their comfort, where they might repair when they chose and consider themselves at home, having nothing to do but to amuse themselves after their own manner, enjoy the good things with which they were bounteously supplied, and visit the adjoining mansion when they pleased; the Countess and her charming daughters visiting them at the cottage as guests. Here, on the 16th April, 1825, in his eighty-fifth year, Fuseli died, after receiving every affectionate

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attention that suffering could need, or kindness bestow. A strange hallucination came over him in his last hours; calling Mrs. Fuseli to him, he said very calmly, "My dear Offie, I wish you would ask Lady Guilford to order some one to take away these musical boxes that are set all round the tester of the bed; the music playing night and day tires me. I think I could sleep if they were silenced." "My poor Hen!" said Mrs. Fuseli, with a burst of weeping, when she told me this. "There were no musical boxes; it was only his fancy, but after I had soothed him a little, he fell asleep and never woke again." His remains were laid in state at Somerset House, the apartment being decorated with his most celebrated pictures, an act of picturesque and graceful homage peculiarly appropriate and impressive. As an artist, Fuseli ranks among those who are styled the Wonderful. One, whose pictures were ever most successful when the subject afforded full scope for grandeur and sublimity. The unknown regions of heaven and hell were the favourite haunts of his daring spirit; and the forms with which he has peopled them, once seen, are ever afterwards allied in the mind with those mysterious abodes. He trusted to posterity for fame, nor can it be doubted that the immortality he coveted will be awarded.

The portrait at the head of this article is a very good likeness of Fuseli. It was drawn from a picture painted by Harlowe, who first executed one for the biographer of Fuseli, Mr. Knowles, who promised the loan of it to be copied for us by Harlowe. Failing to fulfil the promise so made, Mr. Fuseli was so kind as to again sit to Harlowe, the result being a better portrait than the one which had preceded it.

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AN UNKNOWN ALLEGORY. (See Frontispiece.)

The Frontispiece to this volume exhibits an unknown allegory, carefully copied from one of Marc Antonio's finest engravings, after a design by Francesco Raibolini, commonly called Francesco Francia.

Its meaning has baffled the skill of the learned, to whom it still remains a mystery. Many solutions have been hazarded by various distinguished artists, but all vague and unsatisfactory. Even the erudite Fuseli, with all his vast acquirements, critical acumen, and intimate knowledge of old designs and engravings, said that he "had *pondered* upon the subject a hundred times, without being able to come to any satisfactory conclusion."

Though composed of forms scripturally familiar, it yet remains a complete enigma, and as such, is presented as a theme for curiosity and research, to those who have a love for such pursuits.

Like all the works of Francesco Francia, this composition is distinguished for extreme simplicity, energy, and grace. The moment of action, which by him was always dramatically conceived, and powerfully developed, is here strikingly rendered; and it is not a little extraordinary that the subject of this composition, the work of such a master, perpetuated by the skill of Marc Antonio, the most celebrated engraver of the age in which he lived, should now be utterly unknown; more particularly as it was one on which the latter must have expended considerable time and labour, it being, in truth, one of his finest engravings.

The pictures of Francia, besides the excellences already enumerated, were also usually embellished with carefully executed backgrounds, a perfection which is but slightly indicated in the present engraving: this, however, is the less to be regretted, since the main points have been so admirably preserved.

The following ingenious surmise on the meaning of the subject

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has been made by an amateur friend, whose cultivated mind and artistic taste render him no slight authority on all matters connected with art and artists. He thinks it probable that "the sitting figure is probably meant for Cain, who, in his melancholy wanderings, after his great sin, is tempted by new evil, symbolized by the parley with the Tempter under the old form, as he appeared in the garden. (God, perhaps, graciously permitting him to be thus placed upon his guard, for he must well know by whose means his mother fell from her happy estate.) A fellow-man, younger, and of the next generation—for thirty years in those days would but make slight difference in looks—who has perhaps sympathized with Cain's wretchedness, seeing him thus dangerously occupied, flies from the temptation; but the woman, either more curious or more sympathizing, remains. The musical instrument she holds, may have been used as an appliance in alleviating his misery. The presence of the serpent shows that the scene, in point of time, cannot be far removed from Eden."

A learned divine suggests that it may probably be some legend of the Roman Catholic Church.

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ETRUSCAN VASE.



HIS beautiful vase, elegant in form and elaborately adorned with figures and ornaments, which forms the subject of the accompanying engraving, is one of those exquisite funereal vases which still remain memorials of the reverence with which the ancient Greeks invested all that appertained to the dead. "It is one of the finest specimens of the kind, its height being two feet, two and a half inches. It was purchased in Italy, by the late Mr. Tresham, for £50."

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The engraving gives a front view of the vase. The reverse has no figures, but is ornamented with tracery of honeysuckle, disposed in the most graceful manner, and elegantly varied. The figures, and general developement, represent a funereal ceremony. In the centre is a sepulchral monument in the form of an œdicula, or small distyle temple, elevated on a double base. The front is composed of two columns, supporting the architrave and pediment. In the vacant space between the columns, the deceased is represented seated, holding a pyxis or box, with jewels, or other female ornaments, and an object which it is difficult to distinguish, but which appears to be a ball of wool (τολυπη) for spinning. She is undressed, except a large mantle or *Phars* thrown over her, in the same manner as is seen in figures of Venus. One of her attendants is standing before her, and conversing with her; she holds a fan and a wreath of flowers. In one of the angles is a small window, indicating that the scene takes place in a dwelling-house. In the opposite angle, a fillet or girdle is suspended. Near the tomb are one male and three female figures bringing offerings in honour of the deceased; these consisted usually of objects analogous to the profession, taste, or pursuits of the deceased. As this monument is that of a lady, the offerings consist of two mirrors, two baskets for female attire (τηλαροι), a tympanum, and fan; there are also two plates, probably containing fruits; and the young man holds a *lecythus*, with which he pours perfume on the monument. Several fillets on the field are supposed to be suspended on the walls of the monument.

Similar ceremonies were performed in honour of the deceased by their relations and friends on the anniversary of their birth or of their death, and at various times of the year; Pollux says on the 9th, and 30th day of every month. They were called νεκρισιμα, and correspond with the Roman Parentalia. Similar subjects are frequently represented on vases which were intended to be placed in tombs. The draperies of the figures and other parts of the ornaments of this vase have been highly decorated with delicate designs in white, and perhaps other colours: these have perished, and are now only visible in a

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strong lateral light. They are too minute to be given in an engraving of this size.

The following letter from Sir Henry Englefield, Bart., to the late Henry Fuseli contains a minutely detailed and ample account of the means employed in the decoration of these interesting and beautiful objects.

"Tilney Street, August 24, 1823.

"DEAR SIR,

"At your desire I communicate to you such observations on the ancient vases commonly called Etruscan, as a minute examination of many of the finest specimens in the magnificent collection of Mr. Thomas Hope, and the select and very beautiful one belonging to Mr. Edwards, have enabled me to make, particularly with respect to the mechanical process used in the decoration of them.

"The material of these vases is clay of a very fine and close quality, extremely light, and of a colour nearly the same in all, a light and agreeable orange-red. They all, without exception, are covered with a varnish or glazing of a dark colour, but not in all of the same tint; in some, it has a greenish hue, and a lustre of a metallic appearance; this is most striking in those found at Nola. In many, the varnish is of a brownish black, like Asphaltum. The vases may be ranked in four classes.

"1. Those covered with varnish without ornament or painting of any kind.

"2. Those which bear on the natural ground of the ware, figures in black varnish.

"3. Those whose figures are left in red, the vase being covered with varnish.

"4. Vases covered entirely with varnish, on which ornaments are painted in colours.

"Of the first sort it will be necessary to say but little. Many of the most exquisitely formed Nolan vases are of this sort. The varnish appears to have been laid on while the vase was on the lathe.

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The parallel strokes visible on the surface of the varnish, and its extreme equality of tint, prove this. No better mode can be desired for varnishing, except dipping the ware into the liquid varnish; and this was not done in these vases, as the varnish never covers the hollow of the foot, nor descends deep within the neck. I cannot at all say whether the vase was varnished while yet wet, or first suffered to dry, or even baked a first time, as is the process in much of our common modern glazed earthenware.

"The second sort bear in general, marks of the most remote antiquity. The figures are universally of a stiff and meagre form, the drapery close, and the folds few and hard. Yet in many the composition is good, and the action of the figures vigorous. They exactly resemble in style, the bronzes still remaining of Etruscan work. The mode pursued in painting them was this:

"The intended figure was painted without any previous discoverable outline in varnish, and then resembled exactly those figures so common under the name of Silhouettes. When the varnish was quite dry and hard, the features, the limbs, and the folds of the drapery, &c., were scratched through it with a pointed tool, which was applied with such force as to cut some depth into the clay of the vase. This sort of outlining was sometimes carried round parts of the contour, which appeared to the artist not sufficiently distinct without it. The hands and fingers are often thus partially scratched out. Parts of the drapery and ornaments on the heads of the figures were then covered with a coat of coloured paint. Violet occurs most frequently; often a green, and sometimes white. In some vases of the most ancient and rudest appearances, animals, particularly birds, are coloured not only with these colours, but also red and yellow; and the appearance and style of these vases have a great resemblance to the Egyptian paintings on their mummy chests. The vases of this sort are said to be universally found in the deepest graves, so deep indeed, that over them sepulchral chambers of a later date, with vases of a totally different character, are often found.

"That the colours above mentioned were put on after the outline was scratched in, is ascertained by the circumstance of the colours

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having in many instances run into, and partially filled up the strokes engraved in the vases. This species of painting is evidently the first improvement on the simple Skiagrams.

"The vases of the third description, namely those whose figures are left in red on a ground of dark varnish, are by much the most common of any, and are found of all degrees of excellence, from the most careless and slight finishing, to the most exquisite work; but in all, the style of design is essentially different from those described above with the figures in black. In the red figures, however negligently executed, there is a fulness of form, and a freedom of drapery, perfectly similar to the remains of Greek art which have reached us, whether in sculpture or coins. The process also of this execution is entirely different from the second sort, and will now be minutely described from repeated observations of many of the most exquisite of them, made not only with the naked eye, but with glasses of high magnifying power.

"The first thing painted on these vases was the outline of the figures, not only of their contour, but the markings of the features, muscles, folds of the drapery, ornaments, &c. This outline, in those vases which are of fine execution, was made with an instrument which carried a very fine and equal point, and at the same time left a very full body of the colour used on the vase. The colour itself appears to have been of a thick consistence; for if the strokes, even the finest (which are as fine as could be made by a good pen) are carefully examined with a magnifier in a side light, it will be distinctly perceived that there is a slight hollow in the middle of each, owing to the colour having flowed round the point which traced it, and met behind it—just as we see in a road where the mud is of a semi-fluid consistence, that the track of a wheel is filled in with the pasty mire, leaving a depressed line in the centre of the rut. It is impossible to say whether the instrument used for these outlines was of the nature of a pen or a brush; yet I am inclined to think from the flowing appearance of the lines that a firm and finely pointed brush or pencil was used. Whichever it was, the hands which guided it possessed a steadiness and freedom of execution almost incredible. Lines of a

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great length, and difficult curvatures are carried over the convex surfaces of the vases without the least wavering or indecision, or any lifting the point from the vase, or any repetition or filling up of the stroke. An attentive examination of the outline will ascertain this fact beyond a doubt, and a further proof of it may be drawn from the few instances in which strokes of very great length have been done at twice, particularly in a vase of great size and admirable execution in the collection of Mr. Hope, representing probably the story of Triptolemus, where the long parallel lines marking the feathers of the wing of a genius have been suspended about half way; and no particular care has been taken to conceal the junction of the lines. This vase also furnishes a very rare and instructive instance of what, by artists, are called *pentimenti*, or changes of design. The wheel of a chariot, and part of the arms of a figure, with a patera or cup in the hand, have been considerably varied; and the first outline is still visible like a faint red chalk stroke, but without any enlargement or smearing, so that it should seem the false stroke was scratched off by a sharp edge, carefully applied to the surface of the vase when the varnish or paint was nearly dry.

"That the outline was performed with this freedom and celerity, and scarcely ever altered, may be further inferred from the great inaccuracies of drawing so frequent even in those vases whose design and execution are of the very highest class. Perhaps an absolutely unerring precision of hand has never been the lot of any artist however excellent. The drawings of the greatest masters prove that they found many things to alter in their most careful first lines; and the union of excellence and defect on the vases can, I think, only be accounted for in the supposition of an unaltered line.

"What has been hitherto said of the mode of outlining this sort of vases is applicable only to the finish of them. In those of inferior finish, the outlines are much thicker, and laid on with a less body of colour; and in many of the coarsest, there is reason to think that no outline at all was made, but that the figures were merely left red in the general wash of the vase, with the dark coloured varnish, and the outlines of the features, folds of the drapery, &c., were put in with a

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large brush, and in a very careless manner. Indeed on the very finest of the vases, the subordinate decorations, such as the honeysuckle (as it is called) ornament, so frequent under the handles, were simply left red in the general wash of varnish over the body of the vase; at least no outline of them is now discoverable.

"To return to the painting of the finest vases, the outline already described being perfectly dry, the artist with a brush or other similar instrument which bore a full body of colour and made a stroke of about a quarter of an inch in breadth, went carefully round the contours of the outlined figures. In this operation, an opportunity was given to make slight alterations in the design, and in some degree to amend the contour. This seems to have been often done; for the original outline is often covered in parts by this wash, and appears projecting from the surface of the vase under it; affording also a proof that the outline was dry and hard before this wash was laid on. Frequently, also, this wash does not come quite up to the original outline; but in general the wash follows the outline in a most steady and masterly manner. Probably at this time, the hair of the figures was put in with a thin wash of the same varnish or colour, managed with peculiar freedom and dexterity, and so washed out to nothing at the extremities of the flowing curls of the tresses, as to have the lightest and at the same time, the most finished effect. It is to be observed, that the hair, which in some parts is as dark as the ground of the vase, is not carried quite to the ground, but that a small space is left red round the hair in order to relieve it from the ground of the vase. The truth of the contour being thus secured by this narrow border of ground carefully laid on, the covering of the remaining surface of the vase with its varnish might be safely intrusted to an inferior hand. That the varnish was laid on at twice, is evident by inspection of any well finished vase, where the first narrow line of varnish is distinctly visible under the general wash. This process finished the greater part of the vases, even the finest; but on some, particularly those of the largest size, when everything else was quite dry, some parts of the design were coloured with washes of two different tints. The horses and parts of the armour are painted with white, which

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when dry is opaque, but when wetted becomes nearly transparent.

"Parts of the drapery and ornaments round the necks and on the heads of the figures and some of the shields, are painted yellow, and several small flowers and ornaments of foliage, which are interspersed among the figures, are painted in white and yellow. The internal outlines and muscles of the horses are painted with lines of a light orange on the white; and the white shields are ornamented in the same manner. That the white horses were painted after the original black outline of the human figures was dry, is evidently seen in the magnificent vase in the possession of Mr. Edwards. In that vase, a leg of one of the horses comes across the thigh and drapery of a figure, and the original outline of that figure is visible under the white colour which forms the horse's leg. All these colours are so fixed on the vases, probably by fire, that they resist the action of aquafortis.

"The vases of the last sort, namely those which have ornaments in white and other colours painted on a black ground, which covered the whole surface of the vase are very rarely to be met with. Mr. Hope possesses several, which Sir William Hamilton told me were all found in one sepulchral chamber, in which none of any other sort were placed. The cause of this singularity it were vain to enquire. No figures are represented on these vases, but the ornaments are light wreaths of ivy or vine-leaves with masks and other bacchanalian symbols. The execution is careless, but spirited; the paint used seems of the same quality with that above described as covering the horses, &c., in vases of the third sort; and the mode of applying it appears in no wise to differ from what would now be pursued. It is not, therefore, necessary to say anything further on this subject. It is singular, that on vases so profusely adorned with painting, scarcely an instance of anything like bas-relief or sculpture of any kind occurs; on the handles of Mr. Edwards's great vase two full faces in very flat relief are seen; but, con rispetto parlando, is it quite certain that these handles are entirely ancient?

"These are the observations which a very careful examination has enabled me to make on the mechanical process used in adorning the

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ancient earthen vases called Etruscan. To your judgment, dear Sir, I submit them, confident that you will, *si quid novisti rectius istis, candidus* rectify my errors.

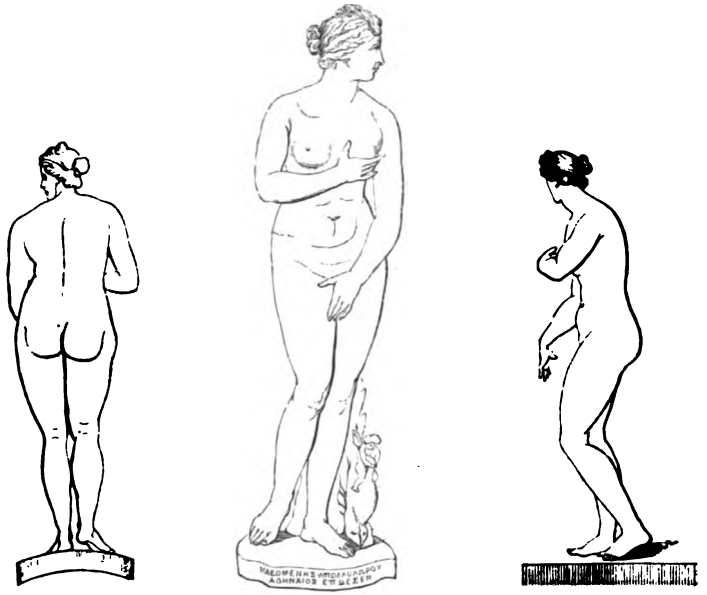
"I am, with sincere regard,

"Your obliged and faithful

"H. Englefield.

"To Henry Fuseli, Esq., R.A."

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ODE TO CLEOMENES, THE ATHENIAN SCULPTOR,

SUPPOSED TO BE RECITED IN HIS HONOUR AT A BANQUET GIVEN TO HIM ON THE COMPLETION OF HIS STATUE OF VENUS ANADYOMENE, NOW CALLED

THE VENUS DE MEDICIS.



I.

BREATHE the laurel! strike the lyre!
Crown with rose the Chian* wine,
For the Greek whose soul of fire
Formed the Goddess-Queen divine,
Bow, ye Greeks of all degrees,
To the great Cleomenes.

* At the festivals of the ancient Greeks, the wine cups were encircled with garlands of roses. The Chian wine was a potent beverage made from the grapes for which the isle of Chios was famed.

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II.

To the grand aspiring mind,
Whence as from an altar rose,
Thoughts sublime till here combined,
Pure and perfect beauty glows,
Till the Goddess from her shrine
Breathes o'er all her charm divine.

III.

Fires the fancy, feeds the soul;
Steeps each sense in trembling love,
Rapturous as the flames that roll
Through the radiant breast of Jove;
Triumph, honour, love, and peace,
To the great Cleomenes.

IV.

Haste, ye maidens, young and fair,
Where the rose and myrtle blow,
These to bind your waving hair,
Those beneath his feet to throw,
Singing to soft melodies,
Honour to Cleomenes.

V.

With the ringing tambourine,
Let the tide of joy increase;
O'er your white arms waving seen,
Dark-eyed maids! the Girls of Greece!
While like winds o'er summer seas,
Youths proclaim Cleomenes.

VI.

Wreathe the laurel! strike the lyre!
Crown with rose the Chian wine,
To the Greek whose soul of fire,
Formed the Goddess-Queen divine.
Bow, ye Greeks of all degrees,
To the great Cleomenes.

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The inscription on the plinth of this incomparable statue is as follows:

ΚΛΕΟΜΕΝΗΣ-ΑΠΟΛΛΟΔΩΡΟΥ
ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΣ ΕΠΩΕΣΕΝ.

which in English reads:—Cleomenes an Athenian the son (or disciple) of Apollodorus made this.

Cleomenes is mentioned by Pliny, and lived about 200 years B. C. The statue was found in the Villa of Hadrian, near Tivoli, but was removed to Florence in 1680. In the year 1800 it was with many other master-pieces of art, carried to Paris by order of Napoleon, where it remained until his final overthrow in 1815. On its arrival in Paris, a medal, which forms one of the finest of the Napoleon series, was struck in honour of the event, having this inscription on the obverse: "Aux Arts la Victoire." The statue now occupies its former place in the Tribune of the Ducal Gallery.

Its height is four feet eleven and a half inches, exclusive of the plinth. It is celebrated by all writers on ancient art, and by many poets. In Thomson's Seasons it is called "The Statue that enchants the world;" and Lord Byron in Childe Harold, devotes no less than five exquisite stanzas of nine lines each, in admiration of it. When Samuel Rogers was in Florence completing his poem of Italy, he spent one hour every forenoon in the Tribune, feasting his eyes on the work of Cleomenes.

In Richardson's Account of the Statues and Bas-Reliefs of Italy, published in 1722, he states that there were then existing in Rome and Florence alone, upwards of one hundred antique copies of the Venus of Cleomenes. Modern copies are in thousands, and casts in plaster innumerable all over the world. It is known that one of the fingers of the left hand is modern, and as every circumstance which relates to this master-piece of antiquity, is interesting, it may be well to state how the finger was broken, and also why the statue was at one time called by Englishmen at Florence, Lady Ossory.

In the time of Cosmo III., Grand Duke of Tuscany, Lord Ossory

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being then at Florence, was one day in company with the Duke, contemplating this wonderful statue, and offered him one hundred thousand livres if he would be induced to part with it, asking two months' time to procure the money from England, and adding that a ship should be sent from thence expressly for the purpose of its conveyance. The Duke smiled at the proposal, but without making any reply turned towards the Marquis Malespina, who was present, and desired him to take down his Lordship's name, and the affair ended as a piece of pleasantry. Lord Ossory had a very fine cornelian ring, with an engraving of Cupid on it, which the Duke having seen some days before, had admired so much that his Lordship wished to present it to him. His Highness, however, would not accept the ring, and the Englishman, with a delicate generosity, requested of Cosmo, that although he would not part with the Venus, he would at least permit him to marry her. The Duke having willingly consented, his Lordship put the ring on the finger of the Goddess, and fixed it as firmly as possible, thus finding means to gratify the Duke without wounding his self-love.

Cosmo, thinking the representation of Cupid agreeable to the subject of the statue, suffered the ring to remain, and the Goddess would still have been adorned with it, had not a certain personage resolving to remove it, clandestinely entered the gallery and attempted to appropriate the ring to himself, when being obliged to use force, the finger was broken. But the ring was recovered, and is still appended to a little gold chain, in the Crystal Cabinet in the Royal Gallery. The Journalist adds, that this attempt at petty larceny, in depriving Lady Ossory of her marriage ring, was committed by a personage of distinguished rank, whose name is not given.

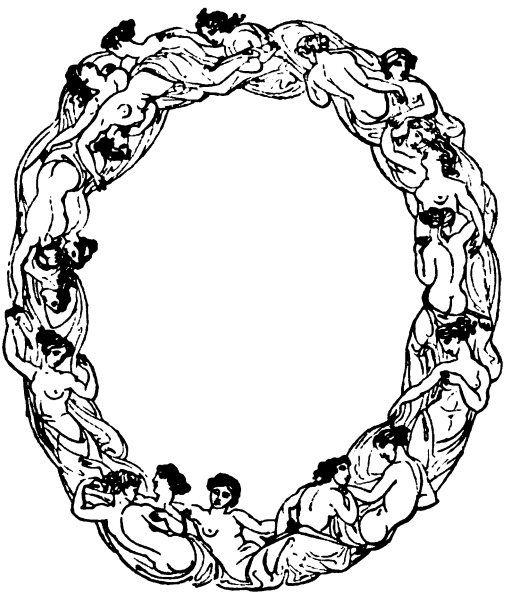
The engravings are copied, on a very reduced scale, from a set of outline drawings made by Joseph Nollekens, R.A., a celebrated English sculptor. The originals are crossed by numerous lines in all directions, on which are marked the respective measurements. The following certificate is on one of them: "That no doubt of the authenticity and accuracy of these measurements may be hereafter entertained, I now certify that they were with the most scrupulous

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attention, taken by me on the real statue, at Florençe, in June, 1770, when it was off its pedestal modelling for the King of Spain.

"JOSEPH NOLLEKENS."

A very fine copy, cut by Nollekens, is in the Gallery of the Duke of Gordon, at Fochabers, in the north of Scotland.



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ROSE MALCOLM.



HROUGH lonely valleys deep and wild,
With summer herbage thickly piled,
Rose Malcolm walks alone;
Attempting oft, with silvery sound,
To lure again her wandering hound,
Deep in the greenwood gone.

In vain she calls: her thrilling words
Are answered but by warbling birds,
Or echoes from the rock;
Till, on a sudden, from her cheek
The colour fades,—for voices speak
As though her tones they mock.

Listening she stands, as pale and mute
As when she feared Sir Huon's suit
Should with her sire prevail:
And now, her terror who may tell?
For that fierce Knight, known but too well,
Rides swift o'er down and dale:

And by his side his henchman bold,
Gaunt as a night-wolf of the wold,
And dreaded as his lord;
Whose fiery courser, strong and proud,
With arched neck and neighing loud,
Comes trampling o'er the sward.

Nigh as they come, the maiden's form,
Like flower that folds before the storm,
With terror sinks,—when lo!
From a dark thicket springs her hound,
With crouch, and whine, and joyous bound,
Disporting to and fro.

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Meanwhile the horsemen, hovering near,
Hold parle awhile, with eyes that sear
  The modest maiden's gaze,—
Who scarce their flushing looks has scanned,
Ere from her locks a silken band
  She to her hound displays.

Then, with a wild and thrilling cry
Of "Home!" she flings the pledge on high,
  One moment views his speed,—
The next is to Sir Huon pressed;
As o'er a rugged mountain's breast
  He spurs his flying steed.

Onward they rush o'er mount and moor,
O'er holt and heath, till noon is o'er,
  When, from a deathlike trance,
The maid awakes with piercing scream,
Beholding, though as in a dream,
  A Chief in swift advance.

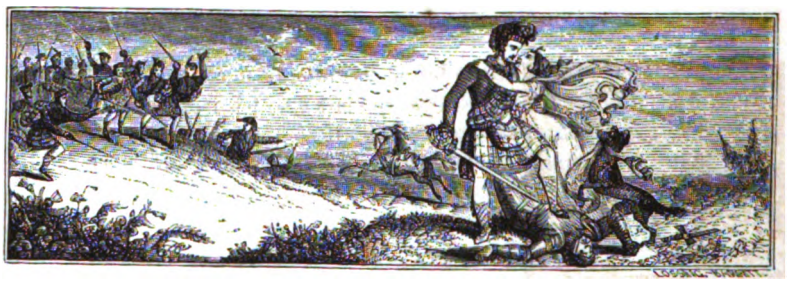
On! On! He comes! 'Tis he—her sire,
His teeth close clenched, his soul on fire,
  His sheathless blade in hand;
Beneath whose first resistless blow,
The savage henchman, falling low,
  Expires upon the sand.

And whilst the recreant's charger flies,
With falcon swoop he wrests the prize,
  From fell Sir Huon's grasp;
Holding at bay the furious Knight,
Who, wild with rage, puts forth his might
  To win her from his clasp.

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Fruitless his toil: ne'er shall he set
That pearl upon his coronet;
For now o'er hill and plain,
The Malcolm's Gathering proudly swells,
And loud and high, at intervals,
Is heard the clansmen's strain.

Near as they come, the blaze of strife
Less fiercely glows: Sir Huon's life
Sinks fast beneath the sword;
And his last grim and baleful glance
Beholds the Chieftain's clan advance,
To hail their victor Lord.



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UNDINE.

I.

IN the bright dawning of a summer morn,
Ere yet the lark had left its dewy nest,
A noble knight, on milk-white courser borne,
To an enchanted wood his course addrest:
Bright was his eye, and his whole mien exprest
Acquaintance with the lance, the helm, and sword;
A soldier from the stirrup to the crest,
Yet fitted well for hall or festal board:
Sir Huldbrand was he styled—Ringstetten's youthful lord.

II.

Amidst the leaves from morn till noon he rode,
When sounds unearthly murmured on his ear,
And phantom shapes, of wild and evil bode,
Amongst the haunted boughs began to peer;
Whereat the steed, oppressed with sudden fear,
Across the forest with his rider flew;
And soon had made a deep abyss his bier,
But that a hermit old, all white of hue,
His palely-mantled form athwart the pathway threw.

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III.

Checked in the moment of his fellest ire,
The steed, as touched by an enchanter's wand,
Grew still as stone, with eyes of living fire,
And breath that rolled like smoke along the land,
Whilst his proud neck, like bow in archer's hand,
Was by his tow'ring rider strongly bent,
Who in his heart could scarce a fear withstand,
When the old hermit's form seemed strangely blent
With a wild mountain-stream that through the forest went.

IV.

Yet, ne'er the less the adventurous knight spurred on,
Albeit the angry waves, with deafening roar,
Would rise in nodding piles, and then anon
Assail him with their foam for evermore;
Till, at the last, of reason nigh forlore
And wildly flying over bosk and brake,
He reached, at close of day, a cottage door,
O'erhung with many a rich and fragrant flake
Of hawthorn boughs that dipped into a silv'ry lake;

V.

Where in a nook of blossoms he espied
An aged sire, low seated on the ground,
Mending his nets in the cool eventide,
With whom he rest and shelter gladly found:
But soon new wonders rose; for whilst the sound
Of water dashed against the ivied pane,
There came a blue-eyed nymph, with hair unbound,
And song as sweet as linnet's after rain,
Who playfully approached, and knelt before the twain.

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VI.

Meanwhile, with courteous words, in accents mild,
The aged sire besought his noble guest
To pardon this his wilful foster-child,
Whom, whilst reproachfully he then addrest,
The untutored girl, like dove that seeks its nest,
Close to the wond'ring stranger trembling clung;
And while her golden locks drooped o'er his breast,
With looks of innocence, and artless tongue,
Inquired if from the wood, or whence, the traveller sprung?

VII.

But ere her question gained the knight's reply,
Her sire with angry chidings interposed,
And, as a vision from the awakening eye,
So fled the maid who at his knee reposed;
Fast they pursued, but darkness round them closed,
And nought gave answer to their eager cries,
Save the loud winds, and waters that uproused
Their foamy crests against the ebon skies,
Beneath whose sable pall the enchanted wood did rise.

VIII.

Amidst the crashing boughs, the well-known stream
Rolled like a mighty river, in whose wave
The knight, when plunged, beheld, as in a dream,
Upon an isle the form he sought to save,
And heard that voice of music softly crave,
That of the hermit old he would beware;
Whereat, with heart a thousand times more brave,
He stemmed the flood, and, with a lover's care,
In safety o'er its tide the youthful maiden bare.

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IX.

Weeping with joy, the aged father threw
His arms across the brook to clasp his child,
With whom as to the shore Sir Huldbrand drew,
At every step the waves appeared less wild,
And through the boughs the hermit grimly smiled
As in approval of the passing scene:
Whilst now, of every care and fear beguiled,
The evening closed in nuptial joy serene,
The knight a bridegroom gay—his bride the fair Undine.

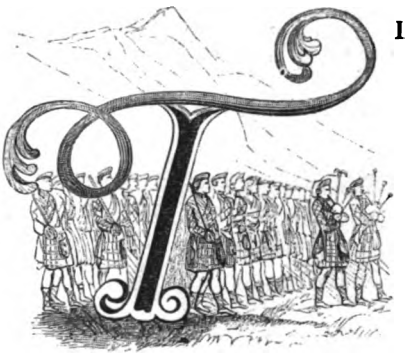


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THE MARCH OF THE CLANS.

AIR—"The Campbells are Coming."

I.



THE Clans of the Highlands are up and awa';
MacDonald, Clan Ronald, MacGregor, Macraw!
The tartans are streaming;
The war-pipes are screaming;
The claymores are gleaming, hurrah! hurrah!
Saint Andrew for Scotland! the bonnie and braw.
The kilt and the plaidie, the bonnet and a';
Brave sons of the heather, strike well, and together,
For auld Scottish honour, and glory, and a'.

II.

There's Gordon the gallant, brave Campbell, and Mar,
The Douglas, the Maxwell, Lochiel, and Dunbar.
Their pibrochs are pealing
From castle and shealing;
Each watch-tower revealing the standard of war.
On, on, o'er the hills where the bold eagle flies,
O'er muirs, where the stag and the ptarmigan rise,
Scott, Farquhar and Menzies; the stately Mackenzies,
Wi' Scotia's proud standard unfurled to the skies.

III.

MacPherson, MacDougal, MacLeod, and Dunmore,
Græme, Athole, and Airly; MacKay, and Kintore,
Wi' weapons bright glancing;
Wi' plumes gaily dancing;

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Each clan wi' its pipers proud marching before;
Bold Frazers, MacFarlanes, and Grants o' the Spey,
All gallantly marching in warlike array,
Through wild torrent plashing, through deep ravine dashing,
O'er mountains illumed by the beacon's fierce ray.

IV.

Joy, joy to the hour, when returning once more,
The march of the Clans shall resound on the shore;
Wi' triumph loud swelling,
In ha' and low dwelling,
Where groups of gay dancers spring light on the floor;
Like roses in sunshine, when summer winds blow,
So gracefully bending, so brightly they glow;
Drink a' wi' fu' tassie, the sweet Highland lassie,
The sweet Highland lassie wherever you go.



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INVOCATION TO A WREATH OF TRANSATLANTIC FLOWERS.

YE flowers that o'er the dark dread sea,
Like faded mourners come,
By your past beauty tell to me
A tale of mine own home.



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II.

What of my Father, hardy leaf
Of England's bulwark tree?
He lives, unharmed by age or grief,
His emblem, I to thee.
His step is firm, his eye is bright,
His accent clear and strong,
As when thy childhood to delight
He raised the joyous song.

III.

What of my Mother, lovely rose?
Speak, for my tears are nigh.
Look on the stream that calmly flows
And the unclouded sky,
For these in heaven's own language show
Her spirit unto thine:
The stream her life's pure course below,
The sky her trust divine.

IV.

What of my Sister? tell, oh tell,
Thou gentlest forest child,
Coy fairy nun—meek violet bell,
So modest, sweet and mild.
Think of my opening blossoms when
They first adorn the lea—
The ring-dove in her leafy cell,
Or hive-crowned honey-bee.

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v.

And what of Emily the fair,
Sweet lily, pure and white,
Whose rosy cheek and lovely hair
Haunt my charmed dreams by night.
In sorrow's darkest day of ill,
Her laugh a joy imparts,
In loveliness unrivalled still
She reigns the queen of hearts.



vi.

Woodbine, sweet woodbine, softly breathe,
Last, though not loved the less,
Of him who wild as thine own wreath
Hath all its artlessness.
The stag, the steed, the mountain wind,
The birds that lightly skim,
All joyful things unto thy mind
May bring the thought of him.

vii.

I ask no more—Delightful flowers,
That to my heart have given
Sweet thoughts, bright hopes, and happy hours
Of thankfulness to Heaven.



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ROMANCE OF THE SEA, A DESCRIPTIVE CANTATA.

THE ADIEU.

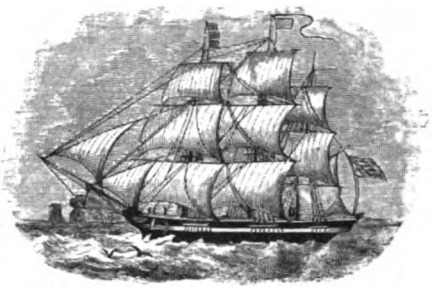
AROUND my bark, while murmuring swell
The voices of the sea,
I'll breathe a fervent, fond farewell,
My native land, to thee.

I leave the treasures of my soul,
My chaplet of Life's flowers,
Within thy keeping and control,
To bloom for brighter hours.

With favouring wind, and swelling sail,
We skim the sparkling deep,
While night puts on her silvery veil
And stars their vigils keep.

'Tis the sweet hour when prayers of love
Ascend from earth and sea,
And mine shall rise to heaven above,
My native land for thee.

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BARCAROLLE.

I.

'ER the wild ocean gliding,
Many a night and day,
My gallant bark is riding,
God speed her on her way!
The waves are rainbows flinging—
Loud swells the seaman's strain,
Oh! bark, speed on, swift winging
To mine own land again,
To the home where fond arms clinging
Shall welcome me again.

II.

One blissful spirit flying,
With me I bear along,
To cheer me when I'm sighing,
And lull me with her song:

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'Tis Hope—with sweet voice ringing
Along the flashing main;
Oh! bark, speed on, light winging
To mine own home again;
To the eyes where sweet tears springing
Shall welcome me again.

III.

When storms the heavens are rending,
My spirit takes her flight
To where the hearth is sending
Around its ruddy light;
Where lips beloved are singing
Some old familiar strain.
Oh! bark, speed on, light winging,
To those loved lips again;
To the heart its pure love bringing
To welcome me again.

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THE EXILE'S DREAM.

I.



N dreams beneath the evening star,
Methought, I sate alone
In mine own home, in lands afar,
And O! how bright it shone.

II.

Loved voices murmured in my ear,
Like music softly played;
And many a kiss, and many a tear
Upon my cheek were laid.

III.

I saw fond eyes look up to mine
And folded to my heart,
Thy gentle form, sweet wife—'twas thine
From whom 'twas death to part.

IV.

Our little children clasped us round,
And joyful danced and sung
"Our Father's come! our Father's found!"
How sweet those accents rung!

V.

The winds breathed soft—the sun was low—
And summer richly wore
Her loveliest hues, that seemed to glow
More bright than e'er before.

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VI.

How fresh the turf beneath the tree
Which gave our cottage shade,
Within whose porch I well could see
The honest watch-dog laid.



VII.

The door flew ope—with joyful bound
A playful infant flew,
Leaped on the dog and clasped him round—
My youngest boy I knew!

VIII.

I had no words for joy like this,
But tears in torrents spoke;
Eager I rushed the boy to kiss,
And struggling—weeping—woke.

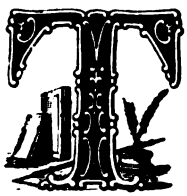
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IX.

Ye pictured scenes of early youth,
Of childhood, love, and home;
Bright dreams of constancy and truth
Be with me as I roam.

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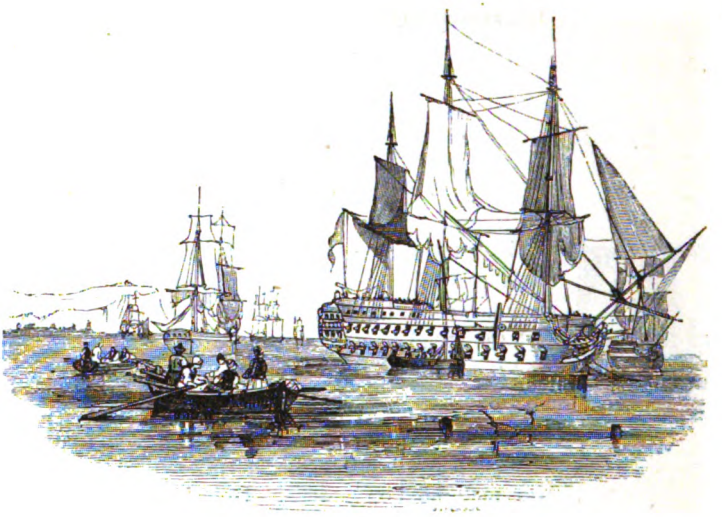
THE GALE.



HE sky grows dark—the sea runs high —
The thunder peals—the lightnings fly—
Clew down the topsails. Quick! 'tis done.
Lo! the dread gale comes roaring on—
And the top-gallant masts are gone!
Oh God! that crash—that thrilling cry!
A man o'er board! Help! Help! 'tis nigh—
Cheer! Cheer! he swims—a spar is thrown—
Mess-mate hold on! Life! Hope! 'Tis gone—
Gone, with that long distracted moan!
Down, down he sinks to rise no more.
The waves with stern, defying roar,
Dance madly o'er his struggling form,
Drowning his voice, that 'midst the storm,
Rings mournfully along the sea:
* "Oh mother dear, thou'lt weep for me!"

* A fact.

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ARRIVAL.

WELCOME, O land! that bright and fair,
Beams shining o'er the sea;
Welcome, thou soft and scented air,
From meadow, flower, and tree.

Groves, hills, and vales, in sunshine dressed,
How beautiful ye seem!
Of such, when rocked on ocean's breast,
How oft hath been my dream.

The land! the land! we come! we fly!
How fair! how fresh, the sight!
While seen afar against the sky,
Shine towers and turrets bright.

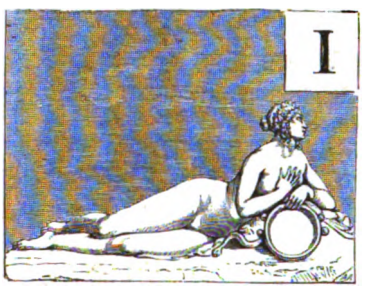
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The whirlwind's sweep—the ocean's roar—
The shuddering, shrieking blast—
Storms, winds, and waves, are feared no more,
The Haven dawns at last.

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ADORA.

In the Sculpture Gallery at Chatsworth, Derbyshire, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, is the statue of a recumbent Bacchante, by Bartolini of Florence, the face and bust raised, and with one hand pressed upon the bosom. By her side lie a tambourine and some flowers, half concealing an asp. The mingled melancholy, beauty and grace of this enchanting statue, can never be fully expressed in words. The following lines faintly indicate the feelings it is calculated to inspire.



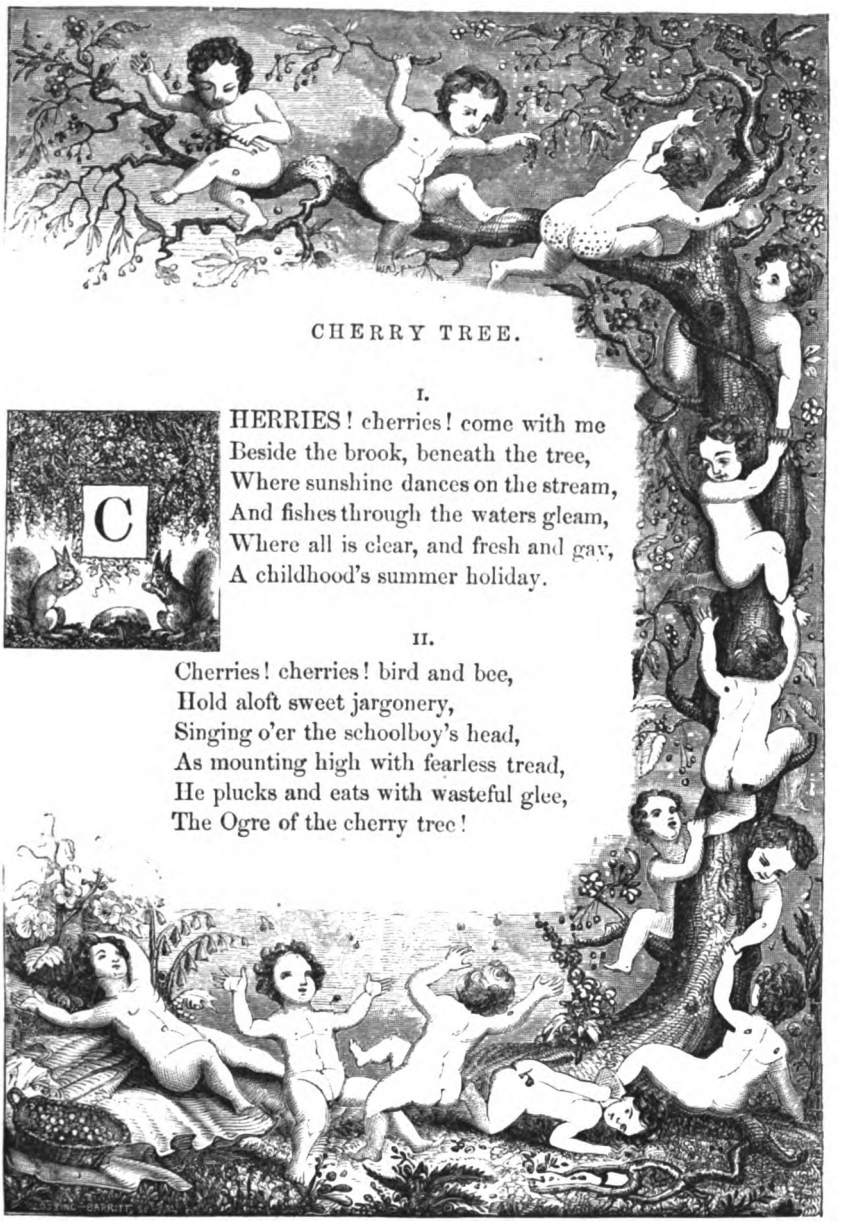
IN those meek imploring eyes
What a heaven of beauty lies!
Fervid as the glowing skies
Of thine own land
Adora!

From those lips which seem to say
Ah, go not yet—not yet away—
Love's murmuring music seems to pray
Impassioned, fond
Adora!

Thy looks proclaim, what words ne'er tell
Love's deep despair—its broken spell,
Its charm dissolved—its last farewell
Still in thine ear
Adora!

Image of grace! each magic line
Enchains the soul, and bids it pine
For charms as matchless—love like thine,
Oh mournful, pale
Adora!

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CHERRY TREE.

I.

CHERRIES! cherries! come with me
Beside the brook, beneath the tree,
Where sunshine dances on the stream,
And fishes through the waters gleam,
Where all is clear, and fresh and gay,
A childhood's summer holiday.

II.

Cherries! cherries! bird and bee,
Hold aloft sweet jargonery,
Singing o'er the schoolboy's head,
As mounting high with fearless tread,
He plucks and eats with wasteful glee,
The Ogre of the cherry tree!

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III.

Cherries! Cherries! down they go!
Tossed upon his mates below—
Bathing in the streamlet bright—
Merrily as minnows light,
Or rushing, roaring, frantically
Like squirrels up the cherry tree.

IV.

Childish gambols! pastimes gay!
Rub not yet their bloom away—
Oft in life with care o'er-weighed
They'll think of where their childhood played—
Will sigh—again a boy to be
In sparkling stream or cherry tree.

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CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

I.

Heavenly Father! who doth love
Little children when they pray,
Let my weakness pity move—
Keep, oh keep me night and day.

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II.

I am weak, and thou art strong,
  Let thy mercy me uphold
As a shepherd leads along
  A little lamb into his fold.

III.

Make me good, and make me kind—
  Very gentle to the poor!
And, oh, let me courage find
  To speak the truth for evermore.

IV.

Now the sun is gone to bed,
  And the bird is in its nest,
Guard, O God, my little head,
  When I lay it down to rest.

V.

That to-morrow I may wake
  Full of grateful love to thee,
Hear me, Lord! for Jesus' sake,
  Once a little child like me.

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THE HIGHLAND REEL.

AIR—"Earl Moira's Welcome."

I.

Hark! the pipes with lively sound,
Set the dancers all in motion;
To and fro—then circling round,
Swift and light as birds on ocean.
Now aloft their arms they fling,
As with transport light and heady;
Then away with quivering spring,
To the music true and steady.

II.

Livelier to the sounding strain,
Grows the dancing every minute;
Like to an enchanted chain
Young and old are drawn within it:

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Fathers, mothers, grandsires, all
Skipping to the lively measure,
Heedless though sly glances fall,
What care they? 'Tis purest pleasure!

III.

Brightly gay, the tartans flow,
Kilts and sporrans wildly swinging,
Floating plumes are waving low,
Scarfs their rainbow hues are flinging.
Highland youth, with Highland maid
Gently gliding, lightly whirling,
Hand on waist or shoulder laid,
Through the magic mazes twirling.

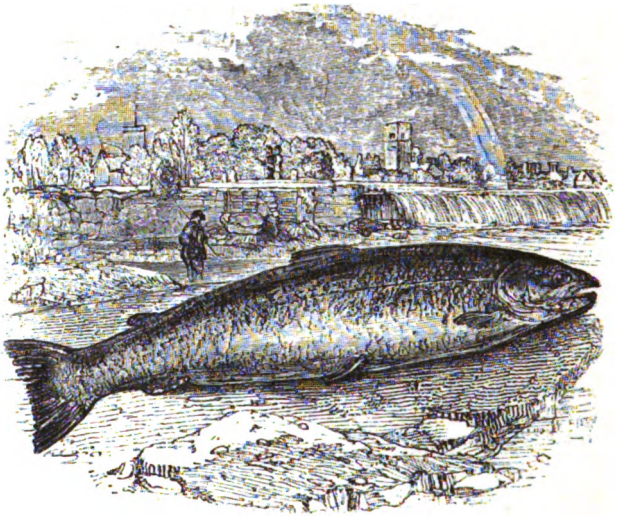


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IV.

Oh! the bonnie Highland reel,
Fling, Strathspey, or Sword-dance bounding,
Till with loud and deafening peal,
Through the hall the March is sounding.
Coyly sounds love's fond farewell,
Sparkling reams the foaming Tassie,
Gone is mirth and music's spell,
Thine remains, Sweet Highland Lassie.

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SONG OF THE SALMON.

I.



SING the song of Salmo Salar!*
Of the noble river-king!
Salmo Salar! famed for valour,
Famed for love, I gladly sing.

II.

O'er Northumbrian Truttæ† reigning,
Pike and Porpoise he defied:
With his royal fins restraining
The fierce Hucho's‡ greedy pride.

* Salmon. † Truttæ, Trouts. ‡ Huchos, Bull trouts.

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III.

From Osmĕrii* race descended,
Warriors in their armour born.
By his Eriox† henchmen tended,
Who base Sprods‡ and Samlets§ scorn.

IV.

Smooth of head, with jaw projecting,
Mort-fin,‖ strong as lion's claw,
Foes devouring, friends protecting,
Teeth on tongue, as well as jaw.

V.

Rays and spots (ancestral) shining,
Through his silvery armour glowed;
On his anal fin declining,
Thirteen shadows, black—abode.

VI.

On his back, the same dark omen
Arabesqued in purply gold,
Like bright reins that did o'erflow when
With love's fury uncontrolled.

VII.

Through the mighty rivers dashing
To the Empress of his soul—
O'er the foaming torrents flashing,
To her soft embrace he stole.

* That section of the genus Salmo which have the greater dorsal and the anal fin nearly opposite.

† Grey Salmon Trout. ‡ Salmon of the second year. § Young Salmon.

‖ A distinguishing mark of a Salmon of the third year.

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VIII.

Then in peaceful grandeur gliding
Slowly by her swelling side,
With his royal Gib providing
Fitting place his young to hide.

IX.

Thus he lived—the brave, the tender,
Till it fell upon a day,
Lured by fly of dazzling splendour
He became the Chatto's* prey.

X.

Mourn! Sultanas of the waters!
To the sea-lute's tenderest string
Teach your loveliest sons and daughters
Salmo Salar's praise to sing.

* W. A. Chatto, Esq., author of a Treatise on Wood Engraving, and other works.

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SCOTLAND.



LESSED be the ancient mountain land
Where Wallace led his patriot band;
And Bruce waved high his battle brand,
For glory and for Scotland!

To whose brown hills and glens belong
All that most hallows tale and song;
Or on its pinion bears along
The heart that beats for Scotland.

The deeds that wake the minstrel's lyre,
That bid each noble thought aspire;
And shed a glow of living fire
Around the names of Scotland.

Who reads upon the roll of fame
Of Lenox, Douglas, Maxwell, Græme;
But gives his worship to each name?
And breathes a prayer for Scotland!

Where yet the lonely mountains rise
That echoed to their warlike cries,
Now tuned to happier melodies,
From the blest homes of Scotland.

Where England's fair and Royal Rose
In her young beauty freshly glows;
And as a shield against her foes,
Bears the whole heart of Scotland.

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THE VOICE WE LOVE.



HE voice we love! the voice we love!
Its memory comes in lonely hours,
Like angel's whisper from above,
New stringing all life's wearied powers:
It haunts us still in every clime,
By land, by sea, where'er we rove;
A charm that lives untouched by time,
The voice we love! the voice we love!

Through chance and change, through good and ill,
Though all forsake and faithless prove,
Yet ever true it lingers still,
The voice we love! the voice we love!
It comes upon the wings of night,
Soft as the brooding mournful dove,
Turning the darkness into light,
The voice we love! the voice we love!

If stricken down by Sorrow's dart,
Ah! what can e'er such solace prove,
As that sweet music of the heart,
The voice we love! the voice we love!
And when life's closing hour draws nigh,
And shades of death around us move,
What blends with heaven our latest sigh?
The voice we love! the voice we love!

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TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.



S journeying through life's devious maze,
May joy attend ye—happy days—
And friendship that endures:
Fond mutual trust—faith undecayed—
With every flower that loves the shade
Of Home—be yours.

Content within that hallowed spot,
No early charm—no grace forgot—
Long may ye bide!
Each yielding to the other's will,
The husband, as the lover, still,
The wife—the bride.



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MAY TALBOT.



TIS sweet Saint Margaret's day, in July-tide,
And through the towers of Goderich harpings swell,
For Talbot's loveliest has become the bride
Of brave Holm Lacey. He, as records tell,
Ne'er sat but at the solemn festival,
Or wore a glove upon his good right hand,
Save when in battle, or by frith and fell,
Him list the chace to follow o'er the land,
With knights, and barons bold beneath his high command.

Yet was he gentle; such as lady's brow
Most smoothly beams on; and his dark eye's fire,
Did tenderest thoughts for his young bride avow,
Who knelt with flowing hair and rich attire,
Upon the Daïs, low, before her sire:
While stately dames, and high-born nobles stood,
With fair apparelled page, and gallant squire,
Ready, with casts of hawks, and kenetts good
To urge the flying prey, by forest, field, or flood.

Now, to resounding harps, the minstrels sung,
For with her hawk on hand, and favourite hound,
May Talbot left the halls where proudly hung
The glorious banners of her race around;
And, where the huge portcullis grimly frowned,
She, and her ladies, leading each a knight,
Passed on in glittering pomp, to music's sound,
With huntsman, horse, and hound, for greenwood dight,
Falcons with Milan bells, gay hoods, and jesses slight.

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Goderich! through all thy courts, and lofty towers,
Th' inspiring bugle rings! 'Tis fair to see
Amidst the pleachèd alleys and green bowers
The beautiful, the young, the brave, the free,
Mirrors of knighthood—flowers of courtesy
In gladness sporting o'er that pleasaunce wide,
By river, woodland, hill, and broomy lea,
Rousing the lonely heron's wing of pride,
From his green sedgy haunts down by the wild Wye's tide.

Subt'ly, the quest-hound roves through bosk and brake,
The bittern booms, the shrieking curlew flies,
And their swift flight the soaring falcons take
To hold ambitious warfare in the skies.
Low droops the ruffled plume no more to rise
As with ensanguined beak, and pinion spread,
The victor stands exulting o'er his prize;
While the repining hounds, in guardance led,
View the fierce Saker* stand rejoicing o'er his dead.

With her proud knight, May Talbot guides the rein
Of her white palfrey though the glades, where moss
And violets thickly spring, and woodbines strain
Their slender arms to clasp the rose across:
There, too, the deer, their branching antlers toss,
And musical small birds their love-tales tell,
Regardless, that beneath the maple's gloss,
Rings chime of Merlin's or of Tercel's bell,
While echoing heard afar, the wilder wood-notes swell.

Well pleased they wandered, leaving far behind
The sylvan rout; their pastime to pursue;
Smiling full oft, as on the summer wind
Came blast of horn, and hunter's wild halloo:

* Saker, one of the hawks which a knight was privileged to bear.

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Till from a pass, where many a dark tree grew,
Sprang forth a stately hound, who oft essayed
In vain, each art to bar their progress through
The gloomy darkness of that omened shade,
Then hung his head, and howled; yet followed close the maid.

The forest arches rose on pillars tall
Of sycamore and elm, whose vistas grey
Showed like old cloisters, at dim even-fall.
Gaily they rode, till forth the quivering spray
An arrow flew transpiercing on its way,
The good Goss-hawk Holm Lacey's wrist did bear,
While scornful voice sang merry roundelay,
And a bold archer, starting from his lair,
Fled, and still careless sang, like bird through summer air.

Fiercely the knight pursued! His gentle bride
Invoked each saint against unholy charm,
The noble hound drew closer to her side;
And then the maid saw raised, a stalwart arm.
Closed in its grasp, she shrieked in wild alarm,
Answered by her brave dog with direful yell,
And tiger-spring ne'er slacked till life-blood warm
Crimsoned the sod on which the foeman fell:
Whose name, though noble once, it boots not now to tell.

Nor why deep scathe and dolour he had vowed,
Against Holm Lacey's lord, and on that morn,
Had sworn ere eve to quench his spirit proud,
And leave him, brideless, joyless, and forlorn.
Now in the dust, degraded, bleeding, torn,
He turns his dying eyes across the plain
To see his rival's banner proudly borne
And he, th' avenger coming on amain—
Downward he turns his face, his eyes ne'er ope again.

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Now crowns the westering sun his beaming head
With all his clouds of glory richly dressed,
While Goderich shows her lordly banquet spread,
Where princely knighthood vails its lofty crest,
And there, May Talbot's sire proclaimed his hest,
That from that hour the faithful hound might claim
The rights and honours of a welcome guest;
And as a mark and memory of the same,
Bestowed on all its race, the Talbot's spotless name.



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MASK OF SHAKESPEARE

DRAWN FROM A CAST TAKEN FROM THE MONUMENTAL BUST PLACED ABOVE HIS GRAVE, ON THE WALL OF THE CHURCH AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

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TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. LUTHER B. WYMAN.

FAIREST flower, so palely drooping
In the garden of the dead,
Where the giant trees are stooping
Like dark mourners round thy bed.
Thou, who late, so brightly blooming,
Is thy gentle life then o'er?
All thy charms the grave entombing—
All thy love—for evermore?

Can it be, that hushed for ever,
Thy sweet voice no more is heard?
That its tones again shall never

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Warble like a plaintive bird?
And those star-like eyes bright beaming,
Whose bright flash taught vice to quail,
Now in sleep that knows no dreaming,
Their dark fringes deeply veil.

Highly-gifted, gentle-hearted—
Angel-like, but woman still,
Fondly loved—thus early parted,
Oft thy name fond hearts shall thrill.
There are thoughts that never perish—
Bright—unfading—through long years;
So thy memory we cherish,
Shrined in love, embalmed in tears.

The last stanza is engraved on her white marble tomb, in the Greenwood Cemetery.

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A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

I.



Y son, they tell me thou art dead!
They bid me cease to mourn,
That all must go where thou hast fled,
Whence none can e'er return.
But ah! how can thy mother's heart
Forget each look and tone,
Or bid the harrowing thought depart
That thou hast died—alone?

II.

A stranger in a foreign land,
With none to soothe or cheer,
To softly kiss the burning hand
Or wipe the falling tear;
To chase the phantom shapes that lour
Around the soul's release,
And midst the shadows of the hour
To point the path of peace;

III.

To hold the loved and sacred dead
In one last long embrace,
And love's warm sorrowing tears to shed
O'er thy low resting-place.
But these denied, I inly mourn
With all a mother's woe,
O'er him who never can return—
My summer-flower laid low.

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IV.

My son! my son! thy heart is cold,
Thy hand hath lost its skill,
Yet one bright relic I behold
To charm and soothe me still.
The emblem* fair thy hand hath wrought
Within the sacred shrine,
That blends in one all powerful thought,
Redeeming love with thine.

The following notice of his death appeared in a newspaper of the period:

"Died, at Panama, New Granada, on the 15th ult. (among strangers, and in a foreign land), WILLIAM, son of Wm. S. DeZeng, Esq., of Geneva, in the 23d year of his age. Esteemed and beloved by *all* who knew him.

"Highly gifted by nature in mind and person, he was never idle, but devoted his solitary hours to the cultivation of a refined taste by study, or active pursuit of useful knowledge in the arts."

* A Communion Cup in the Chancel window of Trinity Church, Geneva, in stained glass, painted by the deceased.



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SORROW.



THOU art in thy grave, beloved!
Thou art in thy still, cold grave—
Thou canst not hear though wild winds meet—
And tempests round thee rave.

I think on thy smile, beloved!
On the light of thy beaming eye,
On the cheek that once so brightly blushed,
On the voice whose music now is hushed,
In the last long struggling sigh.

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Shall I mourn thy doom, beloved?
Or grieve thou'rt freed from pain?
Ah no! my soul to heaven shall turn,
With hopes that ever fondly yearn
To clasp thee there, again.



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THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

Soft be the soldier's sleep, and sound,
Who dies upon the battle-ground,
  Amidst the fallen brave.
Struck down in honour's bright career
With name unsullied, wept, and dear,
  How blest his glorious grave!

For him the heart's best tears are shed,
Its holiest prayers to heaven are said,
  And his fair memory dwells
Immortally, for ever bright,
'Midst those with triumph and delight
  A grateful nation tells.

What, though his ashes slumber not
In some old feudal charnel spot!
  Earth owns no nobler bier
Than the red ridge, where round him lie,
The flower of England's chivalry,
  No prouder sepulchre!

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A LEGEND OF AN OLD SCOTTISH CASTLE.

About a mile and a half from the famous "Bridge of Earn," and about five miles from Perth, stands an ancient castle; a lofty hill rises immediately behind it, and a thick wood of very aged trees encircles its ancient walls. In former days, it possessed strong flanking buttresses and watch-towers, together with a moat, barbican, drawbridge, and other warlike defences peculiar to the feudal strongholds once so numerous in Scotland. Although often modernized, the strength and importance of the original structure are sufficiently evidenced in the massive square tower which still remains, as well as the ponderous fragments scattered around. The drawbridge is now gone, and the moat partially filled up, but several pieces of cannon indicate it to have been formerly fortified, its last warlike demonstration occurring probably in the time of Cromwell. The principal entrance is through the large square tower above mentioned, whose apartments hung with arras, and furnished with a variety of antiquated household articles and ornaments of various kinds, all wear that air of mournfulness and gloom common to ancient dwellings in decay; the windows are all secured by bars of iron; those of the staircase having evidently served for guns. A large picture-gallery, filled with old portraits, tends greatly to enhance the interest attached to this venerable edifice, forming, as such relics ever do, one of the most touching links between the present and the past. The top of the tower, which is furnished with a bartizan and port-holes, commands a widely extended view of Strathearn, the valley of Glen-Dearg, and the long low pastoral range of the Ochil Hills; from this elevated position, while the eye takes in delight from a thousand sources, the ear distinguishes no sound save the incessant cawings of the rooks in the tree-tops, which form as it were, an ocean of dark and heaving foliage, extending far and wide, and ever resounding with this melancholy clamour. From this tower, the remains of orchards, pleached-bowers, ancient gardens, with a

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sparkling burnie running through the midst, and other vestiges of former pleasures joined to the features previously described, complete a scene full of interest to those who love to muse on varying fortunes—proud names sunk in oblivion, and great houses fallen to decay; leaving, as in the present instance, but little, save a floating legend, or "grey superstition" to recal their former inhabitants.

Here, in the year of grace, 1396, lived its owner, Sir Alureth, of that Ilk, who with a strong arm, a stout heart, and a considerable body of retainers, led a bold baronial life, but little fettered by the restraints of law or gospel; holding in his own hand, as he was wont to boast, the reins of three counties, Perth, Fife, and Kinross; to each, and all of which, he was a most unruly and unquiet neighbour; his old strong fortalice, with its formidable surroundings, being in close proximity, indeed, almost treading as it were, on their very skirts; while his forays, spreaths, spuilzies, and harryings, with the reprisals consequent thereon, kept the whole region round about in a continual state of activity and alarm. Luckily, however, for those who suffered by his molestations, Sir Alureth was in the habit of making frequent incursions into foreign lands; taking with him the most turbulent and daring spirits he could muster, leaving behind him a halcyon period of repose, only to be abruptly broken by his ever hasty and unannounced return, which, in its startling effect, might be compared to the pounce of a hawk, on the feathered inhabitants of the barn-yard.

On one of these occasions, he was accompanied by a foreign lady, to whom under circumstances of extraordinary and romantic peril he had been united while abroad, and who only lived long enough to make him the father of a daughter, who, as infancy merged into girl-hood, bloomed wild and beautiful as the name by which she was distinguished: Erica, the Heath-bell of Strathearn. As the shepherd tends and cherishes some motherless cade-lamb; as the gardener watches night and day the unfolding of some choice rose; so did the fond father watch, and almost worship the fair and beaming creature who grew beneath his eye, and with tendril-like tenacity wound herself around his stubborn heart till she had made it all

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her own; till the parent might be said to live but in his child. In truth, she was very lovely; regular in feature, with large blue eyes, shaded by long lashes, wavering locks of glossy black, lips exquisitely rose-leaved in their enchanting hue and curve, a neck and throat round and white as that of Aphrodite herself, and a form whose graceful and elastic symmetry allured the eye by the unconscious charm which accompanied every movement. Nor was the jewel unworthy of its casket. It was that rare and precious gem—a pure and delicate, yet most warm and generous woman's heart; full of kindly affections, of gentle charities and sweet humility. Those who remembered her Italian mother, detected not a shade of resemblance in the daughter; still less, could a likeness be traced to the fierce and stalwart Sir Alureth, as with the air almost of a fair spirit, she hovered around him in all his avocations; in joy and sorrow, sickness or health, his never failing resource and constant companion. The household of Sir Alureth, with the exception of fighting-men, hunters, herdsmen, and menials, consisted besides himself and daughter, of but four persons: a young protégé, an ancient priest, and still more ancient housekeeper and nurse. Of these, first in rank but youngest in years, was Orthon Munro, a wild and headstrong cadet of the Clan Foulis, placed, according to the fashion of the age, in the household of a superior chief, there to imbibe those soldierly and gentlemanly accomplishments which should hereafter win him honor as a knight, très hardi, sans peur et sans reproche. Rumour had long assigned him to the beautiful Erica as her allotted bridegroom; but, though the youth had been her playmate from infancy, and was in all respects treated by Sir Alureth as his son, yet, in the minds of both father and daughter, there existed a very different degree of regard to that, which would be conceded to one who should be deemed worthy to possess the hand and heart, of the fairest and best dowered heiress in Strathearn. Orthon, however, thought differently. Being inordinately vain, and rather good-looking, in spite of hair of a fiery redness, and an awkward way, when in conversation, of never allowing his eye to meet that of the person he addressed, he conceived it impossible that a young girl of seventeen could be daily and hourly

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in his society without loving him; and though he could not call to mind any instance on the part of Erica which particularly evinced decided partiality, yet he satisfied himself by complacently saying to himself, "Poor thing, she is but a girl, a mere child of seventeen, while I am a man, actually twenty, nineteen and a half at least, and that is all the same; so, of course, though she is not loving and all that in outward show, she feels it I have no doubt." Thus reasoned Orthon, well pleased not only to listen to every inuendo which took the colour of his own wishes in this respect, but to convey, as far as in him lay, the same impression to others. In consequence of this, when Sir Alureth publicly announced, that he had chosen for the bridegroom of his daughter, Azzo Visconti, a young Milanese knight, with whom he had become acquainted in one of his foreign expeditions—Rumour, with her thousand tongues, proclaimed Orthon an ill-used man—a victim to family pride and female fickleness. Totally unconscious of the havoc he had already committed on the young man's feelings, Sir Alureth soon afterwards took him into council on the best mode of doing honour to his intended son-in-law, whose arrival he wished not greatly to precede the day of the nuptials, an event he had determined to solemnize with great splendour and solemnity on the ensuing vigil of our Lady, which in that year fell on August 15th. Stunned and bewildered, the unhappy youth was totally at a loss for reply; when he did so, it was in a strain to which Sir Alureth was but little accustomed. A torrent of reproach, supplication, invective: a maddened appeal—and amid a shower of fiery tears, an indignant farewell. Great was the astonishment of Sir Alureth, and it was with some natural fear as to the manner in which Erica would receive the intelligence he had to convey, that he entered her apartment. "Come hither, love," said he, taking a seat in the deep embrasure of one of the windows, at the same time drawing her towards him, still retaining her hand in his own. "What dost thou think should be the conduct of thy father towards one who hath used to him such words as these?" He then narrated the violent tirade which had just fallen from the lips of Orthon. Erica listened with anxiety and agitation. "Those were the words of Orthon," said she. "I know

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none else who would have had the hardihood to utter such in thy presence; but why, my father, were they spoken?" "Listen, Erica," said her father; "thou knowest the engagements which subsist between the Visconti and myself; the promise that our children should be united, as the seal of our mutual amity, and lifelong friendship; and it was but in reply to my request that he would help me to receive Azzo, who will be here anon, in a proper manner, that Orthon dared, thus cur-like, to bite the hand that fed him. But thou hast not answered my question, how should such an offender be treated?" Erica hesitated. "Child, child," cried her father hastily, "do not arouse my anger by saying thou lovest the varlet. Oh, I should go mad, mad! to think of such a downfall to my hopes, not only for myself, but for thee." "Be satisfied on that point," replied the maiden, with a slight touch of pride in her look and accent. "Orthon is headstrong, furious and selfish—I may have reasoned with him, even pitied him, when he has at times suffered for his misconduct, but as for loving him—oh no, that is impossible."

"Now by my halidome this is well," rejoined Sir Alureth. "O, Erica, the life thou received from me thou hast returned seventy-fold during the short term thou hast been on earth. Was ever father so blest as I?" He then, while entering on the particulars of Azzo's intended visit, impressively bade her remember that the Italian character, even when possessing the noblest and highest qualities, is yet prone to jealousy and revenge; warning her at the same time, with unwonted solemnity, to beware of giving occasion for either. For a few days all was joyful hurry and preparation, and the evening of the third had deepened into night, when every arrangement being complete, an unwonted tumult in the court announced the arrival of the expected guests. Erica's heart failed her; regardless of what might be thought of her conduct by the assembled company who had been convened to welcome the noble stranger—regardless of everything but the desire to escape from what seemed to her excited fancy an ordeal impossible to endure, she fled to the top of the tower, and for a few moments, with burning cheeks, and heart, beating as if it would burst from its confinement, stood gazing on the moon which

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in resplendent fulness shed its dazzling light on all around; then hastily traversing the leaded roofs, from time to time as she approached the battlements, cast furtive glances on the court below. All there was bustle and confusion; figures passed to and fro from the drawbridge to the gates, and one form more proud and stately than the rest, she was at no loss to recognise as that of her betrothed, from whom, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, she now accused herself of having ignominiously absconded; determined to atone for her folly, she was about to descend the stairway of the tower, when face to face, almost falling into his arms in the surprise of encountering him so unexpectedly in her descent, she found herself alone with Azzo Visconti. More beautiful in form and face than remembrance or description had ever given her an idea of, but with a wildness of eye, and melancholy expression of countenance which seemed singularly inappropriate and ominous in a betrothed lover at the triumphant moment of claiming his future bride. Fixing his glorious dark eyes with a kind of despairing energy upon the moon, he pressed his hands to his forehead, then wildly throwing his arms upward, he cried: "Forgive me, Heaven; save me from this great sin if it be possible!" Meantime, Erica fearing she knew not what, but resolved if possible to ameliorate the mental agony under which he laboured, calmly and with dignity, at once, simple and self-possessed, approached the parapet against which he leaned, and gently as she would have addressed the dying, said: "Tell me your grief, if it be such as a sister may share, and sharing, pity and console—then I will be your sister, and you shall be my brother—my only brother, for none I ever had—will you?" continued she pleadingly. A moment's painful pause succeeded; Erica trembled, fearing she had said more than maiden modesty would excuse, when Azzo, turning towards her, displayed a countenance no longer wild and agonized, but full of tenderness and admiration, while in his eyes, tears, in spite of evident efforts to repress them, gathered full and fast; bending his knee before her, he saluted her hand as in the act of homage to a sovereign. The young girl felt reassured, and with no witness save the moon and stars, gave him that pure and consecrated offering, the first

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kiss of love, reciprocated by mutual lips that vowed unto each other fidelity unto death.

On arriving at the foot of the stone-steps of the tower, it excited no surprise in the mind of Erica to behold seated there in a crouching attitude, her old nurse, Elsie, whose doleful and questioning countenance afforded convincing proof, had any doubt been entertained on the subject, that she had been a concealed witness of the preceding interview, and had heard every word of their short, but most agitated conversation: giving her a bright look of happiness, Erica passed on, leaving the old woman sorely perplexed, muttering to herself, "Weel, weel, may be it's a' richt, but I sairly jalouse he's a bee in his bonnet for a' that."

It was a proud moment for Sir Alureth, as amidst the blaze of lights, the sound of minstrelsy, and the congratulations of his assembled friends, the young betrothed couple, hand in hand, entered the banquet-room. Magnificently attired, with conscious happiness beaming in their faces, and meeting on every side compliments and good wishes, they gained the side of Sir Alureth, who placing one on either hand proceeded to do the honours of his house right well and courteously; his old steel morion and buff jerkin, bullet-proof—exchanged for ample garments of great price and costly workmanship; and his speech neatly filed of its blunt soldier-phrases to suit the bevy of fair dames around him—not perhaps wholly unconscious that many a long-necked spinster remarked in a manner that *might perhaps accidentally* reach his ears, "Hech, sirs! Sir Alureth's no that auld; he's a fine man yet!" Happiness is a great beautifier, and the old knight was happy. It also is one of the most sovereign philtres for rejuvenescence, and therefore, there might possibly be as much truth as flattery in the remark. Be it as it may, that night was to Sir Alureth the golden fulfilment of the ambitious hopes of long preceding years, and he revelled with a sense of triumph he had never experienced before. After the removal of the tresselled boards on which the feast had been served, the evening wore away in all those changes of pleasure and pastime for which the festivals of the olden time were especially famous; but to the

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heart of Erica the crowning joy of that entertainment was not the splendour of the festival, the praises she had heard lavished on her beauty, nor even the adoring love of her betrothed—it was comprised in one short sentence from the lips of her father, who when she was retiring for the night, followed her to the door of her chamber, and folding her in his arms, said tenderly, "God bless my good and dutiful daughter!"

On entering her usually peaceful apartment, she was surprised to find, instead of its customary aspect of modest stillness and exact order, a wilderness of silks and satins, velvets and laces, all shining under the blaze of many lamps and cressets, while the bed, couches, chairs, and other articles of furniture were covered with magnificent dresses and ornaments, the gifts and offerings of her father, lover, and friends. As she examined the rich and delicate textures of various costly fabrics, and noted how carefully to each was appended some playful or affectionate reminder of the giver, her heart swelled with delight, and casting a glance on the mirror she smiled; gazing a moment, and smiling still, at the blooming image—so much more bright and buoyant than she usually saw reflected there. While thus occupied, a flower, thrown by some hand from without, fell fluttering beside her; deeply blushing, raising the flower to her lips, "It is one of Azzo's graceful Italian gallantries," thought she; "he told me a folded rose should ever be the lover's good-night token." On surveying the flower more attentively a slip of paper was observable amid its petals; she unfolded it with eager haste and heightened colour, that suddenly faded, leaving lip, cheek, and brow pale as the milk-white rose she held in her hand; hurriedly glancing around the apartment, to assure herself that she was alone, she plucked apart the petals of the rose, and tearing the paper into minute atoms cast them from her with scorn and disgust; as she did so, a rustling of the ivy which wreathed the lattice attracted her attention towards it, and in the next moment, Orthon stood before her.

Too shocked to speak, Erica could only look at him with terror-starting eyes, and a resolute and imperious motion of the hand as if to command him out of her sight. "I understand you," said he

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insolently; "but at present you command in vain;" so saying he approached the lattice, carefully closed it, and drew over it the crimson curtains, which, on account of the heat of the weather, had not yet been drawn. Indignation succeeded to terror in the mind of Erica; she beheld in Orthon no longer the playmate of her youth, but the ruffian intruder on the sanctity of her chamber, and in a voice almost shrill in its proud haughtiness, she commanded him to be gone. "How dare you intrude into this apartment? at such an hour as this, too," continued she, her tone becoming more vehement as the lateness of the hour impressed upon her mind the impropriety of the present interview. Folding his arms, and standing with his shoulders leaning against the wall, he looked fixedly on her face, with a malignant scowl, and then with a sweeping scornful glance at the articles of luxury and elegance profusely scattered around. "Erica," said he passionately, "I wished to see you once more; there was no other way than this; I have perilled my life, and this is my reward." "What reward did you dare to expect?" cried the trembling Erica. "You say you have perilled life by coming here; have you not perilled more than life of mine, my honor and good name, by thus presuming unbidden to enter my chamber at midnight? Heavens!" said she, shuddering, "suppose any one saw you enter by that window; close it too—and thus remain!" "Make yourself easy," replied he, carelessly; "in a castle so filled with gay ladies and brave gallants, it would have seemed no such uncommon thing for a lover to scale his ladye-love's windows." "Lover!" cried Erica; "well do you know that your own vanity alone could ever make you imagine you ever were, or ever could be lover of mine." "You are very lofty and proud, Erica; but I shall coolly finish my sentence, notwithstanding. I was going to say, that even as I did enter I saw, if I mistake not, a muffled cavalier bent on a similar errand to my own. Some window near this, I presume, contained his treasure." Erica grew faint with terror. "Leave me," cried she, "I feel, I know not what of horror and presentiment. Leave me, I conjure you! my good name, my happiness is gone for ever, should this idle curiosity of yours have had any witnesses." "Curiosity!" said the youth, indignantly; "curiosity

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call you it? It is love! Erica," cried he, casting himself at her feet, "it is distracted, devouring love! O Erica, forgive me, angel; I would not willingly injure you for all this world."

The unfeigned anguish which spoke in every working feature touched the heart of Erica, while a remembrance of his impetuous, thoughtless character, pleaded strongly in extenuation of his fault. "No, no!" said she, more kindly, "I forgive you, Orthon; I do not think you would wound me intentionally." "Now I recognise Erica once more. Ah! Erica, you were a real Pythoness just now. Come," said he, tenderly, "be mine, instead of giving yourself to a vile foreigner; those Viscontis are bad fellows all—real cut-throats, and besides," added he with seriousness—"they do say Azzo at times is not quite right here (touching his forehead); moon-struck, you know. (Erica shuddered.) Cast him off, dear, good, sweet Erica, and take an honest, hardy Highlander, instead. I have men, money, and horses at command, and in some of those distant lands that your father loves to gallop about in so, never fear but I will soon win you a station far more honourable than this Milanese bravo, or any of his kith or kin can ever aspire to." The passion of his looks, no less than the audacity of his words during the latter part of this tirade, displeased and disgusted her to whom it was addressed. "You have mistaken me, as much as I have misunderstood you," said she coldly. "I must beg of you instantly to retire, or I shall summon my father." "Do!" said he, fiercely; "finish your work by all means; it would be as well to fall by his hand as by that of another." At this moment steps in the adjoining corridor arrested his attention; Erica wrung her hands in agony, while Orthon, after a moment's uncertainty, retreated to the lattice, and casting himself headlong from it, flew along the garden. As soon as he was gone, Erica flung herself on her couch, overcome by a tide of emotions; among which a sense of wounded delicacy, a fear of evil report, were predominant; should any one have seen the entrance or exit of the intruder, what horror might be the result—and then, the steps in the corridor—perhaps a listener, who, after having heard all, was then departing to spread his baleful report. "Surely, surely not," cried

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she; "perhaps it was my father—yet no! he would have slain him on the spot. O, for a counsellor in this hour of need!" Suddenly, a ray of consolation beamed over the chaos of her thoughts; and with a whispered expression of—"Yes, it must and could have been only Father Uvias, the good priest, on his return from the convent; to him I will fly, and entrust the whole to his averting hand." She then endeavoured to compose her agitated thoughts, and gliding along the gallery, soon reached the little room on the leads which formed his cell; when, having fully detailed the event which had given her so much pain, and received his consoling assurances that he would effectually ward off any evil that might accrue, she regained her apartment, and throwing herself on her bed was soon wrapt in the deep sleep of youth and innocence. Her father was less fortunate; for more than an hour after the last guest had departed, he continued to pace the long picture-gallery, at whose farthest extremity was a central archway, with a flight of steps descending to his bed-chamber. Lighted by four long and extremely narrow lancet windows, deeply set in the thickness of the wall, the gallery was gloomy in the extreme, redeemed from darkness only by the trembling lines of moonlight that piercing transversely through them, rested in flickering rays upon the old portraits that gazed coldly down from the walls; save these, and the form of Sir Alureth himself, casting huge shadow as he paced backwards and forwards, no other object was visible, the gallery presenting the appearance of a dim and lengthened platform, whose extremities were lost in darkness. From time to time, Sir Alureth paused in his meditative walk before one or other of the windows, and looked upon the silent gardens below, bright and tranquil beneath the light of a full harvest moon. All nature slept; apparently, not a leaf stirred: the sobbing sough of the night wind, as it swept over the pine-forest which surrounded the castle, and the murmuring flow of distant streams, were the only sounds that rose and fell on the silence, their continuous monotony only deepening the impression of profound repose. Although the most unimaginative of men, Sir Alureth was nevertheless struck with the solemnity and unearthly appearance of a scene, all of whose features

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by day were so pleasant and familiar; the white balustrades, surmounted by balls and spires, contrasting with sepulchral effect the numerous trees of juniper, pine, holly, yew, and other hardy evergreens, which it had been the pleasure of the gardener to transform into monstrous shapes of men, animals, birds, and fishes which, grotesque and whimsical by day, amidst verdant slopes and quaint parterres of many-coloured flowers, had, when surrounding objects were reduced to the sombre hues and rigid outlines of night, an effect at once uncouth, startling, and melancholy. "Detestable!" muttered Sir Alureth, as he turned away and resumed his walk through the gallery; "'tis like a Turkish burial ground." His brain worked busily, schemes of future aggrandizement presented themselves in quick succession to his imagination, and a bright future, of which the wealthy marriage of his daughter was but the stepping-stone, displayed itself before him in the most tempting colours. "Perseverando," thought he; "my old motto may be nobly worked out yet. I am but in the prime of life; another bride, perchance, than the one who will shine here to-morrow, may again grace these old walls." The bell of a neighbouring convent tolling the second hour after midnight, roused him from his abstraction. "So late!" said he, in a dreamy undertone; "what shadows we pursue!" As he uttered these words, he descended the steps at the end of the gallery; and passing through the short vaulted passage which formed the entrance to his bedchamber, betook himself to repose. But the perturbed spirit revolted. It ran riot midst hair-breadth escapes, and wild adventures which he had experienced in other years; through flood and fire, amid ruined towns and blazing castles, whose wretched inhabitants in every variety of horror and suffering were mingled with himself and his martial companions. Throwing back the curtain, he gave a rapid glance around; the moonlight stole fitfully through the apartment, gleaming and glittering on cuirasses and helmets, partizans and broadswords; bringing out in bold relief the grotesque sculptures of the corbelled ceiling, and flinging long sweeps of wavy light on the tapestried walls and shining floor of polished oak, cold and glassy, dimly reflecting the several objects which it supported.

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"Am I never to sleep?" cried Sir Alureth, as he threw himself again on his pillows, and tossed uneasily from side to side, striking angrily as he did so the sides of his bed, a cumbrous structure, whose elaborate carving now gilded by the glimmering moonlight, made it seem like some old monument, from which its ghastly tenant was endeavouring to escape. Dragging over him for the thousandth time, the disordered coverings, and clutching a falling pillow, he buried his face upon it, as if, by excluding external objects, to conquer the strife within. With a muttered anathema, he cast it from him; and assuming his usual position, gazed steadfastly at the richly-painted window opposite the foot of his bed, where, amid scriptural figures whose draperies exhibited those gorgeous tints for which the ancient artists were so famous, was blazoned amidst a circle of oak leaves, his black, counter-embattled cross, with its dagger-crest, and indomitable motto.



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The contemplation of this object, so dear to his proud heart, served to restore him to composure; continuing fixedly to regard it, his features became placid, his weary eyelids closed, and at length he slept; how long, he knew not; when he awoke it was with a start. A low, moaning sound seemed to issue from the tapestry, and, to his surprise and alarm, a female figure slowly emerged from beneath it, and remained crouching upon the ground in one corner of the apartment: her head bowed upon her knees, her long white arms bare, nerveless and drooping, the hands folded and prostrate in desolate abandonment; her face entirely concealed by the falling forward of the long dark hair, which covering her like a veil, rested in dishevelled masses on the floor, where it lay mingled with the folds of her dress, which was white and shroud-like. As Sir Alureth gazed at the prone and motionless form, it was with indescribable horror that he perceived a motion, as of life, beneath its loose and floating garments impelling it, though still in a grovelling attitude, with a slow and undulating movement, nearer and nearer, till almost close to his bedside. Powerless to move or speak, with eyes dilated to the utmost, he watched it approach; when, while in the act of hovering above him as if to enclose him in its long white arms, he perceived beneath the dark shadowy arch formed by its wavy hair, a dull, watery-looking likeness of his Erica. Uttering her name with a cry of anguish, he sank back, shrinking and shuddering; his eyes riveted on the phantom, which slowly melted from his gaze. The moon, which had long been wading through clouds, suddenly withdrew its light, and he was left in total darkness; large drops stood upon his brow; his heart beat loud and irregularly. All at once, there rose upon the air the softened chaunt of the nuns of the neighbouring convent, singing the Hymn to the Virgin: sweet and clear as angels' voices it penetrated his inmost soul, and a prayer, the first since a child at his mother's knee, was tremblingly uttered for the welfare of his daughter. The first ray of dawn was now apparent in the sky, he could hear afar the sounds of rustic labour; and half ashamed both of his terrors and of his piety, he composed himself to rest, and slept soundly. When he awoke, the remembrance of what he considered a fantasy or

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waking dream had completely lost its power over him. "It was all owing to those villainous new-fangled French wines," said he to himself; "a quaigh of honest Glenlivat would never have stuffed me with such horrible vapours." Attiring his still handsome person in the most becoming manner, he went forth, a smiling host, to do the honours of his house on what he called the proudest day of his life.

The morning rose bright and beautiful: all nature smiled, as if in honour of the nuptials. At an early hour there was not a closed eye in the castle—all was life and movement, bustle and activity; the precincts, too, exhibited an unwonted degree of animation: bands of villagers in their gayest apparel, with armed retainers, stout varlets, idlers, and loungers of every class, sex, and age, assembled on the most convenient spots for obtaining a view of the marriage procession, which was expected to issue from the castle gates about an hour before noontide. The hearts of the young were especially buoyant, all their best feelings and sympathies being enlisted on the occasion, in consequence of the false rumours which had gone abroad, concerning the compulsion which had been used to induce the gentle Erica to accept the hand of the young Italian nobleman, even while, as the said rumour loudly declared, her affections were given solely to Orthon. Dark inuendoes were mysteriously circulated concerning the means employed by Sir Alureth to extort her consent, some averring that a drawn dagger had actually been the argument aimed at her by that fierce and intractable personage; others, that the victim had actually been chained for a whole night in the dungeon of the castle. These, and other figments equally ridiculous had invested the ceremony with no little interest, and all were anxious to catch a view of the bride, in order to judge for themselves how she looked after such an extraordinary mode of wooing. Meanwhile, the sun was shining on her closed eyelids, over which her superstitious old nurse, Elsie, was making an airy sign of the cross, mumbling at the same time some intricate rhyme, the burden of which was, "unto our Lady and sweet Saint John"—the names of other saints being also plentifully invocated. While thus occupied, Erica awoke, sighing heavily; experiencing that terrible depression which those who lie down after great sorrow so often feel on awakening:

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nevertheless, she smiled, and passing her hand caressingly over the furrowed brow and wrinkled cheeks of the old nurse whose whole life had been a slavery of love to herself and family, "I feel ill," said she to the attached old creature. "I cannot arise yet, Elsie." "Get up, dearie; it's the nasty saft pillow. My auld pow wad ache for a month an' mair, if I cushioned it e'en o' ane feather—muckle waur I trow, smoor'd up wi' thousands." Erica laughed. "It's a' true, lammie; an ye'd ne'er sifficate yoursel wi 'em ony mair gif ye ance pried a bunch o' green bracken, or a shook o' bonnie heather wi' the blooms on't." Erica sighed. "What for gie ye sic a pech, dearie? it's ainly an auld dodder'd fule like mysel suld pech an grane; a lassie at yere age suld be a' smiles an' squeels." "Help me to rise, you talkative old darling," said Erica; "the sound of your bonnie kind voice always cheers me." "Ay, ay, lovey, gif your auld nourrice disna ken how to gabble for her child's gude, mair's the pity!" While thus prattling to her nurse, a band of maidens, attired in the trimmest Scottish fashion, with short tartan skirts and boddices, their shining hair confined by snoods of the most showy colours, and carrying baskets of flowers in their hands, assembled on the terrace immediately beneath her window, singing a simple and joyous strain in honour of her whom they called the Heath-bell of Strathearn. The air, in parts, was soft and plaintive, murmuring away until nearly lost; then suddenly bounding back again with that delicious wildness which, like fairy footsteps, flits in and out amid the melodies of Scotland. "Oh, that I were dressed," said Erica; "I would go down and thank them." "Ne'er fash yoursel, my *daudt*, about the likes o' thae hissies," said Elsie. "Ye'll see 'em a' sune eneuch mopping and mowing afore the hufes of the naigs as ye gang to the kirk the day; I heerd 'em say sae mysel." In spite of this disparaging remark on the "hissies," as Elsie irreverently termed them, Erica sprang to the window and looked into the garden; it presented a gay and lively scene: the younger portion of the guests being dispersed throughout its whole extent, congregated in large or small groups, sauntering in pairs or apart, wandering whithersoever they listed, amid a scene rendered thrice beautiful by their presence, as blithely carolling or gaily bounding they indulg-

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ed in all the light-hearted effervescence of youthful happiness. While Erica gazed with sparkling eyes on this charming scene, a figure, tall, graceful, and richly habited, enchained her whole attention. It was Azzo Visconti:—alone, and apparently in deep thought, he followed the course of a little streamlet which flowed through the lower part of the garden, almost encircling in its winding arms, an ancient yew tree bower so thickly woven with roses and climbing plants as to be impervious to sun or rain—a dim retreat even at noon-day. It was evident that he shunned the many-coloured garments and waving plumes that fluttered amid the shady bosquets and flowery margined lawns, by finally entering the secluded bower, from which, although Erica waited a considerable time, and with an anxiety for which she could not account, in the hope of seeing him re-appear, he did not again emerge. Stifling a sigh of disappointment, she bade Elsie summon the well-pleased and busy handmaids of the toilette, and aided by their skilful and willing hands, was soon arrayed in the spotless attire destined for the occasion. Over her rich white silken robe and tunic hung a mantle of silvery white gauze, thin and transparent as a moonbeam, to which were attached long drooping sleeves of green velvet fringed with gold, giving inexpressible richness and relief to the other parts of her dress, which were all of snowy whiteness, while on her long dark locks a wreath of mingled heather-bells and white lilies, completed a costume as singular as it was elegant. "Come, come! Erica," cried the impatient voice of Sir Alureth, as he lifted the tapestry from the doorway, and led her over the threshold to the head of the great stairs. Here he paused, and surveyed her from head to foot. "Thou art very beautiful, my good and dutiful child," said he; "may God bless thee, as I do." She would have embraced him, but resuming his usual stern and stately bearing, he led her by the hand into the hall crowded with guests, whose admiration of the beautiful vision presented to them was expressed in audible murmurs. While the servants and villagers, who had forced themselves into the hall and gallery by which it was surrounded, broke forth into cries of, "God bless the young Leddie; she's as good as she is handsome"—with a thousand other homely, but affection-

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ate marks of the esteem and love with which she was regarded. The eyes of her Italian lover were fixed upon her with a dark and suspicious gaze; she returned the glance with one of so much innocent alarm and wounded feeling, that in a moment he was at her side, her hand fondly pressed in his, while rapidly, in an undertone, he exclaimed:—

"Oh, Erica! since I last saw thee I have been mad! mad with love and jealousy! Tell me truly, art thou the innocent and pure Erica I have thought thee? or am I of all men most accursed? Speak!" said he, drawing her aside behind a column. She placed her hand upon her bosom, and looking upward softly and devoutly, sighed,

"I am most innocent. Never have I done aught against thee, that could be construed into wrong. If thou thinkest otherwise, proclaim it before these witnesses; God, and they shall be my judges." The solemnity of her manner and words deeply affected Azzo, he was greatly agitated. Erica, on the contrary, was calm. An idea had flashed through her mind that he had seen, or been informed of the intrusion of Orthon into her chamber on the preceding evening, and she determined that at the first opportunity she would disclose to him the full particulars of that most rash and untimely visit. At the present moment it was impossible; but in the asseveration she had made, she trusted her lover would find sufficient ground for hope and confidence.

"I live again," said he. "Oh, Erica, my heart is bound up in thy love; without it I wish not to live." Clasping her hand, and looking into her eyes, that sparkled through glad tears, he added, "You forgive me, Erica?"

"Oh yes! more than forgive you," replied she.

"I know," rejoined he, with a melancholy gaze, "you would say you pity me. Is it not so?"

Erica blushed while she replied, "If you think I ought to have said so, it would not become me to contradict you." "If, instead of pity, I might read a dearer, tenderer word, should I be wrong?" said he. She blushed—trembled—and though her lips uttered not the coveted word, yet while gazing on her glowing countenance the

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heart of her lover returned to its rest, and his jealous and exacting spirit was for the moment satisfied.

At this moment, with loud and joyful swell, the family march resounded from the gallery overhead, filling the hall with its martial and inspiring strains, and two pipers, fine old Highlanders, with white hair streaming from beneath their bonnets upon their broad shoulders, their pipes decorated with streamers of the gayest hues, and their erect and powerful frames clothed in that most magnificent of all costumes, the national garb of Scotland, their bonnets adorned with the badge of their lord, made with proud and stately step the circuit of the assemblage, who formed themselves into lines, while Sir Alureth, advancing to Erica, led her to the entrance, the whole of the company closing upon their steps in processional order, through the court and over the drawbridge to the open space beyond, where, attended by lackeys, pages, and serving men, a noble train of chargers, light-pacing jennets, and ambling palfreys, splendidly caparisoned, awaited their approach. After mounting these, the whole splendid cavalcade, through flower-strewn paths and with music sounding, rode beneath the forest boughs to the ancient church crowning the hill behind the castle; which, richly decorated with tapestries and flowers, sent forth the solemn swell of holy chaunt and priestly voices.

On entering the sacred edifice, the festive strains became instantly stilled, and supported by her father, the bride stood before the altar, the bridegroom on her left, and the gorgeously-attired assemblage, comprising some of the noblest and loveliest of Fifeshire and the adjacent counties, ranged around; while ever and anon, the solemn sound of sacred music mingled with the deep chaunt that accompanied it, re-echoed through the aisles. Suddenly it ceased, the voice of Father Uvias alone was heard, followed by the subdued responses of the youthful pair who knelt before him, and the rite was concluded in the most auspicious manner. Returning to the castle in the same imposing array in which it had set forth, the gay bridal march was only dissolved at the entrance of the great hall, where a banquet, such as would be termed in these days truly royal, awaited their presence, enlivened with

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minstrelsy, whose strains, vehemently renewed at the entrance of every fresh course, were mingled at the close by the clatter of stoups and flagons, the clinking of cups, and vociferous drinking of healths to the bride and bridegroom. To this succeeded the merry dance, the masque, the interlude, with a variety of other amusements, sports, and pastimes, kept up with so much zeal and spirit, that when the evening sun was flaunting his crimson banner on the battlements of the castle, leaving the golden shadow of his sandals on the tops of the ancient pine-trees, and making the garden and its adjoining pleasance a perfect fairy-land of illusions, there were none who came forth to gaze upon it, save two, the young Visconti and his beautiful bride.

Hand in hand they came smiling upon the terrace, struck silent with delighted awe at the sublime magnificence of the scene before them. Far as the eye could reach, mountain and valley, tower and town, hamlet and river, in endless combinations of beauty and grandeur, were clothed in hues of fire and purply gold, melting and fading, even while they gazed, into spaceless masses, indistinct and shadowy, with spectral hosts of rising vapours, that, curling and winding through the straths and glens, heralded the mellow march of twilight. They spoke not, but their hands were clasped more closely, they looked at each other with such looks as lovers only give, and descending the steps of the terrace, wandered amidst the fragrant flowers and shining herbage of the esplanade below.

"Gather me some of your favourite flowers, Erica," said her bridegroom, "and I will keep them in remembrance of our wedding-day." Erica's eyes swam in happiness, as she eagerly began her delightful task, while he, throwing himself on the grassy slope beside her, watched her graceful movements. "How still everything is," said she; "the ripple of the brook, and the singing of birds we cannot see, are the only sounds excepting those of our own voices." "Ho!" cried he, suddenly springing up, and looking towards the sky, "who can have released my peregrine falcon? There she goes! I would not lose her for a thousand crowns. Stay here, dearest, for one moment; I am sure she will come back to my signal; she is so perfectly trained." "Fly! fly!" cried Erica gaily. "A trophy shall await

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your return; a wreath for the victor, and chains, flowery chains, for the captive." Bounding forward, he soon gained the extremity of the garden, whence he had the satisfaction to behold his favourite bird, who perversely, however, refused to settle on his wrist, decoying him by gentle flights from tree to tree to the entrance of the forest. As Erica watched his pursuit of the capricious falcon, a low laugh from some one close at hand, made her start, and emerging from behind a clump of hollies, Orthon stood before her. "Don't be alarmed, pray," said he, mortified at her evident annoyance; "I merely wished to say good-bye, and to ask your pardon for last night's intrusion." "O, I forgive you entirely, but pray do not remain," said she hurriedly, at the same time looking anxiously around; "I beg you will not; you do not know—indeed—pray, Orthon—consider—" "Don't look so dreadfully frightened, Erica," said he; "your beloved and noble lord is entirely out of sight and hearing, if that can give you any satisfaction. I let his falcon loose on purpose. I was determined to see you once more before I left Scotland for ever." "You are going then, are you?" said Erica. "Have I not said so?" replied he pettishly. "You are very glad to hear it, I perceive, and I am sorry that I told you; however, I came in good faith, as I have just said, to beg your forgiveness, for last night, you know," said he, provokingly pointing to the window he had entered. "Never mind," said Erica; "don't point; somebody may see you, and wonder what we are talking about." "Great treason, certainly," exclaimed he, recklessly switching off the heads of some beautiful carnations Erica was stooping to gather. "By the way, Erica, you may give me that nice posy for a keepsake; I have nothing in the world of yours, and it seems a little hard that you have no old glove, or tippet, or any trifle to give me for a remembrance; for though you have bow-stringed me in a cruel manner, I shall always love you, Erica, far better than that fine-scented popinjay ever will, he who has just left you to chase a carrion hawk." "Your tongue takes its liberty as usual, Orthon; but as we are now about to say farewell, I will not complain." "You are in a great hurry to get rid of me," said he. "Well, be it so, but have you no souvenance for my helmet?" Erica shook her

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head. "Ah!" said he sighing, though his manner was mocking and bitter,—"shake hands; I believe it is time to go. I see a black head with its frightful curls at no great distance!" "Where? where?" gasped Erica breathlessly. "Oh, a good way off yet; don't be alarmed. Come, shake hands and good-bye; I will really go now." "Do! do!" said Erica, holding out her left hand, the right being filled with flowers. "Not worthy even of common courtesy!" said he; "the left hand!" "Take the right, then," said Erica; "I meant no offence." "No, no, Erica; I prefer your wishes to my own; the left will do for me." So saying, he grasped it with more than friendly earnestness, retaining it even when Erica would have withdrawn it, with a lingering forcefulness that alarmed her. "See!" said she; "oh heavens! Azzo is passing the sun-dial; I see him, close by the garden wall;" and drawing her hand away, she ran from her tormentor in a direction opposite to the one in which she had seen Azzo, anxious if possible to gain a few moments to compose her spirits, whose agitation she felt assured would attract his immediate notice. The yew-tree bower was nigh at hand; she ran forward and threw herself on one of its rustic benches almost breathless. "I feel like a hunted hare, coward that I am," thought she; "but I am glad I came here; it is so quiet. I feel better already, and what roses! oh if I could but reach that beauty; but I am afraid it grows too high." As she made the attempt, a thorn entered her hand, and she perceived for the first time that it was gloveless, and without the wedding ring! Shocked beyond the power of control, she burst into tears. "What shall I do? what shall I do?" cried she, wringing her hands, heedless of the flowers she had so carefully gathered, which now were scattered at her feet. "What will Azzo think?" Completely overcome, she shrank into the deepest shade of the bower, pressing her hand to her eyes, and endeavouring to form some plan to obviate his displeasure. The ring was antique and peculiar, a valued heir-loom, which she knew he regarded with almost superstitious reverence. The loss was irreparable. A faint hope that she had dropped it in the garden was bitterly chased away, by the remembrance of the strong pressure and forcible retention of her hand by

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Orthon, who she felt assured had drawn off her glove when she made her escape from him, together with the ring, which being much too large for her, had doubtless accompanied it. "Oh, if it may but have fallen on the flower-bed," was her last hope. She flew to the spot. Alas! there was no trace of it, and truly miserable, she regained the bower, now sombre in the deepening shades of twilight, where Azzo a moment afterwards rejoined her.

"Tears! Confusion! what is this?" said he, in a voice so changed that she could hardly believe it the same which so lately had been melody itself. "Why do you weep?" "Do not ask me," cried she; "I am overwhelmed, and know not what to reply." "May I not know the cause?" said he. "You grieve as if you had lost some great treasure—some dear friend, perhaps! Methought I had a distant glimpse of such an one hastily leaving the terrace where I last saw you. Am I right? was it so? Speak!" said he, imperiously. "I saw and spoke to some one," said Erica, trembling; "but not to a dear friend." "What was the motive of such a meeting? at such a time, too, and, if I err not greatly, with the same person who last night—ay, tremble! 'tis fitting thou shouldst —entered thy chamber, drew the curtain close, and in thy company poured forth his baleful tale of treacherous love. Lost, guilty Erica!" continued he; "I thought thee purer than the snow of thine own Scottish mountains—yea, thought so, even until this hour; believing too credulously thy angel voice and looks, when in the hall thou charmed away my doubts and promised explanation. Give it now. Oh, clear thyself, and make me happy. If thou canst," said he, passionately, "I will wash thy feet with tears. Speak to me, Erica." She took his hands between her own, she kissed them, she pressed them fervently, and with a holy, sweet simplicity told him word for word all that had passed between herself and Orthon in his two last interviews, appealing to the testimony of Father Uvias, which would amply corroborate her statement. Azzo appeared to muse, with closed eyes, from which every now and then tears struggled and fell. Erica wiped them away with her handkerchief; she parted the dark curls from his agitated brow, and gently encircled him with

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her arms, as, falling on her knees before him, she said, "Oh, Azzo, you do not think me capable of wishing to deceive you?" "No, no!" said he, faintly; "but it seems so strange that if your feelings were so uninterested in this youth, the sorrow for his departure should be strong." "I sorrowed not for him, believe me, Azzo; it was for a loss totally unconnected with him; it was something far more precious to my thought. I dare not—dare not tell it you," said she, weeping. "After so many painful emotions, and now that, perchance, the dark cloud which threatened us is passing, I cannot, would not bring it back again." "Foolish child," said Azzo, drawing her close to him, and placing her head on his bosom, "you shall tell me the remainder another time. I think I believe all you have said; let us be happy again. So," said he, kissing her tenderly, "let us seal our mutual forgiveness; and again I press, with a bridegroom's fondness, this dear and trembling dove—this wedded hand."

As he raised it to his lips a dreadful pang shot through his heart—a thousand jealous barbs concentrated in one, rent it in twain. "No ring! No bride! No wife!" exclaimed he. "I see it all—clear, clear as day! This, then, is the secret cause of tears; of prayers and agonized confusion! The sacred pledge of love, of holy faith, of marriage, truth, and trust, you bartered as a toy, to please your paramour! Go! I ask no more—all, all is proved. The fruit is turned to ashes on my lips, and thus I spurn it!" Casting her from him, he remained leaning his head against the trunk of a tree, in a desolation of heart terrible to witness. "Oh, Azzo, hear me! I am innocent. You deceive yourself in doubting me. Indeed, indeed, I am innocent. I was about to tell you, when you interrupted me, how rudely my hand had been snatched by Orthon; and how, in forcing it away from him, I lost the glove. Doubtless the ring remained in it. Do you not remember how much too large it was, and how you said I must have a little golden chain to wear with it, and clasp it round my wrist? Azzo, dear Azzo! cast away these fearful doubts. Your poor Erica would die sooner than wrong you by loving another; and do but think one moment. Is it likely I would have given away that ancient, curious ring, even if it had not been your gift at the altar?

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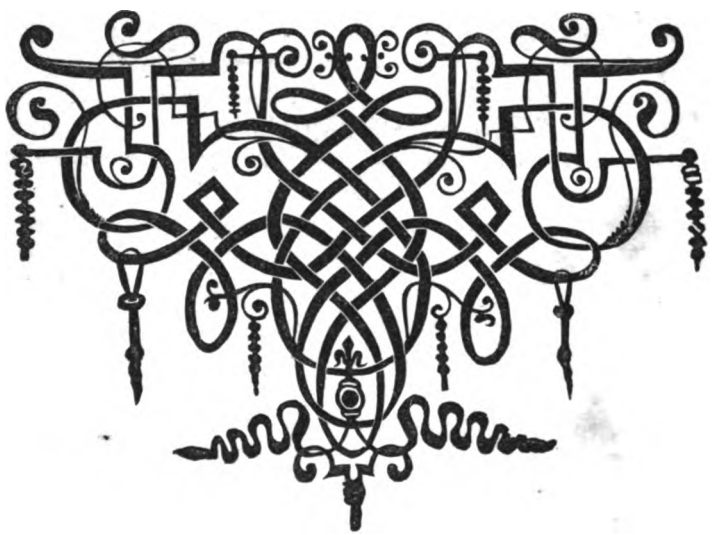
Oh," continued she, weeping piteously, "I know you cannot think me guilty of such a sin." Her touching tones seemed to reach his heart. He looked tenderly in her eyes. "You do look innocent," said he; "God has made you very fair, Erica; you should not be wicked."

"Nor am I, dear Azzo; oh, believe me," said she, weeping, and clasping his hand to her lips, her forehead, and her heart, in the agony of her entreaty. There was a little silence, broken only by the sobs of Erica. The manner of Azzo was now full of affection and pity. "Come here, my bird, my love, here, here, close to my breast. Ah, Erica, how I love you; put your hand upon my heart, for do you know," said he, with a strange, wild look, that terrified her more than his previous reproaches, "it was quite dead a little while ago, and now it is alive, is it not, Erica? Does it burn your hand?" "No, no, but it beats so fast." "So it should; it loves to beat for you. Dost thou love me, sweet Erica?" "I would fain do so," said she, trembling as she saw his eyes becoming fixed and glaring. "That is no reply," said he. "Say yes, or no; I like an honest answer." "You know I do, but I am afraid," said Erica, shuddering with terror as she saw the vein on his forehead swelling, and his eyes dilating and sparkling with sudden fury. "Afraid? true; guilt is always fearful—and see! behold a sign from heaven!" cried he, falling on one knee, and dragging her down with his left hand, while with his right he pointed to the sky where a meteor, increasing in brightness as they gazed, shed a strange and awful light on the earth, enveloping themselves, and every object around them, in an unnatural and lurid glare, intense, and dazzling. "Behold," cried he, "the glorious, the dreadful spectacle! Even at the moment when the word *guilt* passed my lips, there came this sign from heaven, and thus," said he, drawing his dagger, "take the reward of guilt!" "Of innocence! true, and holy," murmured the dying Erica. Gazing on her prostrate form, the wretched Azzo, now a raving maniac, rushed through the garden past the affrighted nurse, who was hurrying towards the arbour, and without entering the castle, gained the stables, and mounting a fleet horse, galloped wildly towards the mountains; his flying figure, seen by the startled

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guests, produced an immediate alarm; they spread themselves over the garden and adjoining chace, where, amidst a pool of blood, lay the pure, the beautiful Erica. For many years after this event, Sir Alureth was a wanderer in foreign lands, whither the wretched Azzo had also retired to linger through a long life, imprisoned in his own castle, a moody maniac. The story of the lovely Erica is still a legend amidst the straths of Fife; the brook still flows through the old gardens; the remains of the castle still survive, all linked with her remembrance, the castle being even to this day devoutly believed to be visited by her wraith, on all occasions of importance to the interests or happiness of those who dwell within its haunted domain; gliding through the ancient picture gallery, or flitting from chamber to chamber, a fair and delicate apparition, in robes of purest white with long green sleeves; its dark hair floating as it glides, its countenance ever sweet and sad, inspiring emotions only of pity and of love.

Balmanno Castle is that referred to: it is in the county of Fife, and is now the property of Major Belches of Invermay. The hill behind the castle commands one of the most beautiful views in Scotland: it was while seated upon it that Sir Walter Scott wrote that magnificent description of Scottish scenery, which forms the introduction to the Fair Maid of Perth.



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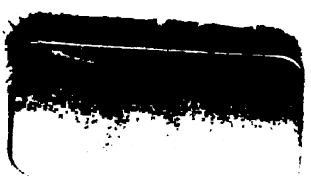
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